

Claude Bissell: The University and the Intellectual

QUEEN'S *Quarterly*

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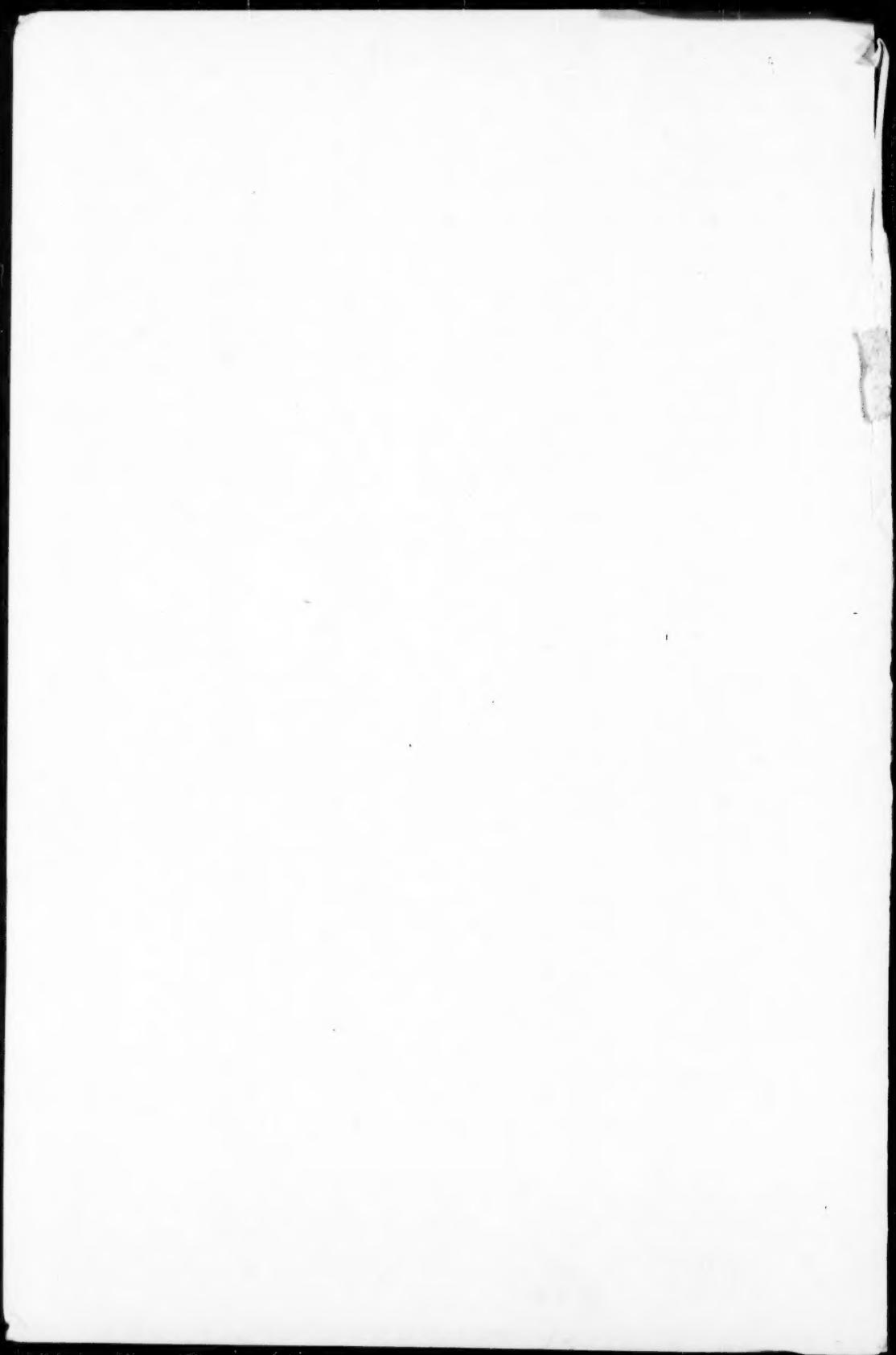
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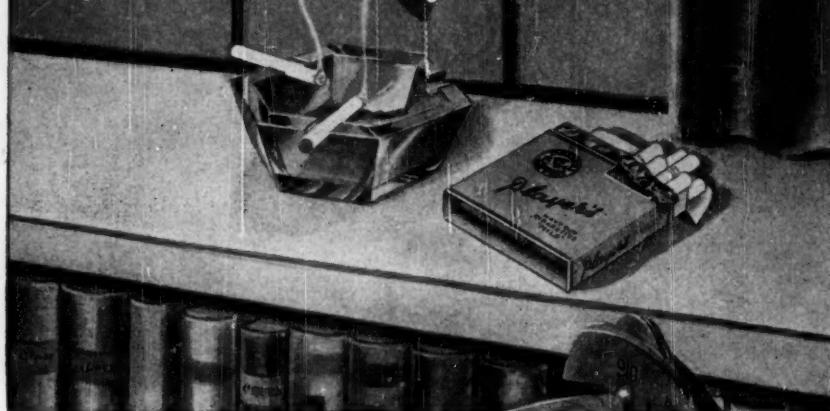
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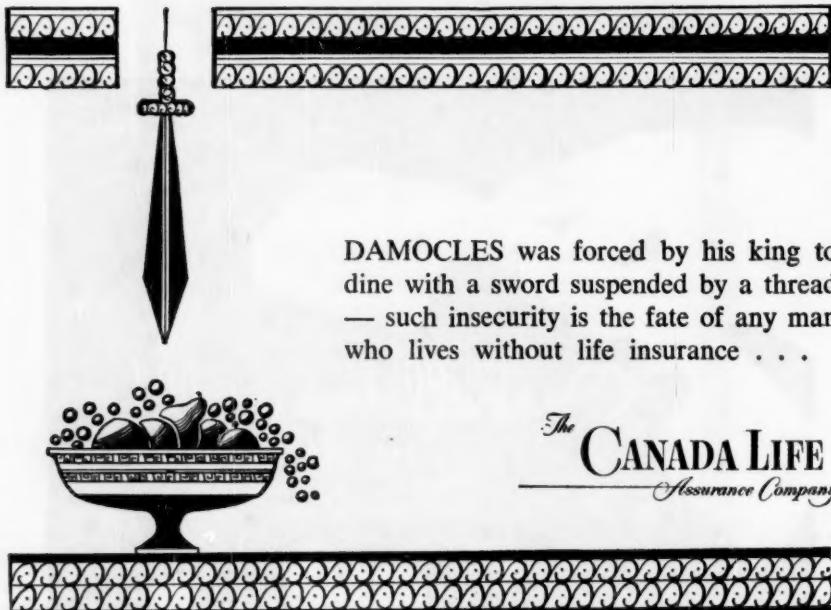
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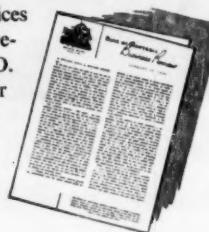
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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

CLAUDE BISSELL, President of the University of Toronto, last appeared in our pages in the Autumn, 1959, number. His present article is a revised version of a lecture given by him at the University of California at Santa Barbara.

A. J. M. SMITH'S most recent volume is the *Oxford Book of Canadian Verse*, 1960; one of his recent honours, a D. Litt. from his alma mater, McGill, in 1958. He has been Professor of English at Michigan State University for a number of years.

HOWARD O'HAGAN, another former contributor, now makes his home in Victoria, B.C. A novel of his was published last year in New York, and, in 1958, his book *Wilderness Men* appeared.

DONALD MATHERS is Professor of Systematic Theology at Queen's Theological College and Associate Professor of Religion at Queen's University. B. N. KROPP is Associate Professor of Histology and Embryology at Queen's University. His main interests are in problems of development and growth as they affect body structure.

M. W. STEINBERG has been a member of the English Department at the University of British Columbia since 1956. He is the author of numerous critical articles and reviews and the editor of *Aspects of Modern Drama* (1960). W. D. FARNHAM is a member of the History Department at the University of Alberta. His particular fields are post-Civil War American history and the history of the West.

W. G. LEONARD is Professor of Commerce and Director of Professional Courses at Queen's University. DAVID W. SLATER and DAVID C. SMITH are both in the Department of Political and Economic Science at Queen's.

A. J. KNOWLES is a retired banker now resident in Toronto and engaged in freelance writing and broadcasting. He worked for twenty-eight years in Latin America. MICHAEL R. BOOTH joined the English Department at the Royal Military College last autumn after teaching for five years at the University of British Columbia.

Short stories in this issue are by H. N. CLAUSS whose memorable story "Faith" appeared in our Summer 1960 number and who is at present spending a couple of years in Spain; and TOM O'HANLON, a native of Wexford, Ireland, now living in New York.

Our poems are by PETER MILLER who works in the International Department of a Canadian bank and who has published two books of poetry; ALDEN NOWLAN, news editor of a New Brunswick weekly newspaper, who is also the author of two collections of poems and has a third on the way; and MICHAEL COLLIE who is in the English Department at the University of Manitoba and likewise has two poetry chapbooks to his credit.

ARTHUR LOWER, author of our review article on Mackenzie King, needs no introduction to readers of QUEEN'S QUARTERLY.

GEORGE WALLACE, who provided the woodcut for this issue, taught painting and drawing for eight and a half years in Falmouth School of Art, Cornwall. He has been in Canada for three and a half years and is at present in the Fine Arts Department at McMaster University.

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Volume LXVIII

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The University and the Intellectual

by

CLAUDE BISSELL

"If the university should be properly concerned with producing intellectuals, and if the intellectual should be characterized by depth of understanding and knowledge, and humility and a sensitivity to personal relations — how is the modern university equipped for the task?"

MY title is a combination of two concepts that today invite endless speculation and discussion, and doggedly resist any precise definition. It would be possible to produce a technical definition of a university that has some precision, but it would be impossible to do anything similar for the term 'intellectual'. Sometimes an 'intellectual' appears to be any member of a profession that makes use of a specialized body of information or a specialized technique, either of which is beyond the grasp of ordinary untutored intelligence. Sometimes you will find the intellectual referred to as a person who is bound up in any of a variety of ways with the whole complex system of communication; and by this definition he turns out to be anybody from a fluent ad-man to Ezra Pound. I prefer to approach my subject by means of a common or vulgar attitude toward the term 'intellectual'. It will have the advantage of simplicity, and of easy identification. In this sense, an intellectual is a bookish person who is removed by reason of his interests from the immediate concerns of most of his fellows, and who strikes them as being aloof and even arrogant. This, you will observe, is the common 'ivory tower' concept, now a tedious cliché. Yet it is a concept of the intellectual that has strong historic roots, and it does not easily die. One recalls that Saint-Beuve, who first made use of the phrase "the ivory tower", used it as a symbol of exclusiveness, secretiveness, and self-adulation.

In the popular mind the intellectual is most often associated with the university teacher, particularly the teacher in one of the non-professional fields. This association is obvious, because the university

teacher is engaged in the study and elucidation of subject matter that is esoteric and difficult; he lives in a closed society — at least what appears to be a closed society to most of his fellows — and he is concerned with passing on what he knows to others. The university teacher is thus your ultimate intellectual, since he deals with unreal material in an unreal environment; he is a symbol of genteel ineffectuality. At the same time, however, there is no doubt as to his genuineness. More often than not he trails behind him a series of letters to denote his status and his membership in special societies, and frequently he has stamped upon him the sacred imprimatur of publication. He thus inspires a certain amount of polite respect.

This is still a recognizable sketch of a real attitude. But there have been in recent years signs of change, even signs of a profound revolution in the popular attitude towards the academic as intellectual. Indeed in some quarters the attitude has changed from polite respect to wide-eyed deference. The change has taken place first of all and most markedly in the sciences; it is beginning to appear in the social sciences; it is least apparent in the humanities, although even there faint gleams of a new day are visible. The reason for the change is that the intellectual, to an extent and in a manner not known before, has begun to deliver the goods. Einstein, once the symbol of the benevolent but zany mathematician, is now recognized as the creator of the world in which we live. It is, you will notice, the pure scientists and mathematicians, the physicists particularly, who have suddenly become the doers and the creators. It is this, I think, that accounts for the amazing growth in popularity of the pure sciences and the relative decline in attractiveness of engineering; for in this new world the engineer has lost caste. Today the status of the university is determined by the number of Nobel prize-winners in science that it can display on its academic roster.

The social scientist can show no triumph comparable to that of the scientist. He has certainly done little to remake a world that in the area of human relations and organization is as chaotic and threatening as it ever was. But if he is not yet a scientist in his own area, he is clearly an engineer. He is increasingly the expert summoned

to patch up legislation or to nail together a party platform. Moreover, he is not the expert hired only by the party to the left, as was once the case; in the United States no political party is respectable without its constellation of experts, scattered in a network of universities of which Harvard is usually the originating station. And in Canada the professor is no longer content to exercise his influence by membership on Royal Commissions; he aspires to influence public policy by more direct methods, and he is listened to with flattering attention. His new status has brought power, both within and without the university, and a greatly enlarged income. The sun of social approval and usefulness that has long shone upon the member of the professional faculty, and, more recently, the scientist, has now reached the social scientist; and he rejoices in this heavenly alchemy.

In this transformation of the intellectual into a man of affluence and power, the humanist has, as usual, not participated in a major fashion. But even on this rarefied soil a few delicate green shoots are beginning to thrust their way up. The business world, with its passion for stimulating consumer demand, and with its growing concern for the art of communication, now occasionally turns to the humanist for advice and inspiration. "We have moved from an era," writes Marshall McLuhan, "when business was our culture to one in which culture is our business. What has been until recently the business of the university is now becoming the business of the business world itself." Mr. Bernard Berelson has recently suggested the need for a centre — presumably like the famous one at Palo Alto for the social scientists — in which "working humanists" — "men of affairs who make important decisions involving ethical concerns" — would mingle and exchange insights with the pure scholars.

Most of the examples I have given emphasize the market value of the intellectual, which has risen greatly in response to the increasingly sophisticated demands of society. This has had a number of pleasant effects within the university: academic salaries have risen; the sources of supplementary earning have multiplied and deepened (although only rarely to the blissful extent where one professor could boast that he used his university salary to pay his income tax on his

consulting fees); and presidents, pathologically in search of funds, could point out that the ivory tower, if looked at closely, was really an atomic power plant. Scholars have thus become, in Roy Daniell's phrase, the "paladins of a new era", who "descend by jet-plane upon remote and ill-governed communities. At once guns cease fire, crops and herds multiply, insects and virus diseases diminish, rulers reduce the number of their wives to four, sewage goes underground, dissident political elements do likewise."

But this new status of the academic has been achieved simply to the extent that he is not an intellectual, that is, to the extent that he is prepared to be a social engineer and to use his talents in the cause of national productivity. All this is desirable and laudable, but it has little to do with the true rôle of the intellectual, which is to strive to read the signs of the times, to warn society of danger, to try, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, "to make reason and the will of God prevail". "We can hope," writes Northrop Frye — one of the most distinguished Canadian intellectuals — "for no better future for our students than a life of what William Blake calls mental fight, or intellectual war: a war where ignorant armies clash with knowledge, where the children of light go out with their tiny but accurate sling-shots and Philistine giants fall in a crash of hardware." To what extent is the university capable of fostering this kind of intellectual activity?

One of the groups most sceptical of the intellectually creative power of the university is the men of letters — themselves intellectuals of varying repute. It is a long time since twentieth-century writers have written about the university in the way that Newman and Arnold wrote about it — with eloquence, and with a sense of almost mystical adoration. Perhaps only in E. M. Forster, and then in respect of one particular university, can one find in twentieth-century literature anything comparable to the glow that suffuses Newman's passages about university education.

If it is difficult to find warm, romantic passages about the academic scene in contemporary literature, it is not difficult to find passages of an opposite nature. The literature of academic denigration is extensive and intensive. Even in the Victorian age the attitude of

Newman and Arnold did not go unchallenged. One recalls Butler's acidulous portrait of Oxbridge in *Erewhon*, where the Colleges of Unreason foster an arid study of the hypothetical languages, and train their students diligently in the art of sitting gracefully on the fence. In the Shavian world, you will recall, the possession of a university degree is an automatic indication of ineffectiveness. Shaw had the advantage, from his point of view, of not having been at university, but a contemporary like Santayana, who went to Harvard, wrote as follows about the academics:

Though I became a professor myself, I never had a real friend who was a professor. Is it jealousy, as among women, and a secret unwillingness to be wholly pleased? Or is it the consciousness that a professor, or a woman, has to be partly a sham; whence a mixture of contempt and pity for such a poor victim of necessity? In the nobler professors the shamming is not an effect of the profession, but rather, as in inspired clergymen, the profession is an effect of an innate passion for shamming. Nobody feels that passion more than I have felt in poetry and in religion; but I never felt it in an academic society or academic philosophy, and I gave up being professor as soon as I could.

Santayana writes about academics with pained politeness. H. L. Mencken suffered from no such inhibitions. He describes academics in America as making up a middle class between populace and plutocracy, and then proceeds to anatomize them:

In the middle ground there is little save an indistinct herd of intellectual eunuchs, chiefly professors — often quite as stupid as the plutocracy, and always in great fear of it. When it produces a stray rebel he goes over to the mob; there is no place for him within his own order. This feeble and vacillating class, unorganized and without authority, is responsible for what passes as the well-informed opinion of the country — for the sort of opinion that one encounters in the serious periodicals — for what later on leaks down, much diluted, into the few newspapers that are not frankly imbecile . . . It is, in the main, only half-educated. It lacks experience of the world, assurance, the consciousness of class solidarity and security. Of no definite position in our national life, exposed alike to the clamors of the mob and the discipline of the plutocracy, it gets no public respect and is deficient in self-respect. Thus the better sort of men are not tempted to enter it. It recruits only men

of feeble courage, men of small originality. Its sublimest flower is the American college president . . . a perambulating sycophant and platinarian, a gaudy mendicant and bounder, engaged all his life, not in the battle of ideas, the pursuit and dissemination of knowledge, but in the courting of rich donkeys and the entertainment of mobs . . .

In recent years there has been a spate of fiction dealing with the academic life, and the predominant tone throughout has been satiric, all the way from light raillery to savage indignation. Two of the best examples are Mary McCarthy's *The Groves of Academe* and Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim* — one might add Stringfellow Barr's *Purely Academic*, a lesser but vastly amusing book — all of which present an academic world that is stifling and ingrown, with heroes who are mean and unheroic. Even C. P. Snow's fine study of a Cambridge college, *The Masters*, is composed throughout in a minor key. In the appendix to the novel he concludes by saying that the college was the place "where men live the least anxious, the most comforting, and the freest lives". And yet the portrait of the fourteen fellows, immersed in the intrigues that precede the election of a Master, hardly bears out this cheerful comment. The novel has the effect of a sudden revelation of a small section of an underseas world, where piscine vendettas are carried on, gracefully but remorselessly, against a picturesque background. But perhaps one should not pay too much attention to these fictional portraits. The imaginative writer is looking for the prototypical, not the typical, and, particularly if he is a novelist, he is not given to romantic revery. He has always bitten the hand that fed him — an old adage that carries with it a special significance today, when the typical writer of the 1960's is a serious young man lecturing to a roomful of English literature students and wondering absently whether his application for a Canada Council fellowship or a Guggenheim award will be accepted. The increasing tendency of writers to find a place in the academic world is often deplored; the result, so the indictment runs, is a stultifying emphasis on criticism of the most analytical kind. In John Aldridge's novel, *The Party at Cranton*, he talks in this way about the young assistants to the editor of an exclusive university literary periodical:

They [young assistants on the literary periodical] hated reputation almost more than they hated one another, not only because it was something which they themselves were secretly dying to get, but because — in the Cranton intellectual world at least — it was intimately related to literature, and literature they hated most of all. They enjoyed their work with Buchanan [the editor] . . . because it made them feel superior to literature, and they could participate vicariously in his systematic destruction of it. So long as they were affiliated with the review, they had nothing to do with literature except to peep at it voyeuristically while Buchanan made it writhe and scream on the rack of his own monstrous contempt. Of course they did not produce it themselves and would not have been able to even if Buchanan had let them. But they did produce criticism the way other men might have beheaded dolls or stuck pins in effigies — with a viciousness almost ceremonial under the cold glare of the study lamp in the black of night. Criticism was their method of wreaking vengeance upon literature for being the one thing they could not succeed in by taking a degree or playing politics, and their resentment of it was boundless.

This is not the whole picture. The modern university is becoming a richer and more diversified society, and increasingly the writer may find himself at home there for sounder reasons than that of economic security. In a recent article, "The Writer in the University", William Van O'Connor argues that there is no necessary antithesis between the critical and the creative spirit, and that "it seems clear, for good as well as bad, that the spirit and the convention of modern writing invite an academic alliance". He concludes that "possibly the writer or the aspiring writer has been listening with his inner ear to some appeal to the time-spirit, and has heard him say that the university is now one of the creators of culture, as well as the custodians of it. This is why so many writers now live on a campus, rather than on the Left Bank or in Greenwich Village." There is a similar note in the recent special issue of the *Times Literary Supplement* devoted to a study of the British imagination. A rather plaintively despairing article on British universities concludes hopefully: "Since 1900 we have seen the London literary and intellectual world, the world of the pubs and the independent author, languish and begin to die away. British scholarly writing is now dependent on university patronage

almost exclusively, and the university is called upon to perform many of the other functions that used to be catered for in other ways. The challenge of British universities to the British imagination is perhaps the most urgent of all."

There are forces, then, driving one of the most lively of all the intellectuals toward the academic scene. Some critics are alarmed at this prospect, and, like Jacques Barzun, see in the fetish of creativity a challenge to the true intellectual life. There is much to be said for the creative writer as the ultimate free-lance intellectual, working outside of any formal institutional pattern, and thereby maintaining inviolate the right to be critical, and, if he chooses, destructive. Even the concept of the intellectual as social critic and controversialist is not always warmly embraced in university circles. There is a good deal of anti-intellectualism within the university, some of it crude and uninformed, some of it sophisticated and informed. Of the former nature is the assumption that the intellectual is a radical visionary, unrealistic and, in all likelihood, subversive. That is a hangover from the days when class lines were more clearly drawn, and when the intellectual aligned himself with the forces of protest if only because they were the forces of the future. Now that our problems have passed beyond black and white conflict, and have resolved themselves into how we organize the world for survival, the old facile political labels are — at least in the intellectual world — meaningless.

A more telling criticism, which is a sharper focussing of the vulgar attitude, is that the intellectual often substitutes an élite code for a popular one. The word carries with it a suggestion of the poseur, which accounts for Bertrand Russell's sharp rejoinder when asked if he considered himself an intellectual:

"I have never called myself an intellectual, and nobody has ever dared to call me one in my presence."

I think an intellectual may be defined as a person who pretends to have more intellect than he has, and I hope that this definition does not fit me."

It is this "phoniness" that W. H. Auden has in mind in his verse decalogue for the literary intellectual:

Thou shalt not do as the dean pleases,
 Thou shalt not write thy doctor's thesis
 On education,
 Thou shalt not worship projects nor
 Shalt thou or thine bow down before
 Administration.
 Thou shalt not answer questionnaires
 Or quizzes upon World Affairs,
 Nor with compliance
 Take any test. Thou shalt not sit
 With statisticians nor commit
 A social science.
 Thou shalt not be on friendly terms
 With guys in advertising firms,
 Nor speak with such
 As read the Bible for its prose,
 Nor, above all, make love to those
 Who wash too much.
 Thou shalt not live within thy means
 Nor on plain water and raw greens,
 If thou must choose
 Between the chances, choose the odd;
 Read the *New Yorker*; trust in God;
 And take short views.

The intellectual, even if he is free of the phoniness that Auden so devastatingly deflates, cannot avoid drawing attention to the conflict between high-brow and low-brow. In Lionel Trilling's novel, *The Middle of the Journey*, the intellectual hero "found it painful to reflect that in our day intellect and sensibility, thought and art, had been made to confer status and to generate snobbery". This is a condition the intellectual must regrettfully accept; it will be a long time before he can shed his sense of caste.

But the most serious criticism is that the activities of the intellectual run counter to the real work of the university. The authentic spokesman for the university — so the argument goes — is scholarship, and scholarship is slow, tenacious, and minutely accurate, rather than quick, glancing, and boldly generalizing; it seeks to make co-

herent and intelligible the multitudinous events of the past, rather than to interpret what is contemporary and shifting; its appeal is not to the day, even the year, but the ages. I have drawn out the contrast sharply, but no more sharply than the facts often warrant. On the one side you have the complaint, in Archibald Macleish's words, that the scholar "digs his ivory cellar in the ruins of the past and lets the present sicken as it will". On the other side you have the suspicion of the academic who engages in controversy and writes with too conspicuous lucidity and eloquence. We prefer that professors, like politicians, should be sober and dull, should avoid the purple patch and the salty epigram. I notice that the books in social science that I read with honest enjoyment, like Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* or David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*, are decried by the social scientists themselves. These writers have betrayed the profession: they have dared to be provocative. I still find it difficult to believe that profundity and intelligibility cannot march side by side with wit and eloquence, and that scholars may not enter into adjacent territory without losing their way or committing unforgivable indiscretions.

All this is another futile battle of the books. There is nothing incompatible between the scholar and the intellectual, between study of the past and awareness of the present, between a passion for minute accuracy and boldness in generalization, between immersion in a specialty and a pursuit of interrelations. Indeed the maintenance of these qualities in a pleasant state of tension is one of the principal functions of the university. To do this we need to develop two basic qualities: we need the kind of intellectual curiosity that arises from depth of understanding and knowledge, and we need, to balance this, humility and a sensitivity to personal relations. Educationally, these are traditional, conservative qualities, but they can have explosive results. More often than not it is the so-called advanced and progressive views in education that produce the dullest and most conventional people. This is the lesson of Benton, the progressive girls' school of Randall Jarrell's novel, *Pictures from an Institution*:

Benton was in its second childhood. It had sloughed off the awful protean burden of the past: of Magdelenian caves and Patmos and palm-leaf scriptures from Ceylon; of exiles' letters from Thrace or the banks of the Danube; of soldiers' letters from the Wall — the Roman Wall, the Chinese Wall. Benton did not see that it is we who ride upon Proteus, and that without him our journey is weary and our way unfriended. So, most of their burden flung off, the people of Benton went light and refreshed on their way, their broad smooth concrete Way; and when, soon, their legs got tired, they said to one another that it is the destiny of man to get tired.

The people of Benton . . . had not all been provincials to begin with, but they had made provincials of themselves and called their province, now, the world.

If the university should be properly concerned with producing intellectuals, and if the intellectual should be characterized by depth of understanding and knowledge, and humility and a sensitivity to personal relations — how is the modern university equipped for the task? In two crucial areas — curriculum and institutional organization — there are developments that make the task of producing the intellectual more difficult. I should like to comment briefly on some of these developments.

The fifties has been the great decade of curricular tinkering. Every reputable university has produced its report on general education and its curricular prescription for the good life. The prescriptions have been produced as rapidly as new drugs, and like drugs they display themselves under a multitude of shiny labels, but still have the same basic ingredients. The results of these prescriptions are described in such swelling terms that it is difficult not to endorse them: they will produce a generation of knowledgeable citizens who can talk acceptably about nuclear physics, the rise of European nationalism, the theory of evolution, the nature of the American dream, impressionism, naturalism, and the way to judge a sonnet, an abstract painting, and a string quartette. This is a bit like the book review club garnished with a degree. It will produce what Newman referred to as a "barren mockery of knowledge"; it will turn out graduates who can carry on a cocktail party conversation, but not conversation in depth; fashionable bohemians who can recognize

the contours of an idea, but who are incapable of coming to grips with it. The kind of intellectual I have been commanding has, despite his range and versatility, a firm base in his mastery of one major discipline; and it is from this position that he moves out into broader fields. If the university is going to foster him, then it must make sure that the student explores one area intensively and thoroughly, and that forays outward are determined by the intrinsic demands of the major subject, and not by a theoretical concept of what every bright young man should know.

The fifties has also been a period when the 'structure' or the 'idea' — the two are really the same — of the university has been under very heavy pressure. I am referring here not so much to the pressure of student numbers, real as that is, but to pressures on the university from government and private interest to undertake more and more tasks. The great advance has been in the area of what President Pusey of Harvard calls the "higher 'higher education'" — the special research centres staffed by post-doctoral fellows and research associates. The typical modern university is a vast concourse of faculties, colleges, institutes, centres and schools, operating at different levels, often completely autonomous. The only characteristic they have in common — again according to President Pusey — is a concern for learning, and that, laudable as it is, hardly constitutes a unifying institutional idea. In this vast concourse, there has been a progressive retreat from the student: the undergraduate is not taken seriously, he is just amiably about the place; the M.A., we are now authoritatively told, has been hopelessly debased; the Ph.D. is disintegrating, and the really eminent professor will deal only with the post-doctoral student, who, in this ruthlessly advancing age, is the one genuine example of the mature student. (I am exaggerating, of course, and I am talking only of the large university; but the sketch is caricature and not distortion.) One could draw a number of morals about this — the necessity for selectivity at the undergraduate level, the danger of accepting too many responsibilities, no matter how honourable, how important to the government, indeed, how closely allied to the advance of learning. But in the context of

my remarks. I should like to mention only one. I have described the intellectual as having, in addition to the kind of intellectual curiosity that arises from depth of knowledge and understanding, "humility and a sensitivity to personal relations". These latter qualities can only be developed in a society where there is an easy give-and-take between individuals, where social equality goes along with a frank recognition of intellectual difference, where the educational process is continuous both within and outside the laboratory and the classroom. This is the ancient and glorious tradition of the university as a community of scholars. It is a tradition that the large unitary university can no longer support, even with the provision of huge, hotel-like dormitories. But the solution lies, not in the creation of more and more small centres of higher learning, but in the recreation of the large universities in terms of small units, where teaching, research, and good talk and debate can be united in a human setting. For the intellectual cannot live by the mind alone; he needs the warm corrective of the human community.

To summarize my argument: the intellectual as scholar has been thought of as withdrawn, exclusive, anti-creative, his work remote and irrelevant to the issues that press in upon us. The intellectual as free-ranging critic has been thought of as superficial, supercilious, shallowly experimental, his work a threat to our security; and in both guises he has been thought of as a narrow creature of the mind, inhuman and aggressively secular. In the university there is a magnificent chance to unite the two in a synthesis that will burn away the impurities, so that we may have lively comment that comes from knowledge, pride in the mind without arrogance, and the elimination of the barren dichotomy of the critical and the creative.

The intellectual is simply the person who pushes questions to their ultimate implications, who is constantly standing back to reassess a process. He has usually been associated with the humanist, whose material seems to demand this kind of treatment, and who has been traditionally the most articulate and persuasive of scholars. But in these days the scientist has often taken the lead. C. P. Snow, himself an extraordinary fusion of scientist and humanist, tells us in *The New Men* why the physicists become intellectuals:

The engineers, . . . the people who made the hardware, who used existing knowledge to make something go, were in nine cases out of ten, conservatives in politics, acceptant of any regime in which they found themselves, interested in making their machine work, indifferent to long-term social guesses.

Whereas the physicists, whose whole intellectual life was spent in seeking new truths, found it uncongenial to stop seeking when they had a look at society. They were rebellious, questioning, protestant, curious for the future and unable to resist shaping it. The engineers buckled to their jobs and gave no trouble, in America, in Russia, in Germany; it was not from them, but from the scientists, that came heretics, forerunners, martyrs, traitors.

The intellectual, whatever his discipline, finds himself concerned with certain common questions. Through him we can find a means of restoring the unity of the academic life and of giving a sovereign authority to the work of the university.

Graham Greene's Theological Thrillers

by

A. J. M. SMITH

*Written before the appearance of Graham Greene's new novel *A Burnt-out Case*, this article has a special interest as an introduction to Greene's more serious work, of which the new book is the latest example.*

SEEKING for amusement, for entertainment, for something to kill time with, we go into a drugstore and paw around among the wire racks of brightly-coloured paper-backs — mysteries, whodunits, spy-stories, thrillers. . . . It's too late for the movies, and we want something intimate, something to curl up with an apple with or take to bed with us. A newspaper, even a tabloid is awkward and clumsy. The news is too abstract, too general, too far away, and too true. The details are left out or toned down. The motives and the consequences can hardly be guessed at: we are not given enough data. We can find what we want more easily here among the allegorical thrillers and killers. And all our petty annoyances and minor frustrations can find relief in the agony vicariously spattered about the grey pages and the blurred type.

I am attracted by one with a bright orange cover and the picture of a faceless gunman, hat pulled down, collar turned up, leaning forward out of the backdrop of a modern city. I open the cover and read the blurb on the inside page — for these cheap reprints have another advantage: they supply their own critical evaluation. The theme of the book is stated briefly but clearly, and half a dozen reviewers from such authoritative journals as *Time* magazine, *New York Times Book Review* and *Saturday Review of Literature* reassure us that the book in hand is *great, masterly, superb, absorbing*. The blurb here takes the form of a quotation, and this is what I read:

... Raven shot the old man once more in the head, leaning across the desk to make quite certain, driving the bullet hard into the base of the skull, smashing it open like a china doll's. Then he turned on the secretary. She moaned at him. He supposed she was begging him for mercy. He pressed the trigger again: she staggered as if she had been kicked in the side by an animal. There was a sound as if she were sobbing. It was her breath going through her wounds . . .

The book is called *This Gun for Hire*. It was published in 1936. It is not by Mickey Spillane but by a famous English writer named Graham Greene, who now has written fourteen novels, three plays, a book of short stories, two travel books, and a volume of autobiographical essays. Six of the novels, of which *This Gun for Hire* is one, are somewhat lighter, or less 'serious' than the others and are called Entertainments by their author, who is the most remarkable and in many ways the most original of the creators of the modern novel of violence and terror.

But Graham Greene is much more than that. The quotation in the blurb presents only one aspect of his art and suggests only one level of his significance. For in his books violence is not meaningless and the suffering of man has a relation to One, greater than man, who suffered for man. Graham Greene, in other words, is a religious writer, more specifically a Christian writer, and his true affinities are not with Spillane or Chandler or Hammett, or even with the Faulkner of *Sanctuary* and *Light in August*, but with Mauriac and Bernanos, with Kafka, obsessed with the problem of guilt, and James, obsessed with the problem of evil; and, as far as his Entertainments are concerned, with the Conrad of *The Secret Agent*, the great exemplar of all modern psychological spy stories.

I have used the word *obsessed*. Greene himself has told us that a novelist *must* be obsessed, and his own obsession is clear. It is with seediness, frustration, failure, and sin — the problem of the homeless wanderer in the waste land of the modern dehumanized, denationalized city of dreadful night. Writing about a novelist whom he admires, Greene said, "Human nature in his books is utterly corrupt — but Mr. Ford (the late Ford Madox Ford) is a Catholic, and it doesn't surprise or depress him." It doesn't surprise Greene either, but I am not sure that it doesn't depress him. Certainly he is not a cheerful Catholic

like G. K. Chesterton or the late Father Ronald Knox, and the picture he presents of life, whether it is the conventional world of violence in the thrillers or the drab seedy world of middle-class frustration in the novels, is depressing enough. It could hardly have been otherwise.

For the task he has set before himself as an artist has been to come to grips with the problem of evil and to justify the ways of God to man. And he must do it the hard way — by emphasizing at its utmost extremity the depravity of man, and emphasizing also the surprising, irrational, non-human, super-human workings of grace. That this is a difficult task goes without saying. It is also a dangerous one, for it is possible that the very devices that make for an effective novel, a gripping drama, or a moving tragedy may bring disaster to the writer as a Catholic, and there is no doubt that some of the faithful are a little disturbed by Greene's picture of so many bad Catholics, whiskey priests, and theologically sophisticated murderers, and some have detected a strain of Jansenism, if not actually of Calvinism, in his handling of salvation and grace.

Already it will have become clear what is the source of the peculiar originality of Greene's fictions. The drama of Christian redemption has been made the basis of their plots and their characterization. The writer seems to have said to himself: "As a Catholic I believe literally in all the dogmas of the Church. Why separate my religious life from my life as a novelist? Let me depict the consequences in ordinary life of persons who, accepting the faith, accept it literally, and either act upon it or recognize the consequences, not in the here and now, but for all eternity, of their failure."

The name of that failure is sin, and in the novels of Graham Greene, though crime or meanness or selfishness or vindictiveness abounds, it is not crime that counts, but sin. And the paradox exists, of course, that the criminal or the mean or the vicious may be in a state of grace, while the virtuous, the well-meaning, the kind, may through a defect of will — or even through ignorance or chance — be damned. Thus theology becomes dramatic, and the very crux of Greene's plots is the true Cross.

Let us test these ideas by looking rather closely at three or four of Greene's most characteristic and best books — *Brighton Rock*, *The Heart of the Matter*, *The End of the Affair*, and finest of them all, *The Power and the Glory*.

I begin with *Brighton Rock* because it is one of the best-known, if not the best, of Greene's novels, and it is the first in which the Catholic theme of salvation through grace is made an integral part of plot and characterization. It is the author's eighth work of fiction and was published in 1938, two years after *This Gun for Hire*. On the surface it too is a thriller, a story of gang warfare, juvenile delinquency, and murder. There are variations on the theme of pursuer and pursued, a fake suicide plot that is really a murder plot, and almost intolerable suspense as a young, innocent, and devoted girl — really almost only a child — seems about to die at the hands of her boy husband, the monstrous Pinkie. The boy had married her so she would be unable to testify against him should he be arrested and tried for a gangland murder; but he has second thoughts about his marriage and has convinced himself he would be safer if she were dead. There is also in the book another obsession from which Greene seems rarely able to escape, the obsession with sex, which involves for him a mixture of fascination and disgust, of love and cruelty. The book, like its predecessor, was destined to have a conspicuous place on the drugstore racks.

Let us take it down and look for a moment at the blurb. On the cover a frail youth, pushing aside a pretty brunette in a low-cut gown, is making a threatening gesture at a shrinking girl cringing away from him on a rumpled bed. Inside the cover we have the explanation:

One woman was frail, innocent, appealing. The other blowsy, vital, fun-loving. One loved him, and was held by deadly fear. The other hated him and was unafraid. He moved into the room. A passion of cruelty stirred in his belly. If he had to silence them, he would. If he had to kill them, he would.

And in larger type on the fly-leaf is this:

She was a waitress. He was a killer . . . and she knew it. He married her to shut her up . . . but even a living wife is not so safe as a dead one. And one more murder meant nothing to the cruel-lipped monster whose pockets always carried a razor and a bottle of deadly vitriol . . .

I don't suppose an author can be held entirely responsible for what the blurb-writer for a cheap reprint chooses to say. Certainly there is no hint here of any interest beyond the purely meretricious twitching of nerves we get from the novel of sadistic violence. When we plunge into the book itself, however, we find that along with the suspense and excitement of a beautifully constructed thriller there is an entirely believable human drama — and above and beyond that, in a kind of Platonic world of ideas and significances, a drama of sin and damnation. Pinkie is a monster all right, but he is a human monster, and as such is not outside the possibility of God's grace. He knows this, and so does the young girl Rose, his victim and his wife. They are Catholics who believe and accept, and what they accept — like Major Scobie in the later and more mature *The Heart of the Matter* — is the eternal consequence of mortal sin: damnation. It is this knowledge and this acceptance that the Boy realizes as an indissoluble bond between him and Rose. And it separates them both from Ida, the other woman, who is decent, well-meaning, kind, generous, earthy — and superficial. She is rather contemptuously represented as having no knowledge of evil (and therefore none of good). She has no religion but a vague, well-intentioned decency and a superstitious faith in spiritualism. She it is who suspecting Pinkie of murder sets out to track him down. Rose loves Pinkie, and is ready to share his damnation. They both have contempt for Ida. Ida "was as far from either of them as she was from Hell — or Heaven. Good and Evil lived in the same country, spoke the same language, came together like old friends." Of Rose: "She was good, he'd discovered that; and he was damned; they were made for each other." And of Ida again: "Is she good?" Rose came weakly to him for instruction. 'She?' the Boy laughed. 'She's just nothing.'

Ida comes to the cheap hotel room where Rose and the Boy had spent their wedding night, and tries to warn her.

"You think he's in love with you," the woman said, "he's not."

"He married me."

"And why? Because they can't make a wife give evidence. You're just a witness like that other man was. . . . He'd kill you as soon as look at you if he thought you wasn't safe."

Ida upbraids Rose for shielding a murderer. "I know the difference between Right and Wrong," she boasts.

Rose didn't answer. The woman was quite right. The two words meant nothing to her. Their taste was extinguished by stronger foods — Good and Evil. The woman could tell her nothing she didn't know about these — she knew by tests as clear as mathematics that Pinkie was evil — what did it matter in that case whether he was right or wrong?

There is one other scrap of dialogue we must hear, for it is important in the working out of the tragic plot, and prepares us for the final twist of the knife in the last sentence of the book. As she prepares to leave, Ida has a final word for Rose:

"If I wasn't a kind woman I'd give you up. But I've got a sense of responsibility. . . . You can warn that young husband of yours," she said, "I'm getting warm to him." She went out and closed the door; then flung it open again for a last attack. "You be careful, dear," she said, "you don't want a murderer's baby," and grinning mercilessly across the bare bedroom floor, "you better take precautions."

The novelist here works in the vulgar, practical, sinful, Protestant advocacy of birth control to reinforce his contempt for Ida: but that is only a secondary motive. Rose's love and Rose's hope must be exalted to an almost incredible height so that the tragic irony of the conclusion may reach a maximum intensity. Rose's reaction to Ida's words is presented as follows:

Precautions. . . . Rose stood at the bedside and pressed a hand against her body, as if under that pressure she could discover . . . *That* had never entered her mind; and the thought of what she might have let herself in for came like a sense of glory. A child . . . and that child would have a child . . . it was like raising an army of friends for Pinkie. If They damned him and her, They'd have to damn them too. She'd see to that. There was no end to what the two of them had done last night upon the bed: it was an eternal act.

How will the book end? we ask ourselves; and the reader, so accomplished is Greene's writing and so skilful his manipulation of plot, pushes breathless on. Pinkie gets an old car, drives with Rose through the night and the fog to a deserted country road overlooking the cliffs at the edge of the sea. Here they park. He takes out his revolver,

shows her how to remove the safety catch, place it against her ear, and pull the trigger. He tells her he will follow her in death. She believes him, and is willing to share his damnation.

Meanwhile, back in the city — one can hardly help in recapitulating the bare bones of the plot dropping into the cliché of melodrama — Ida has gone to the police; one of Pinkie's accomplices has been killed, another has squealed, and help is coming. Will it arrive in time? The suspense is almost unbearable as Pinkie and Rose discuss the mechanics of suicide and debate its eternal consequences. But the book seems destined for a conventional happy ending. The rescue party arrives in time to prevent Rose killing herself; and Pinkie, seeking to escape, plunges to his death over the cliff.

All this of course, is *on the surface*, the stock situation, the stock atmosphere, and the stock dénouement of melodrama; yet out of this seemingly intractable material Greene has made tragedy. The end is by no means a happy one, and the last pages of the book are drenched in tragic irony. There are two brief bitter scenes. One shows Ida complacent, self-satisfied, uncomprehending — and successful. The other is centered on Rose. She goes to confession; and at first she is sullen and stubborn. What she repents is that she did not kill herself. "I'm not asking for absolution," she says. "I want to be like him — damned." The old priest, whose breath comes in whistles, who shivers, and sneezes, has a wisdom and humility that is equal to the occasion. "He said: 'You can't conceive, my child, nor can I or anyone — the . . . appalling . . . strangeness of God's mercy. . . . We must hope and pray,' he said, 'hope and pray. The Church does not demand that we believe any soul is cut off from mercy.' "

"I want to hope," she said, "but I don't know how."

"If he loved you, surely," the old man said, "that shows . . . there was some good . . ."

"Even love like that?"

"Yes."

He said, "And come back soon — I can't give you absolution now — but come back — tomorrow."

She said weakly: "Yes, Father . . . And if there's a baby?"

He said: "With your simplicity and his force . . . Make him a saint — to pray for his father."

But this is not the end. There is one more twist. It's as if Graham Greene wishes to desecrate the last hope of human good or human happiness — so that all depends on grace, on miracle, on superhuman intervention, nothing on human will. Rose leaves the confessional box and the church, and goes out into the street. "There was something to be salvaged."

We remember now that she has a relic of Pinkie. One day she had persuaded him to go into a booth in the Amusement Park on the Pier and for sixpence in the slot make a recording of his voice — a message for her to remember him by. He hadn't wanted to do it. Somehow it made him feel trapped, but he had done it for her. "Here," he said when he came out and gave her the little disc, "take it. I put something on it — loving." Now she goes back to their room to get it. "If he loves you," the priest had said — "that shows." And the book ends with the sentence: "She walked rapidly in the thin June sunlight towards the worst horror of all." — for we the readers know what Rose does not; that what the Boy had recorded for her was: "God damn you, you little bitch, why can't you go on back home forever and let me be?"

We have come a long way here from the mechanical thrills and merely physical pain of the novel of violence. By whatever dubious means we have been enticed into it, we are here at grips with the problem of grace as St. Augustine, Jansenius, and Pascal had wrestled with it.

★ ★ ★

By whatever dubious means. For it cannot be denied that *Brighton Rock* is not an unqualified success — mainly, I think, because the attack on the secular decencies of kindness and good will (however consistent with the book's Jansenist insistence upon the all-importance of grace) is a little hard for most of us to take. With a character as monstrous as Pinkie it was necessary to invent an action involving treachery, an almost sadistic cruelty, and a nearly fortuitous murder. The purpose, of course, is at the opposite pole from that of the existentialist novelist, who would wish to demonstrate that all actions are equally meaningless, being absolutely empty of any moral significance. For Greene, no action is insignificant or meaningless, though evil ones are perhaps

A sudden feeling of immense gratitude broke through the pain.

more significant, more useful for the artist to contemplate, for they give him an opportunity to show most strikingly the miraculous workings of God's mercy and love. The 'climate of opinion' in which Greene's novels have germinated and grown has been concisely stated by Mr. T. S. Eliot in an essay on Baudelaire, written in 1930 when Graham Greene was just beginning his literary career.

So far as we are human (wrote Mr. Eliot) what we do must be either evil or good; so far as we do evil or good, we are human; and it is better, in a paradoxical way, to do evil than to do nothing. It is true to say that the glory of man is his capacity for salvation; it is also true to say that his glory is his capacity for damnation.

These lines might be printed as an epigraph on the title page of each of Greene's most serious books, and their theme is implicit even in the lighter novels of pure sensation and suspense, which perhaps sardonically their author has labelled Entertainments. It certainly fills and conditions the whole of what cannot fail to be regarded as one of the most mature and complex of these books, *The Heart of the Matter*, which was published ten years after *Brighton Rock*.

Again Greene takes as his protagonist a believing Catholic who courts damnation, though for different reasons and in a different way. Major Scobie, by the world's standards, is a very decent chap — honest, kindly, considerate, and modest, a thorough gentleman in short. He is Police Commissioner in a small West African colony, and, ironically enough, because of his very virtues — he is hard-working, conscientious, and seemingly incorruptible — he is already a failure. Reaching middle age, he is about to be passed over for promotion in favour of a younger and more self-assertive outsider. Actually he doesn't care. He is not ambitious. But his wife — a rather unattractive, sensitive, lonely, pious woman, who feels she has no friends and an inadequate social prestige — minds dreadfully. Their marriage has sunk into a terrible morass of forced sentiment, white lies, and mutual half-sincere and half-insincere assurances, and of keeping up appearances, not only before others but to one another.

"Do you love me, Ticki?"

"What do you think?"

"Say it, one likes to hear it — even if it isn't true."

"I love you, Louise. Of course, it's true."

This exhausted dialogue, as Elizabeth Hardwick called it, is used with the economy and skill of a poet. Indeed, it might have come out of *The Waste Land*. "I never know what you are thinking. Think." "I think we are in rats' alley." It is the domestication of the Kierkegaardian sickness unto death.

He flinched a little away from her, and then hurriedly in case she had noticed lifted her damp hand and kissed the palm.

The symbol of this marriage is a pair of rusty handcuffs hanging on the bare white wall of Scobie's office. What holds Scobie to it is not only his religion — he had become a Catholic when he married his wife — but his secular sense of devotion and duty, his pity, and what we must call his sense of honour. Also the couple are held together by the memory of their dead child, a daughter who had died in England before Louise had come out to Africa to join her husband at the time of the phony war in 1940.

To make his wife happy — to get the money to pay her passage to Cape Town, where she has friends and social prestige — he embarks on a slow but inevitable course of moral compromise that ends eventually and inevitably in the destruction of his integrity. And to salvage that, and to save his wife shame and misery, he sacrifices eternity and goes to hell a suicide, guilty of the unforgivable sin of Despair — but willing it consciously so that his wife and his mistress may be spared pain and embarrassment.

That in barest outline is the plot. Its theme is failure, the failure of a good, or at least a well-meaning man, who makes a little compromise, and then a bigger one, and then a bigger one again until at last he is only a hollow shell of his former self. But still he is kind, full of generous sentiments, and still at least honest with himself. The setting is sketched, and filled in with the economy of a master. We do not *see* so much as smell and feel the atmosphere of the squalid little colony, a dirty white spot on the edge of the black continent, a place where minor corruption is taken for granted:

There was a retort in this colony to every accusation. There was always a blacker corruption elsewhere to be pointed at. The scandalmongers of the Secretariat fulfilled a useful purpose — they kept alive the idea

that no one was to be trusted. That was better than complacence. . . . Nobody here could ever talk about a heaven on earth. Heaven remained rigidly in its proper place on the other side of death, and on this side flourished the injustices, the cruelties, the meannesses that elsewhere people so cleverly hushed up. Here you could love human beings nearly as God loved them, knowing the worst.

That of course was Stobie's real sin — to think he could do that. And knowing the worst of both his wife and another woman, he tried to love them, pity them, and save them pain. To accomplish this he had to save (or try to save) his earthly reputation, both the public one and the private one of his wife's belief in him, by accepting eternal damnation. It was not the carefully planned and, as he wrongly believed, perfectly concealed suicide that damned him alone. He was already lost. Unable to express a true contrition for his sin of adultery he cannot receive absolution in the confessional. Nevertheless rather than let his wife know that he must not take Communion he gives in to her importunities and partakes of the holy elements, knowing himself to be in a state of mortal sin and firmly convinced that this act of blasphemy entails damnation. After this, suicide is only a confirmation.

And by a crowning irony, that recalls the end of *Brighton Rock*, all this is in vain. His wife — and every one else in the colony, for that matter — had known all along about his unfaithfulness. That is why she had unexpectedly come back from the Cape — not, as he believed, because she needed to be with him. And at the end also, his suicide, carefully planned to look like a heart attack, is discovered by his wife and his Confessor to be what it really is. The last page of the book demonstrates once again Greene's complex irony and stresses the hope he refuses to give up in God's incomprehensible mercy. Louise says to the priest:

"And at the end, this — horror. He must have known that he was damning himself."

"Yes, he knew that all right. He never had any trust in mercy — except for other people."

"It's no good even praying. . . ."

Father Rank said furiously, "For goodness sake, Mrs. Scobie, don't imagine you — or I — know a thing about God's mercy." . . .

"Are you so bitter against him?" (The priest asks her a few moments later. And she replies:)

"I haven't any bitterness left."

"Do you think God's likely to be more bitter than a woman?" he said with harsh insistence, but she winced away from the arguments of hope. Father Rank said, "It may seem an odd thing to say — when a man's as wrong as he was — but I think, from what I saw of him, that he really loved God."

"He certainly loved no one else," she said.

And on that bitter denial the book ends. Scobie had failed even of the worldly end for which he gave up his soul. Earthly love, we see is weak; but surely the ironic turn at the end of both these books suggests that man's love is measurable and inadequate and not to be trusted. But everything in these novels, implicit and explicit, indicates that irony may also turn in the other direction, towards love and mercy — at least, it's a *possibility*, when it is God's love, not man's, that is in question.

★ ★ ★

The Catholic reader cannot fail to find the dilemma and the sacrifice presented in *The Heart of the Matter*, believable, real, and dramatically immensely significant. For the non-Catholic reader, or rather for the non-Christian reader, the temptation is to brush aside these scruples and agonies as frivolous, or over-subtle, or perverted, and to think that because religion means little or nothing to him it can mean little or nothing to anyone else. This is to be limited and self-confined. We accept in Greek tragedy the consequences of desecrating a shrine or neglecting or misinterpreting a divine decree; and the humbly accepted punishment for some unknown crime that falls on some of the characters in Kafka wins our respect and pierces our hearts. For this salutary purpose there is no myth more sensitive, complex, and complete than the Christian one. It has its Zeus, its Mercury, its Mother-Venus, and above all its Furies. And as Dante and Joyce have shown, it is far more completely equipped than any other to portray the human condition in relation to absolutes.

Greene is a lesser figure than these, of course. I am not suggesting he is a poet of the stature of Dante or Joyce, or even of François Mauriac. But in some ways he is more immediate. He is closer to the world of mechanized fear, suspicion, and guilt in which we live now — the world of the tabloid, the crime thriller, the gangster movie, and the sadistic comic strip; and above all the world of the Bomb and the ICBM, where remorse and fear proliferate in our semi-consciousness. The poets have described it too — none better than W. H. Auden, who in some respects is the verse counterpart of Graham Greene.

The evil and armed draw near;
The weather smells of their hate
And the house smells of our fear;
Death has opened his white eye.

Alone, alone, about a dreadful wood
Of conscious evil runs a lost mankind . . .

Nothing can save us that is possible:
We who must die demand a miracle.

Ask, rather than demand, a Christian poet would say; but in any case verses like these give us the atmosphere perfectly of Greene's thrillers written during the years when Europe was rushing headlong into the war with Hitler, through the preliminary tragedy of the Spanish Civil War and the disaster of Munich. The best of these — *Stamboul Train* (1932), *It's a Battlefield* (1934), *The Confidential Agent* (1933), and *The Ministry of Fear*, written during the terrible year of the London Blitz and published in 1943 — catch the spirit of almost hysterical helplessness that characterized the period *entre les deux guerres*. This is particularly true of *The Ministry of Fear*. This book reaches a pitch of hallucination and distortion that suggests a nightmare rather than an ordinary shocker, and is actually a kind of Kafkaesque parable of war — or rather, of wartime. An abstract painting of life in London during the Blitz, it conveys the heightened horror of the time with a greater intensity than the stories of William Sansom or Elizabeth Bowen and demands comparison with the poetic evocations of Edith Sitwell and Dylan Thomas. "War," wrote Graham

Greene, "is very like a bad dream in which familiar people appear in terrible and unlikely disguises." This is the distinctive and distorting effect of Greene's Entertainments.

This effect is felt in the religious novels, but in them there is also a kind of moral vertigo analogous to psychological hysteria and preparing the way for applications in the field of value. Just as *Brighton Rock* introduced the theme of "God's amazing grace" into the violent atmosphere of gangland killings that had been treated more superficially in the immediately preceding Entertainment, *This Gun for Hire*, so *The Ministry of Fear* was followed by one of the most ambitious and original of the theological mysteries, *The End of the Affair*. The story this time does not present the damnation of a wilfully wicked man or the progressive degradation of a good man; instead it deals with the redemption of a sinner. The setting, as in *The Ministry of Fear*, is the London of the wartime air-raids, and there is the same atmosphere of nightmare and irrationality. But somehow, as the plot unfolds, the nightmare becomes vision and the irrational becomes the supernatural — even for the narrator, who begins as a sceptic and a hater of God but who is forced at the end by the logic of events to admit the reality of the miraculous. He remains defiant, however, and it is not his redemption with which the book is mainly concerned.

The tale is told by a man who, wishing to write a novel about civil servants, gets involved in an adulterous relationship with the wife of the man he had set out to study and, rather to his own chagrin, falls completely in love with her. The woman, Sarah Miles, is the focus of our attention. She herself seems lost beyond hope of saving in her love of the narrator. But to believe this would be to reckon without the subtlety and searching power of God's mercy.

One night the lovers are interrupted by a bombing raid, and the man is pinned under a heavy door that has been blown down. Sarah prays to God for his life, vowing that she will cease to sin and will renounce her love if his life is spared. He is saved; and Sarah keeps her promise. She withdraws from all contact with her lover and begins instead what can only be described as a love affair

with God. Her love of God attains an intensity far beyond that of her earthly love, and she pours it out in the almost hysterical pages of her journal:

I believe there's a God — I believe the whole bag of tricks; there's nothing I don't believe. . . . They could dig up records that proved Christ had been invented by Pilate to get himself promoted, and I'd believe just the same. I've caught belief like a disease. I've fallen into belief like I fell into love.

Her former lover is too cynical to think that anyone can believe in anything: he suspects that Sarah has left him not for God but for another man. Only after a hired detective — a curious, seedy, pathetic little man, a true comic character — has failed to discover the suspected lover; indeed not until after Sarah is dead and the hero has stolen her intimate journal is he forced to admit that his successful rival is God himself.

The closing chapters of the book are unique in their terrible and daring dramatization of a supernatural event. Gradually the conviction is forced upon the unwilling protagonist — and upon the sceptical reader too — that Sarah *has*, literally, become a saint. Prayers that her former lover casually or figuratively utters to her in his thoughts are unexpectedly and miraculously answered; and relics of her — ornaments she had worn, a scarf, books she had owned — become miraculously efficacious. In outline this no doubt sounds far-fetched and unreal, but actually so skilful is Greene's vivid realism, so natural and so detailed his reportage, and so unassuming and deferential the manner of the telling, that even the modern unbeliever suspends his disbelief. The book ends on a note of surrender. God's antagonist, his pride humbled, cries quits.

O God, you've done enough. You've robbed me of enough. I'm too tired and old to learn to love. Leave me alone forever.

There is not the bitter ironic ending here that makes both *Brighton Rock* and *The Heart of the Matter* seem in the final analysis uncharitable and perhaps even perverse. But *The End of the Affair* too must suffer a little from the extremity of the case it puts before

us and by the sensationalism of its sexual scenes. Both the moral atmosphere and the spiritual healthiness of the book are not quite beyond question.

However ambivalent our attitudes may be toward the novels we have so far considered, one can have nothing but praise for *The Power and the Glory*, which though it preceded *The Ministry of Fear* has been left to the last as being undoubtedly Greene's finest and most completely satisfying novel, the culmination of all his powers and preoccupations. *The Heart of the Matter* and *The End of the Affair* approach it in intensity and equal it as evocations of a particular time and a certain place, but they fall short of it as simple tragedy. They are special cases, unique, extreme, and abnormal, and in spite of Greene's extraordinary technical virtuosity, they suggest strain. We are convinced all right, but we have to be tortured into conviction.

In *The Power and the Glory* there is nothing of this. Greene's Mexican tragedy is brought to its culmination with apparently effortless ease, and the feeling of release from tension and consequent exaltation (*Nothing is here for tears!*) that the reader experiences at the end is due to the simplicity and humanity of the fable. Nothing here in the Mexican jungle is lurid, exotic, and diabolical. Those are qualities we find in the squares of Bloomsbury and the parade at Brighton. The case that is put before us here is both sordid and heroic, trivial and immensely significant, but it is neither fantastic nor extreme, and its appeal to the heart therefore is surer and stronger.

The Power and the Glory once again makes use of the modern myth of the hunted man; it is a story of escape, pursuit, and capture. Its protagonist is a disguised and fugitive priest who has defied the law of a communist state in Mexico exiling priests on pain of death and has remained to carry the Mass in secret to the scattered villages of the jungle and the desert. It is essential in a drama concerned with flight and pursuit that the reader identify himself emotionally with either the pursuer or the pursued. It is one of Greene's most signal triumphs as a story-teller that even the pagan reader identifies himself with the priest. This priest is, we are not surprised to dis-

cover, both a priest and a sinner — an irrepressible drunkard; in little things (though not in great) a coward; and though not a lecher, he has in an hour of temptation and discouragement begotten a child. There is a fine moment of pathos when they meet — the child, aged about seven or eight, already on the way to a life of corruption and lewdness, tittering at him from a doorway in the squalid jungle village, convicting him of an eternal sin. The priest is at once the most complex and the most successful character Greene has drawn, a man weak, sinful, weary, kept going on brandy, skirting the edge of despair but never going over, illumined solely by the burden of God which he carries to the humble and the forcibly disinherited. And it is with a genuine humility, that suspects itself of being but a cloak for pride, that the priest allows himself to be betrayed by an avaricious peasant and goes into an obvious trap to carry the last rites to a dying murderer. The dying man, though a criminal, is good, and his only anxiety is that the priest should get away in time. Ironically, he dies without receiving absolution, and the priest is discovered and arrested. His execution is a matter of course.

Scarcely less remarkable than the figure of the priest is that of his opponent, the lieutenant of police who has patiently tracked him down. The lieutenant is a humanitarian and, in his way, an idealist too. Here the hostility and uncharitableness that Greene had shown to the protestant or secular virtues of Ida in *Brighton Rock* are transmuted into a kind of courteous justice. Greene describes the officer watching the children of his town at play. These are his thoughts:

It was for these he was fighting. He would eliminate from their childhood everything which had made him miserable, all that was poor, superstitious and corrupt. They deserved nothing less than the truth — a vacant universe and a cooling world, the right to be happy in any way they chose.

These are the aims and ideals of our secular materialistic world, the aims and ideals of H. G. Wells, of Bernard Shaw, and Bertrand Russell. Greene states them fairly enough, though with a dry distaste. He continues with a deepening irony:

He was quite prepared to make a massacre for their sakes — (the sakes of the children, that is) — first the Church and then the foreigner and then the politician — even his own Chief would one day have to go. He wanted to begin the world again with them — in a desert.

In spite of the doctrinal opposition that sentences like these make very clear, Greene makes the secular idealism of the lieutenant of police a worthy and dignified foil to the faith of the priest. Indeed the courtesy and impersonal relentlessness with which he pursues the man whom he believes to be the apostle of superstition and reaction is almost as noble as the humility and patience with which the priest accepts his fate. The juxtaposition and opposition of these two great faiths, humanitarianism and Christianity, are treated with the seriousness the theme demands and give to the closing pages of the book an authority not unworthy of a Dostoevsky. The priest, of course, who is the tragic hero and who is about to die, has the last word and the best word:

I don't know a thing about the mercy of God: I don't know how awful the human heart looks to Him. But I do know this — that if there's ever been a single man in this state damned, then I'll be damned too. He said slowly: "I wouldn't want it to be any different. I just want justice, that's all."

The irony is double edged. The martyr's humility may make his ignorance a saving ignorance. What he calls justice, God may call mercy.

★ ★ ★

And now in conclusion: what are we to say finally of the novels of Graham Greene? And particularly what is our judgment of him as a Christian writer whose one theme in all these books has been (as the old priest who heard Rose's confession in the terrible last pages of *Brighton Rock* put it) — "the appalling strangeness of the mercy of God"?

I can offer two statements. They are again from Mr. T. S. Eliot's essay on Pascal. Here is the first — Mr. Eliot has been speaking of Pascal's despair, which he compares to the "dark night" which is a recognized stage in the mystic progression:

A similar despair, when it is arrived at by a diseased character or an impure soul, may issue in the most disastrous consequences, though with the most superb manifestations.

As an example he cites *Gulliver's Travels*. I would prefer to name *Brighton Rock* or *The End of the Affair*.

And for the second passage I give you this. Mr. Eliot is still speaking of Pascal.

I can think of no Christian writer to be commended . . . to those who doubt, but have the mind to conceive, and the sensibility to feel, the disorder, the futility, the meaninglessness, the mystery of life and suffering, and can only find peace through a satisfaction of the whole being.

I think these words could be applied to the author of *The Power and the Glory* and *The Heart of the Matter*. This is high praise, though not literary praise nor literary criticism. As for Greene's purely literary virtues — these speak for themselves and need no praise.

Science and Religion*

by

DONALD MATHERS

"Science depends, has always depended, and will always depend, upon pre-suppositions which are metaphysical or theological."

IN the course of their ordinary business the psychologists are accustomed to administer association tests by which they hope to chart our emotional reactions and uncover our emotional history. They give us a word and ask us to tell them what first occurs to us in association with that word. If for instance the psychologist says Cadillac and you respond Capitalist, he learns something of your political emotions. If he says Ford and you respond Finance Company, he learns something of the state of your finances. If he says mother-in-law and you answer trouble, he is on the way to tracking down your family secrets. If it were possible for him to present to this group the terms Science and Religion, I venture to guess that one word which would very quickly come into many minds is the word conflict. If it did, it would be revealing something of the emotional history of our western societies. There do lie in our past several occasions of conflict between men who represented science and men who represented religion: Galileo and the Roman Inquisition in 1632, Bishop Wilberforce and Thomas Huxley in Oxford 100 years ago are examples, and these things have become for many the symbols of emotional struggles and tensions in their own lives. To be sure that is not the whole story: sincerely religious men have often been among the leaders of science (men like Isaac Newton or Eddington) and scientists have often been found on the side of reaction

* A lecture delivered before The Baconian Society of Queen's University October 25, 1960.

(it was a scientist, Sir Richard Owen, who provided Bishop Wilberforce with his arguments against Darwin) but it is part of the story. The Communists are certainly wrong in saying that religion is essentially anti-scientific, but it is true that there is a problem about the relation of science to religion, and a permanent problem at that, a problem which is metaphysical in its character.

This problem about science and religion is unduly simplified if it is thought of as a struggle between two men: a scientist and a believer, one of whom must be right and the other wrong. It is not even a strife between two faculties — the faculty of science and that of theology — as was often supposed in the 18th century. Nor is it even a struggle between two cultures as we sometimes hear today. It is rather a problem about the relation of two ways of knowing, two types of activity, which can exist side by side in the life of a single man. Nowadays, quite apart from being professional scientists, we are nearly all men of science in the sense that we participate more or less consciously in the enterprise of western natural science. Not only do we get a smattering of elementary science in high school, not only do we use the products of western technology, but most of us are dimly aware of the nature of the scientific methods now widely favoured, and are willing to apply them, where we can, to our own experience. But that is exactly the problem. We may think it appropriate to follow the methods of science in buying a new car or a washing machine, but how far will they help us in marrying a wife? We may use radio-active carbon tests to date the ruins of Jericho, or an electronic computer to establish the text of a gospel, but how far will these methods help us with the problems of grace and freedom, of the existence of God, of creation and emanation?

I firmly believe that the methods of science should be applied wherever they can be applied. No authority, whether civil or ecclesiastical, has any right to forbid the application of the methods of science to any problem to which the scientist thinks they are appropriate, so long as in doing so he does not contravene recognized moral and social laws. Here is an area where there will certainly be conflict from time to time. Though the search for knowledge is good,

it may not be carried on at too great a cost to the rights or the liberties of others. But short of this qualification I do not see how its application can be limited from the outside. It may however be limited from the inside; limited by the fact that certain types of questions do not seem to respond to the application of scientific method. For two or three centuries now the attempt has been made to solve the age-old problems of theology and philosophy by the application of scientific method, and it has singularly failed. When it comes to the question What is the good? What is right?, we have still to discuss by the age-old methods of Socrates and Plato, Isaiah and St. Paul. Progress may be cumulative in natural science, but it does not seem to be so in philosophy and theology any more than in poetry or painting. The kind of progress that we observe all about us is mainly technical. In the realms of the spirit it is as easy to go back as to go forward. Each generation has to recapitulate the history of the race.

How are we to tell where the experimental methods now dominant in western natural science may be expected to apply and where they may not? It is often suggested that science deals with matter and not with spirit, and though these are vague and old-fashioned terms which need farther definition, they indicate a truth. It is sometimes said that science deals with means and not with ends, with facts and not with values, and these are helpful and true distinctions. Science may also be said to involve an attitude of detachment and to exclude the existential involvement essential to art, morality, politics and religion.

Each one of these statements seems to me meaningful and I have no wish to choose between them, for I doubt if this complex matter can be summed up in a single formula. What might be worth underlining is the fact that they all imply that there is an area of truth or of meaning beyond the boundaries of science: that statements which could not be arrived at by the methods of experimental science may none the less be true and meaningful.

The assumption that the methods of science will apply to all significant problems, and that truth can only be established by these methods, is not a scientific opinion but a metaphysical dogma, and

one which is also false. I believe that it can be demonstrated that experimental science depends upon another and more primitive form of knowing and that this dependency is not provisional but permanent. I believe that the whole enterprise of modern natural science can be shown to depend upon certain presuppositions which are metaphysical or theological, and upon certain attitudes which are moral or religious.

Anyone who says "there is no truth but scientific truth" is contradicting himself, for this statement itself cannot be established by the methods of experimental science and anyone who believes it is committing himself to the existence of *one* non-scientific assertion. A famous recent example of this paradox is to be found in Professor A. J. Ayer's book *Language, Truth and Logic*. Ayer in this famous manifesto wished to defend the view that only scientific statements were meaningful and that all the rest — art, morals, politics and religion — were merely expressions of emotion which might be satisfying to those who made them but were not capable of being judged either true or false. The heart of his position was the famous Verification Principle which said that "only those statements are meaningful which can be rendered probable by experiment". Ayer's critics were not slow to point out that the Verification Principle itself could not be rendered probable by experiment, and Ayer was called upon to explain how it could be maintained. The request was a fair one, and Ayer was only able to answer that the Principle is not a statement of fact but a definition though (he added) "it is not supposed to be entirely arbitrary". But when that is translated into plain English it means "I choose to believe that only scientific statements are meaningful" and about that one can only say that it seems highly arbitrary, and self-contradictory as well, for here is one statement which is not scientific but is yet believed to be meaningful.

My purpose in referring to Professor Ayer is to argue that it is futile to think that science can be omnicompetent and can take over the traditional functions of metaphysics and theology. Science depends, has always depended, and will always depend, upon pre-suppositions which are metaphysical or theological. The successes of science may

indicate the fruitfulness of the presuppositions on which it is based, but they cannot prove them true in the sense that alternative presuppositions must be false. It will always be possible to imagine alternative structures of science based upon different presuppositions.

So far I have been talking about the supposed conflict between science and religion, trying to indicate distinctions between science and religion, and to suggest how they ought not to be connected. The relations of science and religion are not properly understood if they are thought of as agreements or differences between specific religious doctrines and specific scientific conclusions which may co-exist within the same logical system. Religious and scientific statements should no more come into direct conflict than moral and aesthetic statements, for they operate within different language systems or on different metaphysical levels. This does not mean however that there are no relations at all between scientific and religious statements. They may be compatible or they may be incompatible. One form of compatibility is that theological statements may be the presuppositions of scientific attitudes and activities in the sense that scientific activities depend upon specifiable religious presuppositions.¹ I would like to argue that this dependence can be seen in three aspects which I shall call (loosely, but conventionally) historical, logical and moral.

I.

The historical: I claim that modern western science historically presupposes modern western religion, by which I mean the Judaeo-Christian religion of the Bible.

Events in central Africa have recently borne in upon us the fact that you cannot make western democrats out of primitive tribesmen simply by teaching them the techniques of parliamentary government and universal suffrage. What is needed is a more basic re-orientation which will be in one aspect moral and religious. In the same way, I venture to suggest that you do not make scientists out of primitive tribesmen by teaching them the techniques of the labora-

¹ On the logical function of presuppositions, see: R. G. Collingwood: *An Essay on Metaphysics*; and H. A. Hodges: *Languages, Standpoints and Attitudes*.

tory. They may become technicians, but hardly scientists, without a more basic re-orientation, which will be in one aspect religious. A polytheistic or animistic religion, of the kind prevalent in central Africa, implies a polymorphic science. A monomorphic science can come only from a monotheistic (or at least a monist) religion. A polytheistic religion implies that there are many centres of being and power; that reality is many. And if reality is many, science must be manifold. Unable to aspire to a universal and unifying pattern of explanation, it must be content to accumulate a variety of unrelated techniques and explanations. If you ask for an example of this polymorphic science, I would suggest magic. Magic is a large subject with a long and complex history, but the types of magic which were widely observed in primitive societies a generation ago, and still exist, provide examples. I may perhaps be permitted to refer to Malinowski's celebrated book on *Magic, Science and Religion* and then to assert that magic is not really primitive religion but primitive science. This is borne out by two considerations: first, that religion implies an attitude of reverence to the holy, whereas science implies a practical attitude. Magic shows itself to be primitive science by its essentially practical outlook; it is an attempt at the manipulation of sacred power for purposes like healing the sick, making the crops grow or the rain come. Secondly, religion is for all, science is for specialists. Magic shows itself to be primitive science by the highly specialized nature of the magician's guilds, which have long periods of apprenticeship and strict rules of filiation and membership. Magic is really primitive science and may indeed contain scientific materials about the use of herbs, or about special psychological techniques of suggestion, which could be taken over by modern science. It is of interest here because it shows the kind of polymorphic science which can develop in a polytheistic community. Monomorphic science could not arise until primitive polytheistic religion has been replaced by something higher.

In the history of religion polytheism is frequently (I would even be prepared to say normally) followed not by monotheism but by monism. This happened in two of the great non-Biblical civilizations

of classical times: in Greece and in India. By monism in this context I mean a system of philosophy or theology in which God is equated with reality as a whole, and the physical world including men are regarded as emanations from, and lower levels of, this same divine reality. Both man and nature, in monist religion and in monist science, participate in divinity and are in some sense divine. They are not, as in Biblical religion, creatures of God, but rather parts of God or aspects of God or manifestations of God. The universe is thought of as a system of degrees of being or reality, a hierarchy in which God (or Being or Reality) is the highest level, and lower levels of things derive from him, becoming less spiritual and more material as you descend the hierarchical scale. Such a world view does indeed make possible a monomorphic science, as both Greece and India demonstrate, but it will have important points of difference from modern western science. It will be a science which tends to begin with philosophy: a philosophy which in its higher reaches becomes mystical contemplation of reality as a whole and at its lower reaches becomes mathematics. It will stress rational and deductive logic rather than empirical and inductive logic. Its working principle will be to acquire by contemplation or by speculation some knowledge of the pattern of reality, and having discovered the form, the pattern, the idea, to deduce the details. By deduction you descend from spiritual to material things which can then be fitted into the rationally established plan. Observation and experiment have in this type of science a very limited and even menial part to play: essentially the classification of examples so that they have to be fitted into rationally established species and genera. The more spiritual and formal the object of study, the more rational and scientific it will be conceived to be, so that theology which deals with the highest and most spiritual of beings may, in a literal and not merely a laudatory sense, be called the queen of the sciences. The more material and concrete the object of study, the less rational and the less scientific it will be considered, since pure matter, uninformed by spirit is essentially impenetrable by thought.

I hope this is not too unfair or too distorted a picture of the type of science that is characteristic of cultures based on a monistic theology. I have no wish to be patronizing about it but only to point up the contrast with the type of natural science characteristic of Biblical cultures and to indicate my belief that modern western science with its empirical and experimental bias was not accidentally nurtured in a society professing the Biblical faith but is distinctly Biblical in its presuppositions.

This matter has been so frequently argued by the historians of science that I beg leave to do no more than quote two well-known sentences from A. N. Whitehead's *Science and the Modern World*. After discussing the origins of western natural science in the later middle ages Whitehead says, "When we compare this tone of thought in Europe with the attitude of other civilizations when left to themselves, there seems but one source for its origin. It must come from the mediaeval insistence on the rationality of God, conceived as with the personal energy of Jehovah and with the rationality of a Greek philosopher What I mean is the impress on the European mind arising from the unquestioned faith of centuries My explanation is that the faith in the possibility of science, generated antecedently to the development of modern scientific theory, is an unconscious derivative from mediaeval theology" (pp. 15 ff.)

Whitehead may have been wrong in supposing that it was all unconscious. John Baillie in his British Academy lecture has given good reason to suppose that Francis Bacon, the patron of this society, was well aware that the new turn which science was taking in his day, and which was to lead it away from the accustomed paths of classical science, had Biblical foundations. For instance Bacon writes that science ought to abandon the search for final causes which characterized Greek thought, because God's ways are past finding out and we ought to content ourselves with seeing and knowing *what* God has done, instead of trying to discover *why* he did it. Indeed Bacon very acutely observes there is something essentially impious from a Christian point of view in the Greek search for final causes. In impregnating nature with final causes, says Bacon, Aristotle was

in effect 'substituting nature for God', and having done so, he had 'no farther need of God'. Bacon showed himself here to have a far shrewder theological understanding than most of the churchmen. Bacon wished science to be more strictly empirical than it had been, but he was convinced that far from being irreligious this was what a Biblical understanding of the matter required of him. He wrote, "so far therefore from [the scientific pursuit of] physical causes leading us away from God and providence, the truth is rather that those engaged in seeking them can find no end to their enquiries save by taking refuge in that very quarter." Bacon even goes so far as to claim at the end of his *Novum Organum*, that man's dominion over nature, which was compromised by the Fall, may be partially restored by the development of the new science.

II.

I have already trespassed on my second point. Not only is modern western science historically dependent on the western Biblical tradition; it is also logically dependent on it. The most convenient procedure that I can follow here is to refer to the part which the Christian Doctrine of Creation has played in determining the outlook and activities characteristic of modern science. This matter was expounded by the late Mr. Michael Foster of Oxford in two papers in *Mind* in the mid 30's which have become classics in the history of ideas.² Foster's thesis is that the source of the non-Greek elements in the modern science of nature is the Christian doctrine of Creation.

It may be advisable to begin by saying that the doctrine of Creation is not an affirmation that the world was made in 4004 B.C.; it is not an affirmation about an event in the past at all, and popular science writers who use the word creation to refer to the early history of the physical universe use it inaccurately. A great deal of confusion and unnecessary trouble would be saved if we were to remember the teaching of St. Augustine many centuries ago that Creation is not *in* time but *with* time. Time like space is one of the forms of the created order, and creation itself can hardly be an event in time.

² *Mind*, vol. 43, N.S., 1934, pp. 446 ff. See also vol. 44, N.S., 1935 and vol. 45, N.S., 1936.

The doctrine of Creation is rather an affirmation that the natural world is the product of a free and voluntary creative act of God. It is a rejection both of monism and of dualism. It rejects the monist idea that the world is an emanation or outflowing from God and therefore a part or an aspect of the divine. It rejects the dualist idea that there is an ultimate opposition and antagonism between Spirit and Matter such that matter is essentially unintelligible and impermeable either by spirit or reason. One of the presuppositions which most³ Greek scientists seem to have derived from Greek metaphysics was that material things were intelligible only insofar as they had a form imposed upon them. Pure matter to them was essentially unintelligible; it exists independently of God and all that even God can do with it is to endow it with form. For Christians the natural universe is the direct product of God's will, body as well as spirit, so that even the humblest existing thing must be treated with reverence, and it must be believed to be intelligible since God made it.

Let me summarize some of the consequences of the doctrine of Creation for natural science.

God is transcendent. The universe is in no sense divine. It is all created and God transcends it. God by being creator and not creature is rigorously excluded from the natural world, and the natural world is completely secularized. This was the basis of the struggle which the Old Testament prophets fought against the prophets of Baal: they would not admit, as natural fertility cults assert, that the powers of reproduction and growth were divine. God is in the heavens, he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased, and no creature is to be worshipped. This implies that every creature is a proper subject for secular scientific study. An example of the application of this principle is the unification of the sub-lunary and the super-lunary spheres and the attack on the doctrine, which was the basis of astrology, that the heavenly bodies beyond the moon were spiritual beings which might be worshipped and might influence human life. This

³ Most, but not all. Democritus and Archimedes seem to be exceptions, but they are exceptions which prove the rule, as Bacon recognized in the case of Democritus. (see John Baillie, *Natural Science and the Spiritual Life*, p. 27). They approached the methods of modern natural science to the extent to which they departed from monist presuppositions.

secularization of nature was a genuinely Biblical idea, though I regret to say that Christian scientists sometimes had to urge it against Christian theologians.

A second consequence of the doctrine of Creation is that the natural universe must be rational. It is often supposed that the rationality of the universe is proved by the activities of scientists, but it is surely nearer the truth to say that it is presupposed by the activities of scientists. The activities of scientists could only "prove" the rationality of the universe when the last problem was solved and the last mystery dispelled. This situation seems unlikely to occur, not only because of the apparently limitless number of possible problems, but because problems once solved do not always stay solved. That problems are soluble and that the activity of solving them is a worthwhile one, are opinions that must be held prior to, and independently of, any success that may attend the scientist's work. Nor is the rationality of the universe a hypothesis which is held tentatively, and could be given up if the evidence did not support it. It is basic and essential to the whole enterprise of science, and it might not be too much of an exaggeration to call it a scientific act of faith. Without it science could not long continue. It must be held independently of the evidence for it (since the evidence could never be complete) and may occasionally have to be affirmed against the evidence.

A third consequence is that the universe is contingent and that its rationality is a contingent rationality. It is often said that one vital difference between Greek and modern scientists is that modern ones are not afraid to work with their hands while Greek ones preferred to sit and think about scientific problems. Why the difference? Because the Greeks were snobs? That seems an insufficient explanation; and anyway, if they were, *why* were they snobs? One impressive reason is that on Greek principles the universe was rational not because God had made it rational, but because it participated in certain divine rational principles. The method of science could only be to discover by contemplation or speculation or even by mysticism what these divine rational principles were and then return to the natural world to see how it exemplified these principles. But accord-

ing to the doctrine of creation the universe is contingent and not necessary. God did not have to make it, and he did not have to make it the way he did. He might have made many different universes, all of them rational, and what kind of universe he has chosen to make we can only discover by humbly looking to see. The Greek philosopher might claim to know the mind of God and to deduce from it the rational patterns of the universe, but the Jewish or Christian scientist who has read the closing chapters of the Book of Job or the 40th of Isaiah must acknowledge that the being of God is shrouded in mystery and that his part can only be to trace his footsteps and his handiwork, to look humbly and see what God has in fact done; confident that the universe must be rational, but unable to say beforehand what rational patterns it embodies. On Biblical grounds it can be held that it is impossible that nature should not embody a mathematically intelligible scheme, and exhibit laws mathematically definable; but which of several possible alternative schemes it does in fact embody can be decided only by appeal to observation and an experiment.

It is in this way that the empirical tradition of modern science is seen to be logically dependent on the Biblical doctrine of Creation.

III.

But modern western science is dependent on the Biblical tradition not only historically and logically but also morally.

We are men before we are scientists; it is necessary to achieve certain disciplines and to acquire certain personal and intellectual virtues before scientific accomplishment becomes possible. Science is notoriously *wertfrei*, value-free, objective, uninterested in making moral distinctions. None the less it depends upon two values: truth and liberty. If the distinction between truth and falsity were unreal, and truth not a value to be cherished and striven for, then one of the chief motives of scientific endeavour would be undermined. And if freedom were not a value to be defended, and the free pursuit of truth not a virtuous activity, the scientific enterprise would lose much of its vitality.

It is sometimes asserted that the experimental methods of modern science have eliminated the need for moral standards on the part of scientists: you do not need to trust a scientist's word if you can check his results. There is of course a truth in this. It is important that you should not *have* to trust a scientist's word so that not only conscious but unconscious dishonesty can be controlled. But I venture to suppose that the scientific community as a whole still depends on moral standards. Occasional experimental fraud may do no basic harm. But what would happen if fraud became widespread? And outside the laboratory: in appointments to scientific posts, in publications, in the conduct of journals, in the granting of awards and research funds, is moral integrity not just as vital as anywhere else, and does not the maintenance of the scientific community and the scientific enterprise depend on it?

Professor John Macmurray of Edinburgh has written that not only is science "the product of Christianity" but "its most adequate expression so far". This is a characteristically exaggerated opinion, but the exaggeration of a truth. Not only does modern science have deep Biblical roots but it seems to me as I observe my scientific colleagues at work and see their lights burning far into the night that the distinctive Jewish and Christian virtues of honesty, integrity, humility, patience, tolerance and industry are better exemplified by most of them than by many theologians. It is an honour and a pleasure to have this opportunity of saying so.

The "Religious Issue" in American Politics: An Historical Commentary*

by

WALLACE D. FARNHAM

Many Canadians were puzzled at the strong feelings generated by the "Catholic question" during last year's presidential election. An American historian, resident in Canada, offers an explanation in terms of the long-range connections between religion and politics in American history.

THE prominence of the "religious issue" in the recent presidential election in the United States distressed many Americans, but it seems to have caused more surprise and amazement outside the United States. Why, Canadians seemed to ask, should such an issue exist in a nation that proclaims its faith in the principle of religious freedom? Is it not absurd that some Americans should fear a Roman Catholic president, when Canada has very nicely survived Roman Catholic prime ministers? The answer is, of course, that practically every Christian nation, including Canada, has at some time or other had its "religious" issue in politics, but that the main features of the issue have varied from country to country according to history and circumstances. What seem to be peculiarities in the American version may be largely explained by three facts in that nation's history.

First, the United States was almost entirely Protestant in origin and remained so for its first two and one-half centuries; it has continued to be more Protestant than anything else. Nearly every other Christian people was originally Catholic, until the Reformation or, in the case of Canada, until Protestants came from outside. Protes-

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tantism is thus a conservative, rather than a radical, force in American history. Many Americans have associated Protestantism with their national origins and history and have thought it the "normal" version of Christianity for the United States.

Second, the religious tradition in the United States, though Protestant, is none the less one of diversity. Although there were established churches in most of the English colonies out of which the United States was formed, different churches were established in different colonies, and dissenting groups gained early prominence. Within the bounds of Protestantism, therefore, religious freedom was a convenience readily elevated to the status of a principle, and the separation of church and state commended itself as a proper expedient.

Third, Catholics first became numerous through immigration, commencing in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. Americans thus confronted at once an alien people and an "alien" religion, at a time, moreover, when the "alien" world of cities and factories was steadily crowding out the familiar rural society. No wonder that many Americans connected the growth of the Catholic Church in the United States with the appearance of other things that were unfamiliar and disquieting.

There is much about my subject that these three facts do not explain, but they do go far to account for its unusual features, and particularly for the strong feeling that the "Catholic question" generates in the United States in our tolerant day. Their effect, with that of other pertinent factors, may appear more clearly if we review in an orderly manner the connections between religion and politics in American history.

The Englishmen who settled in North America in the seventeenth century took with them the essentially medieval notions, then prevalent in England, that there was one true faith and that the state had the duty of supporting it. As children of the Reformation, however, they quarrelled sharply over the nature of that faith, and they transported to North America the whole religious spectrum of seventeenth century England. But whereas in England the various sects were near neighbours and had led an unpeaceful coexistence, in North

America they were able because of royal neglect to go their separate ways, and each reigned unmolested in its allotted segment of wilderness. The empire became wholly Protestant when, at an early date, Maryland broke with its Catholic founders. Thereafter in the colonies as in England the anti-Catholic animus of the Reformation could be traced through both law and politics. Although in a few colonies the government supported no particular church, in all of the colonies the government interested itself in the religion of its citizens and made clear its preference for some forms of religion over others. It was all accomplished, moreover, in a manner that was undemocratic, after the fashion of the age: governments prescribed a faith for the masses; in a later, more enlightened time, the masses imposed their faith upon the government.

In the eighteenth century the colonists, like their European cousins, watched the gradual eclipse of religion as a subject of political concern. The imperial government, having chosen in 1689 to tolerate dissenters at home, required those colonies not already doing so to follow suit. It was toleration of a very limited sort, but it steadily broadened thereafter, in response to the rationalist and humanitarian tendencies and the religious indifference of the eighteenth century. The drift toward religious liberty was somewhat more rapid in the colonies than in England, owing to a variety of factors peculiar to North America. The grip of Puritanism upon the northern colonies was loosened as much by the attractions of wealth as by the decrees of the crown or the inroads of reason. In the Anglican colonies the establishment grew feeble in the absence of a local hierarchy and amid the difficulties of ministering to a scattered population. Meanwhile, the arrival in many colonies of large numbers of non-English settlers enlarged both the number and variety of dissenters. The religious revival of the 1730's and 40's further increased the strength and vitality of dissent and the pressures upon the establishment for an end to religious privilege. At the middle of the century the colonies remained almost wholly Protestant, but the prevalence of dissent and the decay of authority promised an early end to the marriage of religion and government.

Seventeen seventy-six was a bad year for the notion of unlimited government. In Britain Adam Smith called for the exit of government from the market place, while in North America Britain's colonists committed themselves to the idea of a neutral government. The Continental Congress proclaimed that all men were created equal, that the powers of government emanated from the people, and that government's sole task was to protect life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, a task that was not expected to keep it very busy. Similar statements appeared often in the early years of the new republic, as statesmen sought to give force to the new ideology. Later in 1776, for example, the legislature of Virginia declared that "all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion". Ten years later the same body gratified dissenters and liberals by divorcing religion and politics as completely as law could accomplish. "Almighty God hath created the mind free," the statute began, and proceeded to spell out the implications:

Our civil rights have no dependence on our religious opinions, any more than our opinions in physics or geometry. . .

Be it enacted by the General Assembly, That no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship . . . nor shall [he] otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions or belief; but that all men shall be free to profess and by argument to maintain, their opinion in matters of religion, and that the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge, or affect their civil capacities.

The national government could go no farther, though it went about as far. According to the Constitution of the United States, "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States"; further, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Forced to account for their rejection of British rule and to devise a substitute for it, the Americans had reasoned themselves into a virtual exclusion of government from the ordinary affairs of life; religion, among other things, was to be forever separated from politics.

The history of the United States since the Revolution may be regarded as a prolonged effort to reconcile the nation's principles

with the hard facts of human affairs. That the principles have clung stubbornly to life is clear. Hans Kohn has said that American nationalism differs chiefly from the nationalism of other countries in that it is based upon an idea — the idea of liberty. It is an awkward idea and an impractical one, but it has none the less survived, pricking the American conscience and playing its modest part in shaping the life of the people. Of its several aspects, none has proven more refractory than the notion that religion should be held distinct from politics.

The ideal more nearly approached reality during and shortly after the Revolution than at any time before or since. Several states acted more cautiously than Virginia in introducing religious liberty, but many of them cast off their established churches and either relaxed or removed the religious tests as a qualification for citizenship. The old habits of privilege lingered in diluted forms. Despite the absence from the Constitution of any endorsement of religious belief, and despite the rather vague, deistic tenets of many of the "founding fathers", most people insisted that officials have some kind of religion, and men like Jefferson had to resist the frequent charge that they were atheists. Some states withheld certain liberties from Jews. The anti-Catholic bias was the most persistent of all. Indeed, this had probably been one of the immediate causes of the rebellion. The British action in 1774 legalizing the Catholic church in Canada had raised the fear in other colonies that, in the words of a British seaman, "the Romish [religion] is going to be established in America by an act of Parliament". Nor did American revolutionaries agree that restraints upon Catholics were inconsistent with the principles of liberty; on the contrary, many of them insisted that the Catholic Church posed a direct threat to those principles. Forty years after the Revolution, one of its venerable heroes, John Adams, declared that "a free government and the Roman Catholic religion can never exist together in any nation or Country". Adams was a liberal in his religion, and he was largely free from the anti-Catholic emotions that his Puritan ancestors had acquired in the Reformation. He was not the last thoughtful American to conclude that the principles of religious liberty were better served by restraining than by tolerating the Roman

Catholic Church. Despite such fears, and despite the lingering discrimination, religion steadily declined as a political issue in the years following the Revolution. The Catholic question seldom arose in a nation of Protestants. The ancient belief that the state might prescribe a faith for its people was moribund. The more modern, democratic tendency for the people to impose religion upon the state awaited the birth of democracy and the prosperity of the democratic sects.

By the second quarter of the nineteenth century an egalitarian democracy had overwhelmed the old aristocracy of talent. The voice of the people rang through the halls of government, hitting a characteristic note in the doctrine that virtually anyone was competent to hold public office. In religion a similar change was manifest. Protestantism still ruled, but in new varieties. Methodists and Baptists, trivial in numbers at the time of the Revolution, had far out-distanced all other groups. The old churches of the colonial aristocracy had managed only to survive, retaining prestige without numbers. The new Protestantism rose out of endless waves of revivals. It triumphed in a democratic age because it appealed more to emotion than to intellect. An unlettered clergy disdained theology and repudiated liturgy, devising instead as the tests of faith an experience of "conversion" and adherence to a rigid code of behaviour.¹ New sects appeared on all sides, but even the most novel of them, the Mormon, resembled the others more than it differed from them. In religion as in politics an egalitarian orthodoxy reigned, demanding of all the proper emotion and conduct.

That religion should find a new career in politics was in these circumstances inevitable. A democratic government must sustain the people's religion. As a prominent clergyman remarked, "a people that believe in Christianity can never consent that the government they live under should be indifferent to its promotion, since public as well as private virtue is connected indissolubly with a proper knowledge of its nature and its claims, and as the everlasting happiness of men depends upon its cordial reception." He might have

¹ For a fuller statement of this interpretation see Jerald C. Brauer, *Protestantism in America* (1953), p. 114.

written centuries before, but for the fact that he stood the old precept on its head: the people now dictated the religion of the government. The Mormons went further than others in fusing religion and government, but their consistency set them apart from the mass of citizens and only brought them persecution. As for the rest, they might require that politics be Protestant, but it was seldom necessary to do so when Protestantism was quietly permeating the life of the nation. What did call for action was the morality of the people; for despite the Protestant consensus, many people simply did not conduct themselves as Christians were expected to. Slavery, consumption of alcohol, and misuse of the Sabbath became major sins of man, and when the most zealous preaching failed to erase them the police power of the state was called into service. It is true, of course, that not all Protestants equated religion with morality or took the political road to salvation. The insistence of some Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists upon a conservative theology divorced from social and political questions led directly to schisms in those churches. Despite such dissent, the new orthodoxy prevailed. Candidates for office won or lost according to their stand on moral issues, and church groups petitioned legislatures for suitable action. The issues arose chiefly in state rather than national politics, for the questions were mostly under state jurisdiction. The churches succeeded impressively; by 1856, for example, 15 of the 31 states had either restricted or forbidden traffic in liquor. The common man's religion had found an ally in politics.

It would seem one of history's stranger irrelevancies that at the height of this Protestant crusade the potato crop failed in Ireland. There was nothing irrelevant about it, as it turned out, but only an unhappy turn of fate for Roman Catholics in the United States. The potato famine and assorted other ills peculiar to Ireland caused a massive emigration from the country in the 1840's and 1850's. In these two decades 1,700,000 Irishmen entered the United States, over a million of them in the seven years starting in 1847. They were, of course, predominantly Roman Catholic. Together with the considerable number of German Catholics who entered the United States

in the same years, they abruptly lifted the Catholic Church from obscurity to prominence in that country. An anti-Catholic feeling had been smoldering through the earlier years of militant Protestantism, bursting now and then into open flame.² Any sudden spurt of the Catholic population was bound to bring new fire from the embers. A spurt caused by immigration had effects that were more complicated and more serious.

Dislike of Catholicism was scarcely theological among a people whose theology was shallow and naïve. For most people it was, like their own religion, a matter of emotion, resting in this case upon vague suspicions and fragmentary knowledge. Catholic ritual and clerical garb seemed to denote a religion of superstition and legerdemain, intolerable among an enlightened people. Lurid tales of the private lives of priests and nuns flourished like earth worms after a rain, and Maria Monk's *Awful Disclosures of the Hotel Dieu Nunnery of Montreal* sold 300,000 copies. But suspicion alone would not account for the sharp feeling of the time. The Roman Catholic Church seemed rather to be a hostile force and, in view of its rapid growth, an imminent threat. We have observed that liberty, patriotism, and Protestantism had become for many almost synonymous. The invasion of the country by legions of Catholics seemed to put all three in jeopardy, and the fear of a "popish plot" became a manifestation of nationalism. If the Pope managed to undo the Reformation, Protestantism and the United States would perish together. The threat to democratic, Protestant society seemed clear and direct. Crime, slums, and machine politics flourished in eastern cities in proportion to the number of Irish Catholics settling there. These same Irish Catholics took jobs away from native Americans. Meanwhile, the Catholic hierarchy was trying to stop the use of the Protestant Bible in public schools, while Catholic immigrants resisted the code of morality with which Protestants hoped to bring salvation to the United States. That the Pope was no friend of liberty was clear from the history books, and Pius IX's attitude toward liberalism in Europe after 1849 only confirmed this judgment. Like the pieces of a puzzle, it all fitted together

² The standard account of the nativist movement of this period is Ray Allen Billington, *The Protestant Crusade, 1800-1860* (1938).

to disclose the extent of the Catholic conspiracy against the United States, though different people reached the conclusion by different routes. Thoughtful people found evidence enough in history to sustain their fears, and the prospect of a population loyal to a foreign prince was genuinely alarming. In the eastern cities, where feeling ran strongest, hostility to Catholicism was only one element, though the leading one, in a rampant xenophobia. Elsewhere it was a highly emotional, cultural conservatism that transformed Irish immigrants into a papal army and a touring papal nuncio into an enemy agent. It was this last group, no doubt, that bought up seven editions of Samuel F. B. Morse's vitriolic pamphlet *Foreign Conspiracy against the Liberties of the United States*. In one of the most intriguing ironies of modern history, American Protestants devoted to the Declaration of Independence became defenders of the status quo against that revolutionary institution, the Roman Catholic Church.

The defense of the nation took various forms. A citizen who called himself the Angel Gabriel drew crowds into city streets with blasts on his trumpet and then delivered a speech that often ended in a riot. Stalwart Protestants defended themselves informally against the real or fancied assaults of passing Irishmen. The fate of the nation did not depend upon such scattered heroics, however. As they were by now accustomed to doing, Protestant crusaders took their cause into politics. It was the first flowering of "the Catholic issue" in American politics. The chief vehicle of nativism was known, suitably enough, as the American party, formed in 1852 from a secret fraternity named The Order of the Star Spangled Banner. More commonly called the Know Nothings, after their usual response to questions, the new party set out to defend American liberties by excluding foreign influence, whether immigrant or Catholic. They urged that immigration be curbed, that a 21-year waiting period be required for naturalization, that Catholics and foreign-born be excluded from public office, and that the Protestant Bible be used in public schools. Their program appealed widely in Protestant areas, drawing support from temperance and anti-slavery groups among others, but their power lay chiefly in the areas where immigrants were numerous and Protestantism most assertive. At the same time the Know Nothings

profited briefly from the political chaos of the 1850's. The old parties were collapsing on the rocks of the North-South conflict, and many people grasped frantically at the Know Nothings as the last hope for a party in which North and South could cooperate. In 1854 it captured the government of Massachusetts, and in other states it held the balance of power. It elected a number of Congressmen and in 1856 ran a candidate for the presidency who collected 22 per cent of the popular vote. Like the other parties it presently ran afoul of sectional disputes and passed from the scene, while the feeling that produced it was submerged in the passions of the Civil War. American liberties faced other perils more imminent and more acute than the one issuing from the Vatican. The Catholic issue could not disappear, given the number of Catholics in the country, but it entered a dormant stage from which it might be revived by any of several provocations.

The Civil War and its aftermath commanded the energies of the Protestant crusaders during the 1860's, and they laboured more or less successfully to shape government policies toward the South and the former slaves. Thereafter it is difficult to speak of a "crusade". Protestant groups lost much of their revivalistic fervour, while their prestige and influence declined as that of business and industry increased. Nevertheless, Protestants continued to see that the Bible, their Bible, was read in schools, and they provided the main impetus for the continuing war against the Mormons and alcohol. The Prohibition party, formed in 1869, never controlled Congress, but its votes affected the results of elections, while the pressure of prohibitionists in some states dictated the choice of candidates by the major parties. The Anti-Saloon League of America, launched at the end of the century, was frankly a pressure group supported largely by Methodists, and its cause prospered from state to state and, finally, in the entire nation. Meanwhile a minority of liberal Protestants had decided that the main questions were no longer moral but rather social and industrial, and by means of the Social Gospel sought to obtain laws regulating living and working conditions for wage earners. Their message differed little from the programs of many secular reformers, however, and if the issue they raised was still "religious"

it was at least of a much different character from the old crusade. Very likely the prohibitionists were more effective in politics than the proponents of the Social Gospel.

After the fury of the 1850's had spent its force the Catholics sailed for a time on calmer seas. Catholics fought as bravely as other men in the Civil War. As their numbers grew their votes became more attractive to office seekers. The Irish attitude toward Great Britain blended nicely with habitual American Anglophobia, and if patriotism consisted of common animosities the Irish could be congenial to the sons of 1776. Probably most important of all, there developed in the last third of the century a liberal movement within the Catholic hierarchy that sought a *modus vivendi* with American institutions. The words and actions of such men as Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop John Ireland, assailed though they were by colleagues in the hierarchy, convinced many Protestants that Catholics might sometimes make good Americans.⁵ This does not mean that there were no difficulties. Chronic suspicion came to the surface often enough that many Catholics felt abused, as a church paper suggested late in the century:

The truth is that in the whole world there is not a Catholic country with a non-Catholic population of any importance which does not show more respect for the conscience of the non-Catholic minority than the United States manifests for the conscience of Catholics there.

Although the complaint seems extreme, no one would contend that Catholics enjoyed equal liberties in religion or politics. Still, the surprising thing is the calm surrounding the subject. The political position of the Catholic Church was far easier in the United States than it was in most European countries in the same years.

The leading student of American nativism, John Higham, argues that outbursts against foreigners, Catholics, and Jews usually had their origins in severe frustration. People naturally looked beyond themselves, and often beyond their own country, for the source of their troubles. Of course anti-Semitism and xenophobia in many countries have been traced to such internal frustration. I have ob-

⁵ See John Tracy Ellis, *The Life of James Cardinal Gibbons* (1952); and Robert D. Cross, *The Emergence of Liberal Catholicism in America* (1958).

viously used this theory to some extent in discussing the nativism of the 1850's. It becomes even more helpful in examining the 1890's and the 1920's. As the nineteenth century neared its end the growing pains of an industrial society were troubling the United States. A prolonged depression in agriculture, labour disputes and violence, and the loss of status and influence by the *petit bourgeoisie* and professional groups to the *nouveau riche* yielded frustration in large quantities. The general depression that started in 1893 was merely a suitable climax. Assorted villains were turned up by one group or another to account for the difficulties, with immigrants and Catholics once again among the favourites. Even reformers began deplored immigration as one source of the dismal conditions they sought to remove. By the late 1880's secret, anti-Catholic societies were booming, and "escaped nuns" and "converted priests" enjoyed a great vogue on the lecture platform. Rumours circulated that Catholics were preparing to exterminate American Protestants on the feast day of Ignatius Loyola in 1893. To cope with the peril the American Protective Association sprouted up, chiefly in Middle Western cities, and by the mid-1890's it had mobilized a million members. Reflecting their urban, labouring interest, recruits to the A.P.A. vowed never to vote for a Catholic, never to employ one if a Protestant were available, and never to go on strike with Catholics. Leaders informed the public that they were prepared to defend "true Americanism" against the "subjects of an un-American ecclesiastical institution". The American Protective Association fell short of the Know Nothings in its achievements, but it did briefly hold the balance of power in local elections and control the state legislature in Ohio. But the A.P.A. lacked respectability and the support of major parties, and it vanished when Republicans and Democrats fell to quarrelling over more direct cures for the nation's ills. The frustrations out of which it sprang were not cured, however, though they migrated to the country as the cities turned into strongholds of Catholic, immigrant heresy.

It may occur to you that the American Protective Association was not a very formidable group. Indeed, it seems to me remarkable that the "Catholic question" never reached the heart of national politics in a Protestant nation whose government was highly responsive to

public pressure and whose principles were thought antithetical to Catholic political theory. Only in the decade following World War One did it come close to doing so, when first the Ku Klux Klan and then Al Smith's quest for the presidency kept it in the headlines.

The "religious issue" in the 1920's was by no means a latter-day Protestant Revolt. It is perhaps best described as a cultural crisis or, as Richard Hofstadter says, an ethnic conflict. The "Roaring Twenties" was, in fact, a decade of disillusion and frustration in the United States, particularly in rural areas. The boys who had gone to Europe to "make the world safe for democracy" had either been killed or returned home in disgust. Increasingly the modern world of science, industry, and polyglot cities encroached upon the familiar rural arcadia that was for many people American civilization, and they lost confidence in the survival of their agrarian, Protestant, Anglo-Saxon heritage. It is no accident that in the 1920's Americans shunned the League of Nations, curtailed immigration, and raised tariffs to new heights; that they adopted national prohibition and in many states forbade the teaching of evolution; or that fundamentalism ran rampant and the Ku Klux Klan swept the nation. The basic values of American life seemed about to perish, and rural America, which had been taught to believe that it was the custodian of those values, set itself to fight off the assault. The Klan became the chief instrument of defence. Resembling the post-Civil War, white supremacy group only in name and costume, the Klan embraced the whole range of frustrations, and its program supports the thesis that the "religious issue" was not religious and certainly not intellectual, but rather a cultural and emotional upheaval. The Klan's magazine, the *American Standard*, called for the following reforms:

- 1) Laws to require the reading of the Holy Bible in every American public school.
- 2) Recognition of the fact that the doctrines taught by monarchical Romanism, and the principles embodied in free republican Americanism, are opposed.
- 3) Recognition of the fact that since Roman Catholics give first allegiance to an alien political potentate, their claim to citizenship in this Protestant country is illegitimate.

- 4) Revision of our citizenship laws, to wipe out the "alien vote".
- 5) A law to destroy the alien influence of the foreign language press by requiring that the English language be used exclusively.
- 6) The exclusion from America of the Jews who work against Christianity.
- 7) The return of the negroes to their homeland of Africa.
- 8) The voting privilege to be restricted to citizens who have spent at least four years in the American public schools.
- 9) Strict adherence to the Constitution of the United States, including the prohibition amendment.
- 10) The Teaching of Christ Jesus, as given in the Holy Bible, the Word of God, as the standard of American conduct in public and private life.

The Imperial Wizard of the Klan explained the problem with which his organization tried to deal. His statement is worth quoting at some length:

Nordic Americans for the last generation have found themselves increasingly uncomfortable and finally deeply distressed. There appeared first confusion in thought and opinion, a groping hesitancy about national affairs and private life alike, in sharp contrast to the clear, straightforward purposes of our earlier years. There was futility in religion, too, which was in many ways even more distressing . . . Finally came the moral breakdown that has been going on for two decades. One by one all our traditional moral standards went by the boards, or were so disregarded that they ceased to be binding. The sacredness of our Sabbath, of our homes, of chastity, and finally even of our right to teach our own children in our own schools fundamental facts and truths were torn away from us. Those who maintained the old standards did so only in the face of constant ridicule.

Along with this went economic distress. The assurance for the future of our children dwindled. We found our great cities and the control of much of our industry and commerce taken over by strangers, who stacked the cards of success and prosperity against us. Shortly they came to dominate our government. The *bloc* system by which this is done is now familiar to all . . .

So the Nordic American today is a stranger in large parts of the land his fathers gave him.

It is a pathetic state of mind, of course, grasping to protect a state of life that did not exist and had probably never existed. The same attitude hampered Al Smith's presidential campaign in 1928, two

years after the Klan had died of its own excesses. Smith symbolized all that the Klan had opposed — he was a Catholic, son of Irish immigrants, open enemy of prohibition, and in speech and manners the child of New York's East Side. A liberal Republican editor from Kansas analyzed Smith's difficulties in rural regions:

... he represented a strange, unfamiliar and to many narrow minds, an abhorrent tendency in our national life. Partly it was religion that symbolized the distrust. But I think it was chiefly an instinctive feeling for the old rural order and old rural ways, the tremendous impact of a desire for the good opinion of the old lady next door. I think inevitably in this country we shall see another moral censor than she, new moral standards. But still the old order holds fast in spite of our urban and industrial development.

Kluxers sensed instinctively that life in America had been uprooted in its main principles. It was a sound diagnosis, one with which many intellectuals agreed. Joseph Wood Krutch said in an influential book in 1929 that "It is not a changed world but a new one in which man must henceforth live if he lives at all, for all his premises have been destroyed . . . The values which he thought established have been swept away along with the rules by which he thought they might be attained." The Kluxers were victims of the moral crisis that has afflicted the Western world since 1914, causing in the United States as in other countries a frantic defence of what were presumed to be the old values. That bewildered Americans voted for Herbert Hoover rather than a Hitler or a Mussolini reflects the tenacity of their faith in the past to which they were attached. It is merely ironic that they should defend morality and the status quo by quarrelling with the Catholic Church, the most consistent and successful guardian of morality and the status quo during many centuries.

The United States survived the Klan and its friends, but they had their moments of glory. Self-appointed keepers of morals in countless communities, they captured the governments of several states and sent Kluxers to Congress. The Klan, and allied questions of immigration, prohibition, and evolution provided most of the cultural and political issues of the decade. Dispute over the Klan sent the 1924 Democratic national convention into a stalemate that deprived

the party's two leading figures of the presidential nomination in favour of a nonentity. Hoover might have defeated Smith in 1928 on the strength of "peace and prosperity", but the cultural crisis that included the Catholic issue sent Smith into political oblivion.⁴ At the same time many Americans were outraged and shamed by the Klan and were reconciled to dealing more rationally with the issues of the twentieth century. No Protestant denomination officially endorsed the Klan; indeed, most of them denounced it, even though Protestant citizens formed its backbone. At the same time these churches still entered the political lists on their own, usually to demand the enforcement of prohibition. Nor was the "Catholic question" in 1928 only a blind fury. It continued to have its sober, rational side, as thoughtful citizens examined the pronouncements of the Catholic church and declared them incompatible with American doctrines of religious liberty and the separation of church and state. Such men, however, were doubtless fewer in numbers than those for whom, as in the nineteenth century, religion was emotion, Protestantism was the handmaiden of nationalism, and government was subject to the pressures of the masses.

If in the Twenties the old values were being swept away, as the critics said, then they should eventually disappear completely, and the quarrels of that decade should vanish with them. This has obviously been happening. The city has steadily encroached upon the farm, and the people who remain on the farm have been partly urbanized by television and kindred devices. The percentage of Americans who are Catholic has increased, while the fervour of Protestants and their attachment to the old standards have weakened. The war, taxes, and conscription that afflict the citizens of a powerful nation have steadily undermined the happy illusion of arcadian isolation. Meanwhile, the same shift in values prepared the people to accept new solutions to the old problems, the solutions of technology and a benevolent state. Protestants and Catholics alike continue to solicit political support for one and another cause, but they are more

⁴ For two recent interpretations of these topics, differing somewhat, see Oscar Handlin, *Al Smith and His America* (1958); and John D. Hicks, *Republican Ascendancy, 1921-1933* (1960).

likely to cooperate than to quarrel, and less likely to control opinion than before. Americans still think uneasily of the future and dream of building a wall around the past, but their stereotypes of the past have changed somewhat. Samuel Lubell is probably right when he says that Americans have become largely class conscious, whereas they were once more conscious of race and religion. Those whose frustrations send them on a hunt for foreign conspirators find a more plausible target in Moscow than in Rome. If the Catholic distinguishes himself from Protestants it is chiefly by pursuing more zealously the enemy who occupies the place that was once his.

The political drama to which we were treated in 1960 seems to me to confirm these speculations. Senator Kennedy did not launch his candidacy in a sea of hatred towards Rome; he would have suffered the fate of Al Smith only if he had been a Communist. There was, of course, a "hate" campaign reminiscent of the Klan, and it obviously cost Kennedy some votes and probably a few states. As in the Twenties its power lay in rural areas, in the centres of conservative Protestantism. As in the Twenties, also, religion was more a cultural symbol than a body of doctrines; a Jewish candidate would have had as much trouble as the Catholic candidate had, and it bothered few religionists that neither Nixon nor Kennedy appears to take his religion very seriously. For the most part the dynamite of hate failed to explode. The clientele for such a program has dwindled, while the concern for economic or diplomatic crises has become for many voters more compelling than their fear of a Catholic in the White House.

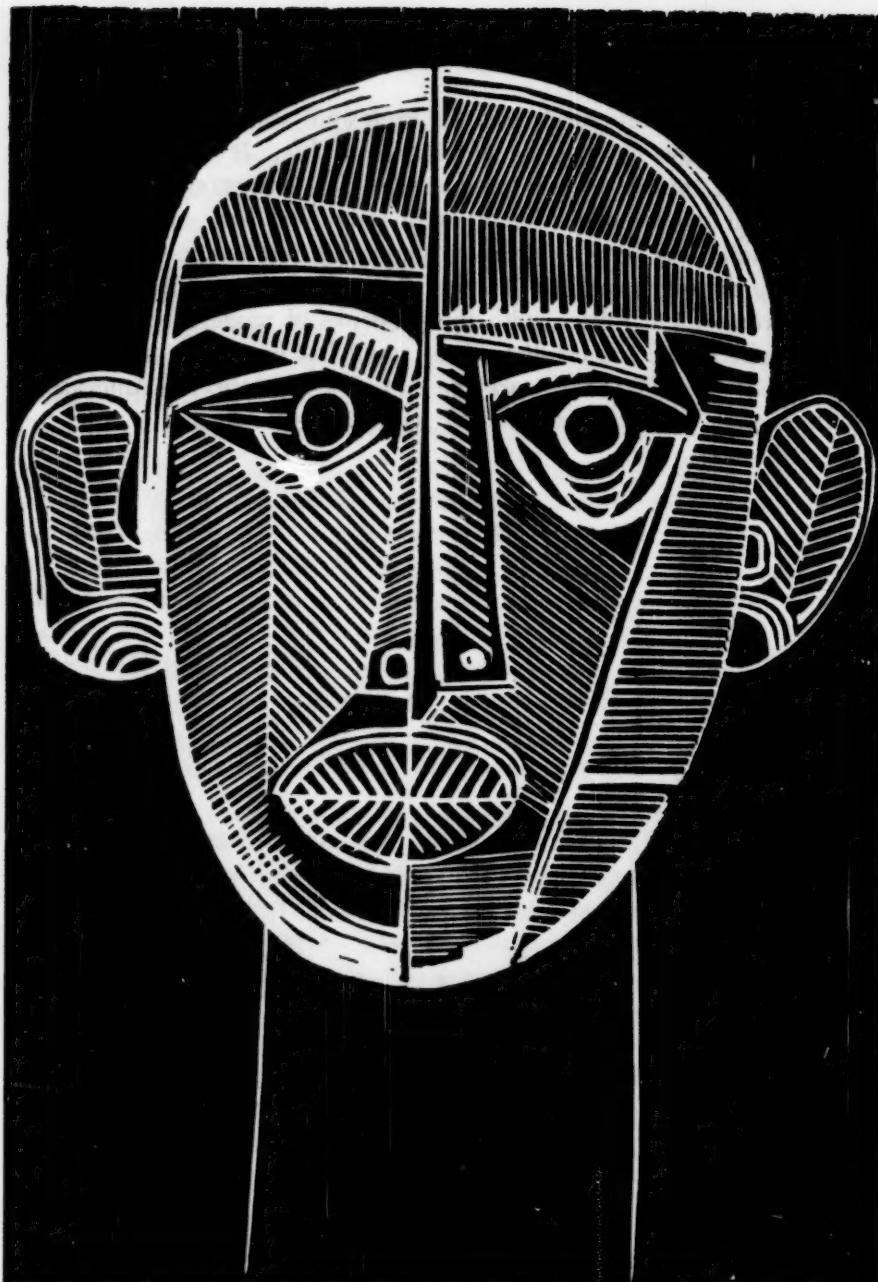
I have tried to suggest that the "Catholic question" has had a liberal as well as a conservative side, and many liberals have yet to be convinced that the Catholic Church is content with American principles of government. They note with alarm that that church retains its doctrines that religious liberty and a divided church and state are undesirable, and in late October they were able to cite as proof the intervention of the Puerto Rican bishops in that country's election. Senator Kennedy persuaded many such liberals that they had nothing to fear from him, but it is clear that others either re-

mained unconvinced or disliked setting a precedent that might prove dangerous hereafter.

It may well be argued that Senator Kennedy's religion was an asset in his recent campaign. The veteran pollster Elmo Roper observed two weeks after the election that "If there was a net victim of religious prejudice it was Nixon more than Kennedy." Obviously many Catholics voted for him chiefly because he is a Catholic, and the Catholics are concentrated in states with large electoral votes, states that have usually voted Republican but this time voted for a Democrat. There was, moreover, the "anti-bigot" vote, which Senator Kennedy and his supporters cultivated artfully; the United Automobile Workers pamphlet entitled "Liberty versus Bigotry" was doubtless the most blatant gesture in this direction. Whether future Catholic candidates for the presidency would enjoy these assets is doubtful. Assuming that no incidents of Catholic influence occur during the Kennedy administration, it seems unlikely that Catholic voters will be as sensitive on the matter in the future, or that those who dislike bigotry will find much bigotry to oppose next time. Liberals who point with alarm to the *Syllabus of Errors* will be told that Catholics, like other human beings, do not always practice what they preach.

The election of 1960 may, if my argument holds, prove to be a landmark in ways that not even the most frenetic orators hinted. If the "Catholic question" is dying we may assume that most other elements in the venerable "religious issue" are moribund also. They are dying partly because the questions that men have been asking since the sixteenth century now seem less important than other questions. The religious wars of our time do not throw Protestant against Catholic. But the questions of the Reformation were, according to my thesis, already half dead in the United States 150 years ago, so that the "religious issue" was in fact a dispute over the nature of American culture rather than over a body of religious dogma. At issue was a mythology, a bundle of stereotypes, which is doubtless the usual content of nationalism. The myths had flourished in the soil of egalitarian democracy, but their roots were those of a simple

and upright agrarian world that was Protestant and Anglo-Saxon and had rejected the corruptions of European life. It has long been obvious that this mythology was headed for extinction, so obvious in fact that its defenders fought with redoubled fury to protect it. But the defenders have defected in increasing numbers to the enemy, while the depression of the Thirties, the war of the Forties, and the world crisis of the Fifties, with the pressures of modern technology, have finally ended the conflict whose result has long been inevitable. The election of 1960 may mark the end of a revolution in American civilization. A Brave New World has replaced Arcadia.



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YOUTH

George Wallace '59

The Measurement of Man

by

BENJAMIN N. KROPP

Data provided by anthropometry, the scientific measurement of the visible traits of the human body, may help to answer many questions in the field of human biology.

THE Darwinian doctrine and subsequent biologic study of man have established man's evolutionary position in the complex of living and extinct forms of life. This is not to say, of course, that much concerning human biology was not known prior to the evolutionists; on the contrary, man's study and interest in his own kind are as old as recorded antiquity and surely antedate it. But investigations of the body that can with confidence be accepted and incorporated into a quantitatively-based science of man arose late upon foundations laid by those who established the evolutionary and cellular doctrines. The organic evolution of man, necessarily a central concept in human biology, compelled increased attention to those common and unique characteristics that fixed man's place in nature. It involved the necessity of bringing living normal man into the laboratory for objective measurement of his body characteristics, and since the possibility and propriety of this was for a while in dispute it took place only after comparable investigations on lower vertebrates had become routine procedures.

But the pattern of the scientific spirit in biology generally, including its extension to man, had been set by Lamarck and Darwin, Schwann and Huxley, Herbert Spencer and Galton, and it served swiftly both to discredit the older wholly speculatively anthropology and vigorously spur the youthful science of anthropometry with its

scales and calipers, statistics and correlations. Two important consequences followed. There began immediately the accumulation (still in process) of a large mass of data concerning the physical attributes of man throughout his life-span and in a variety of milieux, thus seeking to provide a basis in fundamental statistics for investigations of the body. The second result was that this substitution of quantitation for previously held subjective impressions made possible insights into a host of fruitful correlations that revealed the limits of the body's adaptability to the physical environment. In addition it often permitted of extensions to correlations of physique with the more labile influences of the social environment.

We owe largely to psychology the initial recognition of the latter possibility and the resulting stimulus that led to the use of anthropometry for the study of the body as "organism", that is, representing a morphological record of its capacity of response to environmental stimuli, physiological processes and mental functions. Sheldon called this "constitutional psychology". Psychology in the early twentieth century had gone far in achieving standing as a science of human behaviour based on the structure and function of nervous mechanisms. Nevertheless, the fear existed among experiment-minded psychologists that the need for recognition of anatomy and physiology as the essential point-of-departure for greater advances in their field was not accepted widely enough. Also present was the associated fear of a counter-tendency to isolate psychology from anatomy and physiology by fostering concepts derived from psychology's origin in and early association with philosophy. Sheldon's primary purpose was to prevent this isolation, although the importance of his work in the present connection is that the concepts and techniques he contributed have advanced beyond psychology into adjacent fields of psychiatry, development, growth, genetics, pathology and many others.

At the outset the definition of "constitution" plagues us with problems of great complexity. Most biologists would agree, I believe, that human constitution is neither fixed nor unlimitedly labile, but is probably determined and relatively fixed by heredity, and represents a pattern of bodily form and function that may be contrasted with

the relatively more unstable variables of his physical and social environment. Man is assumed to adjust to this environment, both as to specific functions and variability, within the limits set by his genetically determined constitution. The extent to which physical anthropometry, therefore, can be valuable in this connection depends on the extent to which it is possible to select, compile and analyze constitutional variables that would give a measure of the biological adjustment and capacities of the individual to his milieu.

The roots of current concepts in this field go back at least to Hippocrates with his descriptions of the *apoplectic habitus* and *phthisic habitus*, and can be traced, with large gaps, to the mid-19th century when the phrenological approach stimulated by Gall and Spurzheim reached its peak of popularity and then quickly receded under the impact of the developing experimental biological sciences and anthropology, at the approach of the 20th century. It was at this time that the commonplace "no two persons are exactly alike" became meaningful both with respect to man's body and his behaviour, through the pioneer work of an Italian school of anthropometrists. By the early 1900's Viola had distinguished three fundamental body types, each characterized by a series of rather complicated relationships between indices of a number of body parts. Thus, the *trunk value* was obtained from the sum of the thoracic index, the upper abdominal index and the lower abdominal index. Each index was derived by multiplying two or more dimensions between anatomical landmarks of the part concerned. The trunk value was then related to arm and leg length to give the *morphological index*. These studies permitted recognition of three physical types: 1. the *microsplanchnic* — with small trunk and long extremities; 2. the *macrosplanchnic* — the herculean figure with powerful trunk and short sturdy limbs; 3. the *normosplanchnic* — who is intermediate between the extremes.

While this morphological index was an improvement over older tools it was also cumbersome and necessarily dulled in practice because of questionable anatomical assumptions and statistical methods. Yet by substituting geometrical figures for the human body the essential first step in quantifying single physical traits had been taken.

Necessarily, in a science becoming increasingly concerned with process and function, the measurement of static single traits had to be incorporated, in the next step, into an approach that took account of developmental and physiological variables. That present-day anthropology attempts to do.

Current anthropometry summarizes the individual's physique in his "somatotype" by measurement of three groups of morphological characteristics, each group forming one component of the somatotype.

1. Those representing the digestive functions. This component is called *endomorphy* since the functional layer of the gut is from the embryo's endoderm, one of the three primary germinal layers. When this component predominates there is marked ability to store fat, the abdomen is more prominent than the thorax, and the physique is rounded rather than angular or linear. A value of 1 to 7 is given to endomorphy based on measurements of fat in the arm, shoulder and pelvic regions.

2. The second component is *mesomorphy* and its value on the 1 to 7 scale is determined by measurements of representative bones and muscles. Bones, muscles and connective tissue, which provide the criteria for this dimension, are derived embryologically from the second germinal layer, the mesoderm. In predominant mesomorphs the thorax is wide at the shoulders, the waist slender, muscles massive, bones large.

3. The third component is linearity in relation to weight. In extremes of this type the body surface, sense organs and nervous system, are maximally developed in proportion to body mass. These structures are derived from ectoderm, the third germinal layer, hence the term *ectomorphy* for this variant. The thorax tends to be long and narrow, the thyroid cartilage prominent, the neck long and thin, the trunk relatively short and the limbs relatively long; but tallness is not an invariable feature of dominant ectomorphs.

Thus, a person's somatotype is recorded by stating in the above order the value for each component. If we had three persons in each of whom one component was maximally represented and the other two minimally developed, the somatotypes would be given as 711,

a butter-tub figure; 171, "Mr. Universe"; and 117, the broom-stick figure. A small proportion of the population does in fact show these extremes of physique, but in the majority the value of each dimension lies between the extremes and the components are mixed in varying proportions. About 6 per cent of nearly 50,000 university students had somatotypes 443 or 344, showing a balance of two variants. Less frequently all components are in balance — somatype 444.

In practice assessment of the somatype is not determined only by measurement directly from the body, but also by reference to standard front, back and side-view photographs. This is necessary because the first estimate of somatype, determined by body measurement, may be altered because of dysplasia (that is, differences in somatype) between trunk and legs, size and form of hands, feet, face and other features revealed by a photograph. A degree of objectionable subjectivity may thus be introduced which, however, can be held in check by the experience and perceptiveness of the somatotypist. The photographic procedure, despite its disadvantages, when used in conjunction with measurements, gives a very high degree of agreement among different observers.

These data have been drawn upon in seeking answers to many questions in human biology that range widely through many fields — education, athletic and academic achievement, fatigue in industry, mental disorders, delinquency, fertility, and a host of others. Some of the published findings can be summarized to illustrate the applications of anthropometry. Examination of students at Oxford and Birmingham has given information on the relation of physique to physical and athletic activities, and to academic performance, and though some of the findings now appear self-evident, establishing their statistical soundness from adequate samples often proved arduous. We now know it is extremely difficult for a man with a rating below 3 in mesomorphy to engage in strenuous athletics for he lacks the musculature to produce the needed power. These men with low mesomorphy, often coupled with pronounced linearity — the bane of physical instructors — are to be seen in somatypes 126, 425, and

326. Not for them are vigorous competitive tennis or strenuous track and field sports. They may be enthusiasts for walking or warm-water swimmers, but if persuaded to participate in rough contact sports their fragility and lack of stamina for sustained activity become quickly apparent. The successful athlete, the man who enjoys or excels at football, water polo and similar energetic sports, combines musculature (mesomorphy) with a low ponderal index, that is, proportionately great weight for height, and a low rating for endomorphy. These relations do not hold for discus-throwers and shot-putters for the greatest concentration of good performers in these events were found to be clustered around types 451, 461, and 452 — that is, higher in fat rating, quite low in linearity. For long distance runners muscularity coupled with linearity and relatively low fat is characteristic (types 344, 244), but for sprinters more fat is not a handicap.

The general trends of academic aptitude in relation to physique have been studied in 700 Oxford children. In about 23 primary schoolboys aged eleven and having intelligence quotients below 80, all were muscular (mesomorphic) with only three rating less than 4 in this component. On the other hand, of boys with intelligence scores above average, only one-third of the total group showed a muscular dominance. In arithmetic and English the less muscular and fatter boys did significantly better than the more muscular. Among girls especially, the less muscular and longer limbed consistently showed a significantly greater proportion with high marks. Conversely, the muscular and stocky girls always had proportionately few representatives in the high marks group. At the university level the trend of association between academic achievement and linear body form holds with remarkable clarity. Sheldon found this to be true among over 1600 male students at Wisconsin where those with somatotype 225 ranked highest. At Birmingham also, Parnell, examining 700 entering students, found that 16 of 65 students within a half point of this type achieved first class honours, and of the remainder very few failed. A higher proportion of this group than of the fat or muscular types obtained degrees. The numbers thus far

examined are not enough to tell us to what extent if any current methods of academic selection affect the findings.

In medicine, studies of somatotype distribution show strong correlations of physical type and disease. For example 71 per cent of male patients with Menière's disease (a disease of the inner ear) were dominant mesomorphs with low ectomorphic ratings. In contrast, patients with otosclerosis (impairment of hearing due to excessive bone growth within the ear) showed the reverse picture — low mesomorphy, higher ectomorphy. Physique is apparently related to the onset and course of one form of diabetes, for in ectomorphs the onset is likely to be acute, in endomorphs the onset is insidious and the tendency towards insulin resistance is greater. One may thus examine a large number of diverse medical, educational, and other fields, and obtain results that range from suggestive to remarkable.

Merely to catalogue the varieties of human physique would be of passing interest and transient value. The measurement of a state, or even a succession of states, could at best result in an arid listing unless related to man's past or to his proclivities. Some findings having an obvious relation to clinical problems, i.e., pelvic measurement in obstetrics, have led to established anthropometric procedures. Aside from the immediately practical, however, the scope for body measurements in medicine is undoubtedly great and it may in time come to be accepted as an adjunct to traditional procedures, for surely the patient's phenotype (that is, the sum total of his visible traits) is as meaningful an item in his medical history as, say, the number, ages and diseases of his siblings. In education and physical training too the somatotype is being investigated as a possible guide for individual programming and for prognosis. In the social fields there is already a mass of information obtained by this technique whose pertinence to problems that arise in delinquency and family relations is being investigated.

A procedure such as somatotyping is not without its serious theoretical and practical pitfalls. Skill in taking measurements and calculating somatotypes comes with long training under guidance, and with experience. The very aim of somatotyping — ascribing to

an individual a physical category that will remain even relatively fixed from childhood through adolescence and maturity to late adulthood — seems an extraordinarily high aim, even if we eliminate pronounced bodily changes due to nutritional diseases, or muscular changes. The factor of reliability is still unknown. The assessment of evidence from long-term studies permits the opinion that from childhood to adolescence the reliability is very good, and for its extension to the adult the formal evidence is being hopefully gathered. The morphological balance is disturbed by the physiological events of puberty, and how this affects co-relations with adult somatotypes cannot yet be known, although the tendency towards "stabilization" at the end of puberty may forecast agreement of a high order. If so, on the operable level of biology this scientific tool may prove its usefulness when applied to analyses of the total configuration of man molded physically and mentally by his internal and external environments.

Canadian Income Tax Developments 1960-61

by

W. G. LEONARD

What effects will Finance Minister Fleming's "baby budget" resolutions have on the Canadian economy?

THE so-called "baby budget" resolutions announced by Finance Minister Donald Fleming in December, 1960, may be expected to produce three kinds of effects which are important in the evolution of Canadian income tax policy. Firstly, the resolutions gave additional encouragement to a policy of retention of earnings by Canadian corporations. Secondly, they reduced slightly the tax incentives encouraging foreign investors to participate in Canadian business development. Thirdly, the resolutions gave some monetary encouragement to students in Canadian universities. Some commentators might add a fourth kind of effect, namely, the possibility that the offer of accelerated capital cost allowances may assist some industries to establish themselves in depressed areas or in business ventures formed for the purpose of introducing innovations into the Canadian scene. In the opinion of this writer, these provisions are unlikely to produce any considerable practical effect. This article will attempt some analysis and explanation of the three anticipated effects of the "baby budget".

Any discussion of the ways in which the Canadian income tax encourages retention of corporate earnings by discouraging distributions involves plunging into a dense, complicated jungle of statutory enactments and prohibitions, many of which produce paradoxical economic effects. One paradox is that the steeply graduated rate structure of our individual income tax law might be thought, because the announced rates in the upper brackets are designed to be so

brutally confiscatory, to discourage private investment by Canadians: the practical effect seems quite different. A tendency has developed of "locking in" corporate earnings, thus providing a generous reservoir of automatic re-investment in those corporations whose shares are largely held by Canadian individuals. On the other hand, from a Canadian income tax viewpoint, distributions of earnings are relatively cheap and easy for foreign holders of shares in Canadian corporations. These distributions have now been made slightly more expensive by the terms of the "baby budget" resolutions.

Canadian income tax law and practice provide an interesting example of continuing lip service to a well defined theoretical framework while the actual operation of the income tax increasingly departs from it. For example, we trustingly assume that income tax law is based upon "ability to pay" or, as a reverse side of the coin, a political philosophy of "soak the rich". Stated another way, numerous authorities have called the Canadian income tax the only progressive feature in an otherwise regressive or proportional tax system. The famous report of the Rowell-Sirois Commission praised the personal income tax as "the most highly developed modern instrument of taxation". The effect of yearly piecemeal amendments to our taxing laws is to drive the practical impact of the legislation further and further from its theoretical base.

This drift of practice away from precept is enhanced by an additional tendency of the legislation to become more complicated and, hence, increasingly irrational and unintelligible. This writer has repeatedly stated elsewhere that the yearly amendments to the Canadian Income Tax Act contain too much detailed listing — material that would be more appropriate for an assessor's manual than a federal statute.

A well-defined, cumulative tendency has developed of splitting a single tax system into two divergent levies. To an increasing extent, our Canadian income tax is evolving into two separate but loosely related income tax systems, a personal income tax and a corporate income tax.

Firstly, Canada imposes a personal income tax which exhibits a steeply sloping graduated rate structure. In fact, the steepness of the slope would almost suggest that the rate structure was designed by Machiavellian enemies of theories of progressive taxation in an effort to discredit those theories. This tax rests on the salaries, wages and personal investment earnings of Canadian individuals plus any earnings of small enterprisers owning unincorporated businesses. The apparent fierceness of the general pattern is modified by a relatively gentle rise in the foot-hills of the slope of graduation, the ability of most enterprisers to avoid the barren, upper slopes of the graduated scale of rates, and numerous concessions to individual taxpayers based on personal circumstances or misfortunes.

Secondly, Canada imposes a corporate income tax on business incomes. This is designed as a two-stage tax often characterized as "double taxation". The first stage occurs at the point of time when a business corporation closes its books for the year, finds that its revenues exceed its expenses and that an amount of income has emerged. On corporate income in the year of its determination, a flat-rate tax is imposed.

However, a corporation has members and, ultimately, even though inter-corporate relationships may cause the intervention of intermediate corporations, the beneficial owners of corporate profits are individuals. The second stage of taxation of corporate incomes is supposed to occur at that point of time when an individual receives a distribution of corporate income. The system works well for small investors because the dividend tax credit for dividends received effectively avoids for them any serious impact of double taxation.

The personal problems of large-scale enterprisers are quite different. Their position is relatively comfortable so long as their earnings accumulate within the corporate enterprises they own: their tax situation would seem intolerable in any year if they were to become sufficiently unwary to withdraw large amounts of corporate earnings and subject themselves to the unreasonably high rates of the more rarified altitudes of the graduated rate structure. Hence, they make sophisticated use of the flexibilities of the corporate form of business organiza-

tion including such devices as inter-corporate shareholdings in order to make sure that re-invested earnings remain re-invested and are never distributed to individuals in large amounts that would be taxed to them as personal income.

The uses of the corporate form now are made even more attractive by the "baby budget" provision that extends the reduced flat-rate corporate tax to that portion of a corporation's earnings that exceeds twenty-five thousand but does not exceed thirty-five thousand dollars in a taxation year. This seems to be a further development of a well established, long range trend of developing the corporate tax, in practice, as a special kind of excise tax on the conduct of business, entirely unrelated to personal interests of individual enterprisers.

Mr. Fleming's budget address of March, 1960, seemed to promise serious study of those problems of retention of corporate earnings which have spawned a hastily improvised labyrinth of incomprehensible statutory amendments. The practical effect of all the complicated legislation may be likened to the jaws of a huge mousetrap operated by the Department of National Revenue. Each amendment of the statute perfects the shining jaws, equips them with "sure-grip teeth" and makes a political display of sternly "soaking the rich". However, the trap is seldom sprung because the mice take great care never to go near the trap in any situation where this can be avoided.

Mr. Fleming spoke of "a complex question that requires fresh study and consideration" and pointed out that "the central issue is the taxation, as personal income or otherwise, of earnings that are distributed or are available for distribution in various forms by corporations. We shall be undertaking a comprehensive study of these matters during the coming year."

The language of Mr. Fleming's statement was non-committal and did not reveal whether or not official thinking continues to support the legalistic fallacy that retained earnings are invariably "available for distribution" in any financial or economic sense. Experience with our form of industrial society suggests that any attempt at distribution of retained earnings *en bloc* would produce disastrous economic effects.

Students of politics are familiar with the phrase, "masterly indecision". If we assume that industrial growth is desirable for Canada, it may well be that when our tax system, apparently through inadvertence, forces an automatic and semi-permanent re-investment of business earnings, it produces a social benefit. One may wonder, however, how long it is wise not to acknowledge the goal and to fail to address the target directly rather than achieving the true line of flight, paradoxically, by aiming in the opposite direction! Perhaps we need to fear the possibility of undue diligence on the part of Mr. Fleming's committee of civil servants and should look forward hopefully to the possibility of inaction through procrastination.

Certainly, an essential feature of an industrial and urban society seems to be the need for continuous re-investment of a considerable proportion of current earnings for such purposes as business growth, innovation and experimentation. This seems equally true regardless of whether re-investment depends upon the actions and decisions of individuals, of independent, self-perpetuating corporations or the grimly compulsive apparatus of the police state. It may be that a tax system which unwittingly provides for semi-automatic re-investment is an unheralded benefit of the welfare state, Canadian style.

To this point, this article has directed attention almost exclusively to the first of the three kinds of effects of the "baby budget". Like Mr. Fleming, this writer believes that this question of the proper treatment of corporate earnings is "a complex question that requires fresh study and consideration". Further, all educated Canadians should take an interest unless they wish forever to relegate large and vital areas of public policy to specialists or to "pressure groups" with "axes to grind". It early became axiomatic in the politics of democratic nations that war was too serious an instrument of policy to be left to the generals. Similarly, in the field of income tax, enlightened citizens should not be content merely to clear the arena and leave the jousting to the Legal Branch of the Department of National Revenue and a motley assortment of enraged entrepreneurs. We are fortunate that our tax administrators have proven themselves intelligent, honest and humane. However, it still is unwise to default

on our individual responsibilities, and to leave too much power in the hands of civil servants. The individual must try to resolve important issues by investigating them rationally and debating them vigorously. It can be demonstrated that over the years the draughtsmen of our yearly income tax amendments have not invariably been as knowledgeable and sophisticated in their economic thinking as might have been desired.

The second effect of the "baby budget" was to make some increase in the tax burden on foreign investors. Let us be clear concerning the nature of the changes. The following table is presented for this purpose.

BEFORE	AFTER
<i>Taxes at Stage I — year of corporate earnings.</i>	
On first \$25,000 — 21%	On first \$35,000 — 21%
Yearly earnings over \$25,000 — 50%	Yearly earnings over \$35,000 — 50%
<i>Taxes at Stage II — year of distribution.</i>	
Withholding tax sometimes nil*, sometimes 5%, sometimes 15%.	Uniformly 15%

The general effect of the "baby budget" has been a tax decrease of \$2900 a year at Stage I, offset by increases of from 10 per cent to 15 per cent at Stage II for certain kinds of remittances to foreign investors.

It would seem that the changes at Stage II represent a useful "tidying-up" or rationalization of Canadian tax treatment of the foreign investor. The changes present considerations of a marginal nature to the foreign investor and are unlikely to be decisive in any of his long-range investment decisions. They do have the effect of making foreign borrowing relatively dearer for Canadian provincial governments and municipalities.

Potentially, the most important effect of the "baby budget" is the encouragement it gives to university students. Mr. Fleming acknowledged the importance of the proposed concession in these

* This "nil" rate applied even more to servicing the borrowings of governments than to payments of corporations.

words: "Of all Canada's assets by far the most valuable are her human resources. The preparation of her younger generation for the tasks which will confront them is of overriding importance." To these words, one can only say, "Amen!"

One wonders why, in view of this enlightened recognition of the importance of developing human resources, the actual grant of aid is so little and so late. Tuition fees may be deducted: other costs of education such as text-books and living expenses away from home are ignored. One hopes that this timid first step will not cause the political heavens to fall and that we will see as a further logical development in future budgets, a progressive liberalization of tax rules in favour of Canadian scholars.

It may come as a surprise to many to realize how great was the discrimination — one hopes merely through indifference of our legislators — against taxpayers engaged in higher education either as students or teachers as compared with other taxpayers such as salesmen, construction workers or transportation employees, not to mention business men and their employees. For example, a business man engaging in business in another city encounters no trouble in deducting, for himself or his employees, travelling expenses and living expenses away from home so long as these were incurred for a revenue-earning purpose. A Canadian scholar who goes away from home to do graduate work and ekes out his finances by taking part-time employment cannot deduct any costs of travelling or living away from home even to the extent that these were incurred for revenue-earning purposes. Our tax law has been biased against those students of today who should logically be regarded as the source of supply from which Canadian university professors of tomorrow must develop.

If Canada is to engage seriously in planning or stimulating long-range productivity of the total economy, our legislators could not find a more promising device for developing national capacities to the full than that of encouraging self-help by liberalizing our tax laws for both scholars and teachers who move about from place to place and incur heavy personal expenditures. Relatively, any reduction in total tax revenues would be inconsequential. In any case, it is grossly

inequitable to continue to levy a tax on those incomes representing the small amounts of money that individuals manage to scrape together for the purpose of spending it, not on comfort or luxuries, but on human development.

This writer holds, as an article of faith, the view that our urbanized and industrialized society is so new in time and so revolutionary in character that none of us can clearly chart its course or precisely predict its impacts. However, it is distinctly unhelpful to relegate large and vital areas of our social activities to the realm of the specialist or to concentrate on broad, general slogans to the detriment of careful study of practical consequences. It is extremely dangerous to substitute loud appeals to emotion and tradition for the less glamorous but more utilitarian task of building up careful and cold-blooded analyses of cause-and-effect relationships.

The Oriental Way

by

TOM O'HANLON

WHEN the letter came Father Rogan was slightly upset. The boundaries of his life were as real as the high, unscalable cliff which separated the leper colony from the rest of the island. Even the weekly visit of the doctor, from Honolulu, was an intrusion into his ordered world. He would fuss for a week, he knew, preparing for the Superior General's visit, wondering how he would appear to him, the new young Bishop, only forty-three and a real go-getter, judging from the newsletter he received each month from the Mother House in Belgium. That was the way, nowadays, though; they promoted the young aggressive fund raisers, the militant men, keen on economics and the expansion of the Order. He sighed and went to tell Sister Angela, who would be delighted at the news.

That night, examining his conscience for something omitted, some grain of sin, he sensed that the visit would mean more than an inspection tour. He disliked the military term and wondered if it was a legacy of the war, along with the reports in triplicate, the financial statements and the publicity offices in every diocese. He was getting old, though he was surprised himself at his outward appearance, clearly healthy and valuable to the non-inquisitive eye, as a work horse, a dependable priest, at least for another decade. Perhaps that was the reason for the visit, then, to see if he was still capable after twenty years in the colony. He went to sleep, realizing that he would have to be perfectly casual about himself to the General, and wondering if Sister Angela would make his bed soft or hard. Better hard, he thought, for a general, and he tried to find a position for his leg, which was slightly swollen now and painful to the touch. He would have to begin daily injections soon.

The news had spread all over the colony and as he walked to the chapel in the mornings, he heard the children singing and the excited voice of Sister Angela, tense with anticipation. Even her confession that week was different, for the Bishop would say Mass and distribute Communion, and he wondered why the delicate balance of the female mind should waver at the thought of receiving the Host from a different hand, for she had, he knew, invented that trivial sin in honour of his coming. The men thought his penances surprisingly light. As the week came to a close, he began to think of himself, twenty years ago, arriving saintly and full of spiritual purpose, a volunteer for a job nobody else wanted. The delicacy of the lepers keeping the bad cases from his sight, fearing that he, like the others before him, would stay only long enough for another replacement to arrive. Then, his sudden realization that he was cut off from the world, for even the military, during the panic of Pearl Harbor when they thought the Japanese might cleverly invade the colony, even they never shook his hand and, although he was clean, they treated him as a leper. When the war drifted away he was as relieved as the patients and acted as if he too could behave normally, free from the curious, inhibiting eyes. That was when he knew that he could stay; all his fears about the disease had gone and although he took precautions, the bond between him and the owners of the lifeless limbs and swollen faces had been welded in mutual acceptance of their states.

Saturday was tense and Father Rogan's leg began to ache so badly that he had to concentrate in order not to limp. But as soon as he stepped from the boat, the Bishop had put everybody at ease. There was no side to him, even though he was furiously energetic, enquiring about everything and poking around the hospital beaming at everybody. After dinner, warmed by the casual informality demanded by him, — "Call me John, for the Lord's sake, you're twice my age and there's nobody here to give scandal to" — they sat on the porch and Father Rogan thought that this would be a pleasant memory, an event to pinpoint that year.

"Oh yes" he would say "that was the year that Bishop Strauss came to see me, a grand man without pretensions." His fears were unjustified. They knew nothing about him after all.

The bottle of Drambuie, saved for an occasion, was brought out and he began to point out, with proprietorial pride, the beauty of the island. In the distance the bay was alive with boats, the tourists crowding the decks, throwing their limp wreaths into the wake, floating reminders of a hot, tired, final night.

"That rock down there," Father Rogan pointed. "Keep your eye on that and see how it changes colour. The sun catches it as it goes down and does extraordinary tricks with the surface."

Bishop Strauss obediently kept his gaze on the stone, ruby now in the last rays of the sun. It would change, almost imperceptibly before them, Father Rogan knew, matching the reflections of the gently lambent air.

"That's an admirable drink," said the Bishop holding his glass against the light. "I wonder what the secret of it is."

"Honey, I think," said Father Rogan. He had often sat there in the evening, thinking of the casual accident of placing which made that stone a pinpoint in the grand design, knowing that some artist could spend a lifetime searching for its subtle secret.

"That's an extraordinary custom," said the Bishop after a while, "of those lepers digging their own graves." Father Rogan winced.

"Is it oriental or what?" asked the Bishop.

"Hardly, the Carthusians do it. They sleep in their coffins and dig a shovelful of clay each day for their graves."

"Ah, but that's part of the ritual, you see, just as we have a particular devotion to the Sacred Hearts. Perhaps it's because I'm an outsider, as it were, but it seemed morbid to me, people calmly digging their own graves."

Father Rogan answered, but he had retired behind his polite remarks. Once he, too, had been frightened by the sight of a man digging his own grave calmly and without concern, leaning on the shovel and planting seeds outside the trench to embellish banked clusters of blossoms already blooming.

It had been Mr. Ling who talked to him about it, explaining that the flowers bloomed, the patterns of ovals and squares changed as long as a man lived. Then, when he died, the final design remained; a memorial renewed each year with the planting of seeds. Mr. Ling, his lop-sided head ravaged with sores, tended his grave each day, changing slightly the pattern of blues and reds and misty yellows, for his trench had been dug and was hardened inside, its sides sleek and shiny, its bottom free from any crumbling earth. When Mr. Ling died, everybody would know that it was a special grave, that a remarkable man had left a unique monument behind him. Father Rogan talked to him often after that evening, conscious of some quality in the man which made his ugliness, of which he joked sometimes, an unimportant thing. He was a Catholic, yet Father Rogan sometimes felt and sensed a mind which had cudgelled through the storm of worldly contrasts until now, bare of logic and torment of intellect, it sampled the illimitable depths of mysticism. Often he sat, looking out to sea, smiling as if his mind stood poised for a moment on the pitch of excellence.

The Bishop talked and Father Rogan listened silently.

"I heard good news from the clinic in Honolulu about the new drug. They say the disease can be arrested now."

"It's good news," replied Father Rogan. He thought of the night that Mr. Ling had died. He had washed the huge leonine head, gross and festered on the tiny body, stripped the body to find the legs riddled like sponges with the rampant infection, rivers of pus seeping from the yellow sores. Twice he had vomited outside and apologized to the half dead man, but he could not talk and his paralyzed throat croaked back at him. He had given absolution, anointed the body and kissed Mr. Ling where the lips had once been, and had stayed with him until he died. In the moonlight he had walked to the grave and cursed the night sounds and his own lack of concentration for not being able to pray. A week afterwards he saw the small brown circles, like pennies, stippling his leg. Later, the tiny raised bumps like mosquito bites rose to the surface and he had screamed in terror and spent the night in prayer in the chapel. It was then that he knew

that he, too, could never leave, and yet, he could not bring himself to ask the doctor for treatment. That would mean retirement, a new priest, a life without the pleasant contacts with occasional outsiders, just like tonight, sitting here with the Bishop, being careful never to come in contact with him. He had taken a phial of the drug from the hospital, bought a hypodermic by mail from Honolulu and had begun injecting himself each week. The disease had been arrested; only the small swellings on his leg, invisible to the closest friend, remained to remind him of his contact with Mr. Ling.

The Bishop talked of many things as they watched the darkness slip past the sun. One last effulgent ray and the stone was swallowed in the night.

"How long have you been out here now, Bill," asked the Bishop.

"Oh, I suppose it's twenty years or more now. Thirty-eight it was, I think."

"You were here all through the war, then."

"It passed us by. It didn't seem important to me then. I was working too hard ever to think about it."

"It's time you had a holiday then. I could get a priest from Honolulu to come over every Sunday when you're away."

"Yes, I suppose I could do with a change, but I don't know where I could go. There's nobody left at home, now, and I'm not sure that travelling would agree with me. I'm getting old you know."

"Nonsense, you're as sound as a bell. Sister Angela tells me that you do the work of two men. Fly to America. That's the thing for you. San Francisco or Florida where the climate would suit you."

"Let me think about it. It's hard to change your life when you've done the same thing as long as you care to remember. It's kind of you to think of me like this, but I hardly deserve it."

"Well, you must write and let me know when you want to leave and I'll arrange everything for you."

The delicate scent of flowers drifted through the room, carried by the night air from the dark graves, overlooking the sea. The two men sat there, calmed by the stillness, each certain of his destiny, as they thought about the future. After a long silence they both rose.

"It's been a long day for you, Bishop. I'll show you your room." He switched on the light and they blinked at each other, stretching.

"God be with you," said the Bishop, as he closed the door.

"Good night," said Father Rogan. He waited for the sound of the switch and walked out to the garden. The moon was up now, and the swelling sea moved in florescent waves towards the shore. He went to the tool shed and selected a spade from the row of garden tools hanging from the roof. As he walked to the graveyard he thought of Mr. Ling and how he had looked that night when he died. He selected a plot beside that special grave and turned over the moist earth. It was pleasant in the moonlight and his soul blended with the mystic darkness of the night.

N I A G A R A

by

PETER MILLER

High on the windwashed bridge called rainbow, we,
cruising indolently across the gorge;
if the bridge fell, as bridges have fallen
here and elsewhere, now and then, would we lie?
not we! among the steelwork, but would soar,
gliders over shower-spray cascading
endlessly down on canada's white neck;
above the rapids more than motionless
serenely, we, admiring a rainbow
mirrored in spray, the spray of fallen years
shattered on deep high rocks, ragged, wounded,
we.

The volkswagen moved at last forward
to the foot, to the eye, as spray spurted
from the ever-falling rainbow, and we
were past the customs, in the red coach inn,
beer in hand as the rapids swept nearby;
talking of eskimo woodcuts, we, soon
to head for buffalo, ingmar bergman
dreaming his shadowy magician wifed
by a blonde swede boy-wife, their tricks of eye
that were harmless enough, reviled.

Dark fell

also for us, and we skirted the falls,
hit the thruway, and back through homing lanes
of pontiacs and chevrolets: bright-eyed
cinderella-coaches all, from the ball
at niagara, but pumpkins again
at the toronto bypass where we, fast
midnight-weary, split south to our own walls,
having danced far, we, by rainbow-way and
over spray, and to such a temporal
end. We.

Franz Kafka: The Achievement of Certitude

by

M. W. STEINBERG

"Kafka has done much to highlight our tragic dilemmas, and our lonely search for certitude. But the critics who consider Kafka only in these terms . . . miss the mark. They fail to realize the spiritual development revealed in Kafka's writing."

THE most compelling motif in Kafka's writing is that of alienation. The hero is usually a figure who has been rejected or who has cut himself off from his roots and as a consequence feels an overpowering sense of insecurity. In nearly all Kafka's stories the heroes struggle for recognition and acceptance, for a sense of belonging; they strive to discover the truth of their condition, of their relation to their fellows and to the unseen forces that bear on mankind at all times.

Many critics have attempted to explain the basis of this alienation and its relevance for us today, in widely varying though not always contradictory terms. For some the sociological and psychological factors provide the key to an explanation. Edwin Berry Burgum, for example, regards Kafka as significant chiefly as a symptom of social decadence. For Burgum, Kafka's novels "afford a direct participation in the degeneration of personality of the petty bourgeoisie", and Kafka's faith is a dubious faith, offering "psychological evidence of the dissolution of the reasoning process itself". Kafka's dislike of bureaucracy and arbitrary authority, so clearly revealed in *Amerika* and *The Trial*, was rooted deep in his personal experience with the elaborate bureaucratic machinery of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. He was ill at ease in the government position he accepted after taking his doctorate in law, for he did not feel that he belonged. An even more

involved psychological explanation is provided by Charles Neider whose answer to the Kafka problem is based on Kafka's unhappy love affairs, his bachelorhood and, probably most important, the painfully ambiguous relations with his father that dominated his life. Other critics, like Max Brod, Herbert Tauber and Nathan Scott regard Kafka's stories as expressions of religious experience, as an attempt to reconcile the Infinite with the finite. These critics point to Kafka's great interest in Kierkegaard and his increasing concern with Jewish religious thought.

Though the complexity of Kafka's stories comes in part from the fact that they exist at one and the same time on several levels, there is a common denominator — the search for an understanding of those forces operating in life that give order, pattern, and meaning. Above all, the search is for a healthy productive relation between the individual and these forces. Failure to find oneself in such a relation results in a sense of guilt. What complicates the search is the fact that while on the one hand the Kafka hero feels strongly the need for an authority to provide the certitudes that make judgment relatively easy and to provide hope that would make present distress tolerable, on the other hand, being a rational person in a democratic society he feels compelled to reject the faith that would make possible the necessary conviction, and moreover he fears the authority that he longs for, knowing full well the danger potential in authority and the absolutes that stem from it. The fallacy in much Kafka criticism lies in the attempt to describe or explain Kafka solely in rational, scientific terms, or exclusively within a religious framework. What seems to be of most importance in the facts of Kafka's life and in his writings is the dilemma he is caught up in and which he so effectively expresses: the fear of authority and the need for it; the need to be independent, free from emotional commitment, and at the same time a need to belong and to serve. Throughout Kafka's stories an acute dialectical tension results from the interplay of these forces.

Kafka's relation to his father is undoubtedly the most important single factor determining his response to life about him. "My writings were about you," wrote Kafka in a long analytical letter to his father,

"in them I merely poured out the lamentations I could not pour out on your breast." Kafka's estrangement from his father and his dislike for him amounted at times to contempt and even hatred. From early childhood on, Franz's feelings were disregarded and trampled on by the father, who, beset by his own worries, had little time or consideration for his hypersensitive son. The arbitrariness of the authority exercised and the son's complete helplessness in the face of it made an impression that never faded. But there was no escape; the more obviously he failed to win his father's approval, the more he needed it. His father in his eyes was all he was not and wanted to be — physically robust, decisive, and successful in business and society. Even long after he was so aware of his father's limitations that he scorned his judgment, he needed his good opinion. "My opinion of myself," he wrote in his letter, "depended more on you than on anything else." And, he continued, "In front of you I lost my self-confidence and exchanged it for an infinite sense of guilt." This exchange of self-confidence for an infinite sense of guilt was precisely the experience of the central figures in *The Trial* and *The Castle*. Kafka's letter was primarily an indictment of his father, and his own apologia. But it was not simply that. In painful and penetrating self-analysis he puts the case for his father against himself. Addressing himself in the name of the father, he concluded, "You are unfit for life; but in order to be able to settle down in it comfortably, without worries and without self-reproaches, you prove that I have deprived you of all your fitness for life and put it into my pockets." This case for the father against the son may be easily extended into the case of society against the unintegrated individual, and in religious terms it is the answer to those like Joseph K. who attempted to deny responsibility for failure on the ground that God did not give him "strength necessary for the deed". Though Kafka frequently criticizes directly and by implication various elements in his society, his main concern is with the individual's capacity or incapacity to cope with these conditions. What gives his stories their dramatic force and significance is his profound, almost morbid preoccupation with the inner complexities of a highly self-conscious and painfully sensitive person.

The self-indictment seen in Kafka's letter to his father and found frequently in his diaries provides the clue to our understanding of two of Kafka's early important stories, *The Metamorphosis* and *The Judgment*, both written in 1912. In both, the hero, by all common standards a good and dutiful son, seemingly secure in the business world, has his position suddenly undermined, his self-confidence destroyed, through his relations with his father. He is made aware of his shortcomings — his selfishness and the relative meaninglessness and disunity of his life. In the former he finds himself transformed into a loathsome insect; in the latter he is damned by the father and perishes. Kafka's concern here is primarily the personal tragedy that results from an inadequacy, a failure in domestic relations. The individual is sundered from his father and his family. There is reproach and an overwhelming sense of guilt. Separation and suffering become inevitable as one rejects and is rejected. The climax to the series of events in both stories is death.

In *A Country Doctor* as in *The Judgment* a secure, ordered existence is suddenly shattered by a totally unexpected and overwhelming revelation of sin — of a shortcoming, a failure to establish any adequate social relationship. The country doctor is suddenly awakened from a peaceful sleep in a warm bed in a snug, well-lighted house by an urgent summons. Outside, the night is black, and a chaotic storm rages. The comfortable, complacent doctor, keeping his distance, his detachment, fails to see the incurable wound which his young patient said he brought into the world — until the anxious family strip him and thrust him into the sick-bed. Then he sees and brings comfort. But he himself, made aware of the wound and his own limitations, is changed forever, rendered unable to continue his previous pattern of existence.

Later in an entry in his diary, Kafka commented "Temporary satisfaction I can still get from work like *A Country Doctor* . . . but happiness only when I am able to raise the world into the pure, the true, the unchangeable." And it is in the light of this statement — that his concern was now with a search for something positive and absolute, not merely a presentation of the human dilemma — that

we must examine his three major novels *Amerika*, *The Trial* and *The Castle*.

In *Amerika*, a spiritual odyssey of a sixteen year old boy exiled to America from his home in Europe, Karl Rossmann, the hero, searches for a just and satisfying basis of human relationship. He recognizes the danger in sentiment, but at the same time his need for a warm sense of fellowship makes him reject the cold, objective attitude, despite its efficiency and practicality. Kafka in his story also examines the dangers inherent in our attitude towards freedom and authority. Freedom, the hero discovers, has meaning and value only insofar as it relates to some other goal and is not an end in itself. The story ends happily as the hero escapes the many snares of the world and finds himself in what would seem to be a community that expresses itself joyously through religious practices. Kafka emphasizes the importance of accepting and being accepted, and the rejection of futile questionings of why and wherefore — a simple solution not repeated in his later writings, though in both *The Trial* and *The Castle* the note of hope is sounded.

As in *The Metamorphosis* and *The Judgment*, so too in *The Trial* an outwardly successful and satisfied man, Joseph K., with a secure position and comfortable habits is suddenly, unexpectedly, confronted with a frightening and seemingly absurd situation. He is placed under arrest, charged with an unspecified crime and ordered to appear before a Court. Convinced of his innocence, confident that he has broken none of his country's laws, he regards the whole thing as a preposterous mistake which he can easily set right. But to do so, he must first learn what crime he is charged with, by what laws he is judged and by whom he is to be judged — for this is no ordinary court. As he attempts in vain to establish contact with the officials of the Court, he becomes increasingly aware of a sense of guilt, though he is not sure of the nature of his guilt. He is made aware that his world and its values and successes are relatively insignificant and that he has been living only on the surface of life. The trial in a sense is a demand for an accounting of what he did with his life. He resists the demand because to the rational man on the surface of life it seems

absurd, and the whole trial procedure, even the Court itself, seems unreal. But the more involved he becomes in his attempt to clear himself, the more real this strange world becomes and the less significant becomes the other world in which he hitherto dwelled. With this change in awareness comes the increasing doubt of his own innocence. An entry in Kafka's diary, concerning innocence and guilt, made about the time he started writing *The Trial*, may help us to understand the central theme of this story. He had just broken off his engagement to his fiancée, and while he and everyone else believed he was innocent in the affair, Kafka, acutely analyzing himself, commented that he was "diabolical in his innocence". One can be innocent, he realized, and at the same time diabolical in one's innocence: the judgment depends on the yardstick and on what is measured. In *The Trial* Joseph K. is also innocent, and he is regarded, by all who knew him, as a good man. Judged by ordinary standards he was good and innocent. But in the mysterious Court to which he was summoned, he was judged by other laws, laws which he had ignored or more likely was even ignorant of, which, as the priest says in the Cathedral scene, exist beyond human judgment. He was challenged and found wanting. Joseph K.'s life is presented in the terms in which Kafka regarded his own — as a sterile, meaningless existence. Kafka was most unhappy about his study of law at university — a study he adopted as the least obnoxious of the choices facing him; he disliked heartily his position in the Government Workmen's Accident Institute, and above all, he regarded his failure to marry Felice Bauer and raise a family a most damning fact.

At the conclusion of *The Trial* Joseph K., while being dragged to his death by the two strangers, catches sight of Fraulein Burstner (F.B.) in the distance and suddenly perceives his guilt. As a result of "the lesson she had brought into his mind" he submitted willingly to his warders and proceeded in harmony with them to the death scene. In the letter to his father Franz wrote, "To get married, to found a family, to accept all the children that arrive, to maintain them in this uncertain world, and even to lead them a little on their way is, in my opinion, the utmost that a man can ever succeed in doing."

It is not surprising that most of Kafka's tragic heroes are bachelors who live a comfortable self-centred existence and contribute little or nothing positive to life.

As his awareness of unknown shortcomings and his compulsion to clear himself intensify, Joseph K. suffers and becomes increasingly alienated from his own world. At times he seeks escape by ignoring the summons, or by throwing himself into his ordinary office work — but in vain. Just as the urgent ringing of the door-bell precipitated for the Country Doctor a series of happenings, an awareness that changed his life and made a return to the former state impossible, so too Joseph K. cannot escape judgment. But while the doctor was left naked in the freezing night, and Gregor Samsa in *The Metamorphosis* and Georg Bendemann in *The Judgment* accept their rejection and perish, the awareness of Joseph K. has a somewhat different result. Instead of suffering passively, the hero courageously, even energetically, undertakes to discover by what laws he is found wanting, how they are administered, and by whom formulated. The process is very humbling. Hampering his search is the fact that his rational doubt and his clinging to his former superficial ways and habits of thought cannot be shed. The chasm between the real world, the empirical world, and this other world, also real though intangible — not real by the ordinary standards, not real to the rational agnostic mind — this gap cannot easily be bridged. Having relegated religion, the divine, to the stuffy attic, Joseph K. finds the Court there. Holding formerly the common sense view that resents authority, that regards it as arbitrary and tyrannical, Joseph K. finds authority inaccessible. This is part of the dilemma. Nevertheless despite these obstacles, he perseveres and progresses. Though it is doubtful if Joseph K.'s sense of alienation is ever overcome and though like Gregor Samsa and Georg Bendemann, the hero perishes, he comes a long way in his search for answers, for meaning. At the end of the story, in a scene in a Cathedral, a priest, who calls himself a prison chaplain, makes clear Joseph K.'s delusion about the Law and the Unknown Court administering it, makes clear in other words his guilt; for his parable of the man who came to the gates of the Law but failed to enter

applies to Joseph K. The seeker came to the very gates of the Law but remained outside the gates for many long years, to the end of his life, only because, as Kafka indicates, he lacked sufficient faith and therefore courage to enter. The formidable gatekeeper, who seemed to be there to keep him out, kept him out only because there was that in the man *himself* which made him regard the gatekeeper as an obstacle. The gate closed on the man in the legend and on Joseph K. Joseph K. lost his chance and was shortly after led to his death. Nevertheless the realization, though it came late, that it was at least possible to enter the gates of the Law is Kafka's message, and it is one of hope. In his dying moments the man could "perceive a radiance that streams immortally from the door of the Law". Furthermore, perhaps Kafka is suggesting that our senses, the instruments of human reason, obscure the necessary vision. The radiance emanating from the Law is discernible, we are told, only after his eyes grow dim and the world is apparently darkening around him. Though this awareness comes too late for him personally, and symbolically the light in his hand goes out, the existence of the eternal light is metaphysically reassuring. We can well understand then Kafka's comment entered in his diary as he completed this dread-filled story that the Legend inspired in him satisfaction and contentment. Though the hero's experiences in *The Trial* are distressing and the climax of the events tragic, the vision of the world that emerges, paradoxically enough, is heartening, for Kafka discovers an order that he apparently accepts as just behind the seemingly chaotic and unreasonable sequence of events.

In *The Castle* the last and probably the most comprehensive of his major works, written shortly before he died of tuberculosis in 1924, Kafka continues the theme central to *Amerika* and *The Trial*, the theme of man's search for knowledge of the ultimate authority. He goes further; from the beginning he searches for contact, for communion with God — i.e. for admission to the Castle or at least for a clearly defined relation to it. K., the central figure, is an alienated man at the very outset — unlike Joseph K. in *The Trial*, who became cut off from his earlier life only after his arrest and his increasing

awareness of guilt, of inadequacy. At the beginning of *The Castle* K., a Surveyor, has already left behind him his home and friends; we learn nothing of them. He has travelled without any baggage. When the story opens, he finds himself in an unknown village, believing himself summoned, chosen by the authorities in the Castle to survey the village — that is to act in an official capacity as a measurer of earthly things. He has no status in the village and he is regarded by the natives as a suspicious alien and treated with contempt and meanness. He, on the other hand, believing himself a special appointee of the Castle, has contempt for the crude and superstitious villagers. But he cannot get into the Castle; he cannot even telephone or communicate in any other direct form with the Castle. There is no clear admission that he was appointed, and certainly no definition of his task. And so he has to busy himself to establish contact with the authorities. But again as Joseph K. found out, the search is difficult, complicated exceedingly by our ignorance of the way, of the proper protocol, and by our passions which can make us forget our purpose. Power to make contact is also hampered by humanistic considerations which normally we exalt — our reason, for example, which impels us to doubt the very existence of the Castle, or to dislike arbitrary and absolute power such as the authorities in the Castle are said to possess. Our self-respect, our dignity, our independence, and in a sense, our pride, make us rebel against the demands, the seemingly unreasonable demands made by this authority. On the other hand, the villagers accept unquestioningly, superstitiously. They live, therefore, with a measure of fear; yet on the whole the course of their life is happier than K.'s. But being the man he is, K. cannot accept the Castle on their terms. He must contact it; if possible get there; if not, at least meet face to face — i.e. establish a *personal* relationship — with one of its functionaries. K.'s is the struggle towards accepting and acceptance. Though, by the end of the story, which unfortunately is incomplete, he does not achieve in full or even in large measure his desire, he does achieve partial success, as he works out a *modus vivendi* that makes life tolerable and secures him a place in the village.

Thus Kafka's nightmarish preoccupation with sin and suffering, frustration and death, is not negative. Like Kierkegaard, by whose writings Kafka undoubtedly was influenced, Kafka may have regarded the sense of the terrible, of anguish accompanying the awareness of guilt as necessary for the salvation of the hero. Up to a point Kafka might be said to share Kierkegaard's view — that those who live comfortably, calmly, are simply those who are unaware of the abyss confronting them, who do not know how precarious is their existence. Some critics have even said that those who are summoned, whose night-bell is rung, are the elect. From this view, the summons is an extension of grace by God to one of his chosen, and the awareness of sin is a mark of God's favour. But this position would not be Kafka's. At this point of departure Kafka's position becomes essentially Jewish. While it is true that the suffering and the sense of sin of the Kafka hero is not meaningless, that it puts him in the search for the way, Kafka would not accept the corollary that those not summoned are damned in that they remain in the state of original sin. He accepts Kierkegaard's emphasis on the responsibility of the individual to take an unwavering position with regard to the Absolute. Man should not take the world as he finds it, but he ought rather to say "Let the world be what it likes, I take my stand on a primitiveness which I have no intention of changing to meet with the approval of the world." (In a letter to Max Brod, Kafka quotes admiringly this passage from Kierkegaard and parallels it with the Jewish position as clarified in the Talmud. Max Brod, *Franz Kafka, A Biography*, New York, Schocken Books, 1947, p. 171.)

This emphasis by Kierkegaard on inner strength that enables us to cling to faith is all to the good. But Kafka would give a much more positive, a more extensive rôle to man in the development of the God-man relation. He would not agree that the abyss between man and God can be bridged by God only. The theology of crisis as developed by Kierkegaard and his disciple Karl Barth is essentially Calvinistic; as the critic John James Kelly points out, it "totally rejects human activity as a way to God. Any assistance in the quest for the Absolute, alleged to be found in philosophy and art, is a

complete delusion for there is no way from man to God; there is only a way from God to man." Kafka, however, would reject this negation of human effort. In each case in Kafka's stories, the central figure is singled out because of a vital *failure in his own life* — a conceit or a selfishness which sets him off from the family or the community. Either he has failed to measure up to his potentialities or he has failed to accept life in its entirety, and hence his existence was too limited or was entirely meaningless. The tragic figures in Kafka's stories are such persons suddenly made aware of their shortcomings. God makes demands of them and they do not find it easy to meet these demands. In much religious literature, e.g. Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and Milton's *Comus*, sin is presented as delightful in appearance, speaking honeyed seeming-virtuous words, and therefore tempting. In Kafka we get the corollary. Duty, faith, love of God are presented in a frightening repellent way, so frightening and repellent that Professor Erich Heller in an article which appeared in *The Cambridge Journal* is led to conclude that the power which for Kafka has life in its grip is "not 'divine law and grace', but rather one which, having rebelled against the first and fallen from the second, has, in its own domain, successfully contrived the suspension of both." Despair, says Heller, "is given a home of its own in Kafka's works, faithfully made in the image of customary life, but animated by the blast of the curse. This gives to Kafka's writings their unique quality. Never before has absolute darkness been represented with so much clarity, and the very madness of desperation with so much composure and sobriety . . . Kafka establishes the moral law of a boundlessly deceitful world, and performs in a totally incalculable domain, ruled by evil demons, the most precise mathematical measurements."

In the same essay Heller writes "I do not know of any conceivable idea of divinity which could justify those interpreters who see in the castle the residence of 'divine law and divine grace'. Its officers are totally indifferent to good if they are not positively wicked. Neither in their decrees nor in their activities is there discernible any trace of love, mercy, charity or majesty. In their icy detachment they inspire certainly no awe, but fear and revulsion. Their servants are a plague for the village . . ."

But Professor Heller seems to miss the crux of the dilemma that Kafka presents. Insofar as the love and majesty of God are readily discernible and God's rightness and goodness are easily measured by our yardstick, there is no problem. When the reverse occurs, however, man is perplexed and truly challenged. Like Kierkegaard, Kafka gave much thought to the Abraham story — to God's demand that Abraham sacrifice his son. Demands are made — seemingly unreasonable, disturbing, even shocking and cruel demands; that is, repellent or cruel by all normal standards. But only in such a way can faith, acceptance be tested. The beautiful, intelligent Amalia in *The Castle* fails the test when Sortini, a Castle official, makes a lewd suggestion that she regards as vile, disgusting. She is unable to make a total sacrifice.

Nathan Scott Jr. in his essay "Franz Kafka: The Sense of Cosmic Exile" is, I believe, closer to the required explanation. He accepts Max Brod's view that the Kafka dilemma stems from the incommensurability between the Absolute and the merely human. Scott insists on "the integrality of the distinction . . . between 'the religious' and 'the ethical' for a consideration of Kafka's works." The dichotomy does seem to exist; man, seeking the Absolute, God, and a full understanding of His ways is baffled and repelled insofar as he measures God's action with his own ethic. So he must give up this search, the direct assault. Interestingly enough, the critic D. S. Savage, who also accepts the dichotomy argues that K. should have stormed the Castle; K.'s fault is his reluctance to relinquish the Village. In the light of the end of this novel and Kafka's other stories written during this last period, it is doubtful if this is Kafka's view. Indeed, it is doubtful if the cleavage between the religious and the ethical, so important in the interpretation by Scott and others, is present in Kafka's final position. The only answer to the human dilemma that Kafka suggests is for a man to establish a productive relationship with his fellow-man, with his community. This is a humbler method. We can find God only, if at all, not by a process of ratiocination, of abstract philosophizing, or by individual isolation or immolation in mysteries, by fasting, for example, but by living the good life within society —

a method less flamboyant, less heroic, i.e. less egoistic, — but the only way. Kafka's final position is not a despairing abandonment of the attempt to reconcile the religious and the ethical; it is not a Kierkegaardian confrontation of the abyss necessitating "the teleological suspension of the ethical" in order that the religious demand be fulfilled, but a realization that the attempt is futile and the way, along which we may travel only a short distance, is through the ethical. Since the ethical leads to salvation, it is religious. Religion, for Kafka, is not a probing of the mysteries and an acceptance of them by a leap of faith, but an acceptance of a way of life, one that by assumption has a Divine sanction. In this respect Kafka's position is essentially Judaic. And yet, Kafka realized that religion apprehends and transcends our ethics, and that one must be prepared to discard moral imperatives, to go beyond the community, when called on — as Abraham was called on, as Amalia was called on in *The Castle*. When to do so? How to discriminate between the divine and the diabolic summons? That remains the question!

Kafka has done much to highlight our tragic dilemmas, and our lonely search for certitude. But the critics who consider Kafka only in these terms, as an artist reflecting our frustrations and despair, or as Philip Rahv expresses it, as an artist of neurosis objectifying through imaginative means the states of mind typical of neurosis — a view that is almost a critical commonplace — these critics miss the mark. They fail to realize the spiritual development revealed in Kafka's writing — by no means simple or straightforward — that parallels the breakthrough in Kafka's own life that saw him very largely overcome his own obsessions, reestablish himself in his own tradition and find happiness in love. In his last major writings, influenced increasingly by his study of the Talmud and Jewish philosophical writings, he went beyond the presentation of the human dilemma. His final position is positive. There is Law and a Judge; there is a Castle in which dwells Authority. Within the limits of our knowledge and our potentialities, we can develop a healthy, a fruitful relationship with the Unseen Power. This possibility was suggested symbolically at the grim ending of *The Trial*. As the knife was about to be plunged into the victim's

heart, a light flickered in the top storey of a nearby building, hands reached out in the distance towards him and Joseph K. cried out inwardly "Where was the Judge whom he had never seen? Where was the High Court to which he had never penetrated?" He replied to his own querying by raising his hands and spreading out all his fingers, the stance of the priest in the Jewish religious service as he invokes God's blessing.

To achieve this relationship requires an acceptance of the world and a creative participation in it. Joseph K. in *The Trial* ceases to struggle against his imminent execution as soon as he admits to himself his selfishness: "I always wanted to snatch the world with twenty hands, and not for a very laudable motive, either. That was wrong." K. in *The Castle* also learns the importance of accepting the community, of finding one's place in it. Other late works such as *The Investigation of a Dog*, and *Josephine the Singer* make the same point. In *The Great Wall of China*, a story that has very obvious connections with the Jewish people and Jewish thought, Kafka clearly expresses the religious philosophy which emphasizes the here and now, which focusses on life rather than on death and the after-life. "The Great Wall alone would provide," writes Kafka, "for the first time in the history of mankind, a sure foundation for a new Tower of Babel. First the wall, therefore, and then the tower." Unlike the doctrine that stresses the vertical descent of grace from the divine and its penetrations through the husks to the core, the Judaic concept put forward here by Kafka is that grace is achieved, i.e. God is reached through our efforts. First the all-encompassing wall must be built; everyone, according to an order which emanated long ago from the Emperor, everyone has the responsibility to participate in the construction. The wall rests solidly on the earth. It implies the acceptance and "the perfection of the earth." On such a base, a new Tower of Babel can be built which would not collapse as the first one did because, as Jewish tradition has it, its foundations were weak. This hope for Franz Kafka was not unqualified, for there are passages of profound scepticism and of deep despair that cannot be explained away; nevertheless, this hope was real.

IN CONFIDENCE

by

MICHAEL COLLIE

'They made me a thin file,' said the boy.
'Like a Sunday walk I threaded through crinkled woods
with an obsolete rifle, and stole of the good
blanket for warmth, and sack of whatever at hand.
They made me, like carrion, hide; like a crow, destroy
if it were needful, as the master said, for the land.

'We fought through the streets of the first town, and ransacked
each house, and pillaged the best rooms, and rutted for art.
If it were needful I would shoot at sight, and played my part
in rooting for stragglers, unprepared for attack.
And that was one town. I visited many,
looked out for their treasures, and carried them back

'to my own land. My thought was my land.
Back in my own land they made me a thin law,
service and servitude, balance of mind, and before
I aged, they made distinction my habit and cowl,
and balanced my life, now here, with weight of the town,
now there in season, pottering with basket and trowel.

'They filed me a wife, and she walked down
my lawns, and mothered my children, like a novel.
She snagged my direction, with the care of a level-
headed wife, knowing all trouble, and the day's end.
They wove me the tunic of a useful life.
They gave me an obsolete uniform, for the world's end.

'They gave me a closed file,' said the boy.
'They rooked me with beauty, like a bureaucrat.
They mated my chances with a play of tact
unlike a real chance, with balance of joy and pain.
They were so confident I could exploit,
in their own way, these tags of the old game.'

The Economic Policy Proposals of the Governor of the Bank of Canada

by

DAVID C. SMITH and DAVID W. SLATER¹

Must there be a major and enduring reconstruction of the Canadian economy to promote greater self-sufficiency? This, the authors feel, is the central issue involved in current discussions of the proposals of the Governor of the Bank of Canada.

FOR over a year Mr. Coyne, the Governor of the Bank of Canada, has argued vigorously for major changes in Canadian economic policy. He resists the use of an easier monetary and fiscal policy; he implies the need for controls by the federal government over imports, foreign borrowing, provincial and municipal and consumer finance and over the use of investment funds in Canada. His arguments are partly based on subjective value judgments about the kind of economic development and the kind of economic objectives our society should have. It is not our intention here to examine this aspect of the case, though we do offer a few personal reflections. Mr. Coyne's arguments, however, are partly based on positive statements about current economic conditions of the Canadian economy and about the impact of policy actions on the economy. We present the following as a brief evaluation of this aspect of his case. As Mr. Coyne correctly points out, central bank policy cannot be discussed in isolation, and we shall also not confine our attention solely to central bank policy.

¹ The authors are members of the Department of Political and Economic Science of Queen's University. In preparing this paper, they have had the benefit of discussions with their colleagues. However, the responsibility for the paper falls entirely on the authors, not on their Department or the University.

Economic policy, like medical prescription, depends on the goals which are sought, the diagnosis of the state of the patient including the treatment he is now receiving, and the likely responses to new medication or surgery. We believe that Mr. Coyne's economic policy prescriptions are wrong, partly because of errors in his diagnosis of Canada's current economic circumstances and partly because of errors in judgments about how the economic system works and responds to various policies.

Mr. Coyne has repeatedly pointed to an anomaly in Canada's current economic circumstances. He says that we have had substantial levels of unemployment during the last three years despite large government deficits. Yet Canadians have been importing more goods and services than they have exported, the difference being made up by unusually high levels in the inflow of capital from abroad. This combination of high unemployment and large trade deficits is the anomaly. Mr. Coyne suggests that if the capital inflow can be reduced and the level of current imports in relationship to Canada's current exports can be correspondingly reduced, then a series of attractive consequences will follow. Canadian production may be substituted for imports, with Canadian levels of employment increasing accordingly. Canada's international 'indebtedness' will increase less quickly. It may even be possible to reduce the government deficits. All of this can be accomplished, according to Mr. Coyne, without increases in the Canadian price level but with a stimulation to economic growth.

We feel that Mr. Coyne errs in overemphasizing inflation as a cause of contemporary Canadian economic problems and that he underemphasizes both the serious structural problems arising from non-inflationary causes and the effects of a substantial business cycle recession. Secondly, we cannot agree with a number of Mr. Coyne's views on the functioning of the economic system and feel that some of these views have diverted attention from a sensible debate on appropriate remedies for Canada's current grave economic problems.

It is our judgment that, under current circumstances, a more significant move toward easing credit conditions has been required

and that fiscal policy has not been sufficiently expansionary. We urge a greater reliance in the future on tax rate adjustments rather than on a tight money policy for coping with inflationary pressures if they arise. These measures, we feel, are important not only for remedying current recession conditions but also for assisting in long-run structural adjustments of the economy, and we suggest that the battery of controls implied in Mr. Coyne's policy prescriptions will worsen rather than improve current structural problems. In conjunction with a revised approach to monetary and fiscal policy we support the development of more specific long-run measures to increase the skills and flexibility of the labour force and to promote more research and greater business efficiency.

Mr. Coyne feels that monetary and other government economic policies should promote simultaneously the attainment of four specific objectives: full employment, stability in the price level, attainment of the maximum rate of sustainable economic growth, and a large reduction in net long-term capital inflows into Canada together with a reduction in the relative size of foreign investment in Canada. The first three of these specific objectives have been part of the orthodoxy of public reports and pronouncements for several years. The distinctive element in Mr. Coyne's statement of goals is the emphasis on reducing long-term capital inflows into Canada. Further, he implies that these objectives are interdependent; that his policies will not pose problems of conflicts among the objectives.

We believe that Canada's own economic experience after the second world war, particularly between 1947 and 1950, shows some of the difficulties of a control apparatus and the conflicts of objectives that may arise. Limitations on imports tend to increase the price level; they also strengthen monopoly positions within a country. The control apparatus creates an economic structure which depends on the continuation of controls. It is more likely that the controls will inhibit than promote sound economic growth. We are prepared to concede that there are circumstances in which temporary uses of controls are justified. But we do not believe that Canada is in such a set of circumstances now; nor do we believe that an effective attempt

has been made to deal with Canada's economic problems by general fiscal and monetary policy. Also we think that it is misleading to imply the need for controls without frankly pointing out the difficulties which accompany their use.

In addition to the four specific goals, Mr. Coyne seeks another somewhat vaguer qualitative objective — the attainment of a national economy which he calls flexible, balanced, strong, independent and diversified. No mere economist can prescribe objectives for Canadians; the choices must be resolved by the Canadian people through their political processes and institutions. As citizens we have great sympathy with the objective of high quality identifiable Canadian national economic performance. However, programs to promote economic nationalism have all too often resulted in the promotion or support of national mediocrity and reduced standards of living. We are prepared to believe that Mr. Coyne seeks an economic nationalism of excellence rather than of mediocrity, but we believe that many of his policy recommendations would really sustain and promote third-rate economic performance, when judged by world standards.

Mr. Coyne argues that Canada has been suffering for several years from a "chronic structural" deficit in her current international payments, and that a large part of Canada's unemployment is of a "chronic structural" nature. By "structural", he means a situation that cannot be adjusted by minor changes in spending, but requires substantial shifts in the use of resources and manpower. By "chronic" he means that the Canadian economy does not appear to be capable of correcting the situation in a reasonably prompt and efficient manner without permanent rather than temporary reorganizations. How could the Canadian economy have got into these structural difficulties and what is the basis for thinking that they are chronic? As we see it, there are two possible explanations. Structural problems might arise because of excessive spending in Canada and would therefore be essentially inflationary in origin. On the other hand, they might result from shifts in demand and supply relationships and changes in the availability of resources. The latter we will refer to as "real" structural difficulties.

Mr. Coyne attributes structural difficulties mainly to inflation. According to him, in the 1950's consumers and governments as well as local and foreign investors went on a spending spree in Canada. However, because of the abnormally large capital inflow, the usual signs of inflation were masked. In the process of adjustment, imports of goods and services were increased greatly, but exports were not seriously curtailed. The construction industry was greatly expanded. When the big private investment boom came to an end in 1957, the capital inflow and the level of imports did not return to normal; import-competing industries in Canada did not regain their normal share of the Canadian market; employment did not expand sufficiently in other sectors of the economy to take up the slack created by the end of the boom.

Mr. Coyne feels that there is great latent inflationary pressure still with us which will tend to sustain our demand for foreign capital. He contends, however, that we have substantially used up our line of external credit and must therefore reduce our borrowing from abroad whether we like the consequences or not. Moreover, according to his analysis, our accumulated external borrowings imply a huge increase in the burden of external debt service. He argues that because such a large fraction of public and private investment in Canada in the 1950's was premature, speculative, wasteful and unproductive, we have not had, nor are likely to have, either the increase in Canadian output and income or the foreign income which would make the burden of external debt service easily manageable. He suggests that our export prospects are not good. In addition, he points to a relative surplus of some kinds of labour, due to the growth in the unskilled labour force and to automation.

One of his most important contentions is that a very large part of the private and public investment in Canada since 1954 was premature, wasteful, speculative and unproductive. Investment expenditures based on anticipation of inflation or on unrealistically optimistic expectations of growth, "crash" programs that were not warranted by the underlying circumstances, investment that did not add to that portion of the capital stock which is a direct contributor to the growth

of output, and investment expenditures concerned with market control rather than immediate returns—these are some of the meanings of the terms used by Mr. Coyne. The charge of gross misallocation of investment expenditure challenges the whole concept of a decentralized decision-making process in a mixed economy which can be relied on as an effective organizing mechanism. Also it is the main support of Mr. Coyne's comparison of Canada's current position to that of a near-hopeless debtor.

Mr. Coyne's diagnosis is a plausible one, though we believe that it is seriously in error in some respects. We find particularly interesting, though highly misleading, his frequent allusions to close similarities between Canada's contemporary experience and that of several European countries after the end of the second world war.

If Mr. Coyne is right about the nature and causes of "chronic structural" deficits in the Canadian balance of payments and of "chronic structural" unemployment in Canada, then some kind of major and rapid reorganization of the Canadian economy may be required. Our analysis of Canada's current economic circumstances differs from Mr. Coyne's mainly in emphasis, but we will argue below that these differences of degree imply substantially different policy conclusions.

We agree with Mr. Coyne that there is a large element of structural disequilibrium in the Canadian balance of payments and unemployment situations. Indeed, neglect of these structural elements is one of the main weaknesses in recent discussions of monetary and fiscal policy in Canada. *But* we do not believe that Canada's structural problems are mainly inflationary in origin, nor that the Canadian economy is poised on the edge of a runaway inflation. In our judgment, the structural disturbances are mainly of the "real" variety, due to a (non-cyclical) decrease in the external demand for Canadian exports, a shift in Canadian demands toward some imports, and a deterioration in the competitive cost position of a number of import-competing industries. Many of the real structural forces are more than temporary, but are not, however, likely to persist for many years. Debt service is not an important source of our structural

difficulties. We know of no evidence that indicates that Canada has substantially used up her external "line of credit". Nor is there any clear evidence that supports Mr. Coyne's allegation that a very large fraction of the investment in Canada in the 1950's was economically undesirable. We believe that these real structural elements were not recognized and given sufficient weight in government policy in recent years, and that the general fiscal and monetary instruments of government policy were not used in a manner best calculated to resolve the structural difficulties. To the real structural difficulties there has been added, during the last year, a comparatively large business cycle recession.

We will argue these points in a moment, but let us first indicate some implications for policy. First, in our judgment, Canadians can expect an improvement in their external trade position in the intermediate term; therefore there is no necessity to turn our backs on the world market. Furthermore, we are not bankrupt internationally and do not have to act like bankrupts in a state of panic. It may be appropriate to pursue policies to reduce the size of the capital inflow into Canada as we will argue later and to improve the mechanism for allocating capital funds within the country, but there is no reason to think that these ends cannot be achieved by changes in general fiscal and monetary policy.

In our opinion the real structural disturbances in Canada's position in the world economy began to make themselves felt about three or four years ago. The fundamental fact is that there came into being throughout the world, in the 1950's, more productive capacity than current consumption required for a number of internationally-traded goods of major Canadian export interest. The most important symptom for Canada has been the unusually low level of Canadian exports relative to Canadian productive capacity during the last few years. This is the chief factor instrumental in bringing the extraordinary investment boom of the mid-1950's to an end. Whereas Mr. Coyne puts the main emphasis on an unusually high level of imports, we stress the fact that Canadian exports have been unusually small. We have examined the size of Canadian imports and exports of goods

and services in relationship to Canadian output during the past thirty-five years, and we believe that these data support our conclusion, not Mr Coyne's. We attribute the recent changes in Canada's external trade to real changes, whereas Mr. Coyne relies mainly on a relatively large inflation in Canada as an explanation. We believe the difficulties are more than temporary, but that they will be resolved in a few years as the growth in population and in output absorbs the modest amount of excess capacity now available in the world for the production of industrial materials. The recent Commodity Surveys made by the United Nations lend support to our contention; they are moderately optimistic about the prospects of growth in demand for and increases in the prices of primary commodities within a few years. Our optimistic views concerning Canada's export prospects are also supported by a study of "The Future of Industrial Materials in North America" published recently by the Canadian-American Committee.

When investment decreased from the peaks of 1956 and 1957, the slack was not taken up by an expansion of exports, but instead government cash deficits were substantially increased. Thus the level of spending in Canada and the level of the capital inflows were maintained. Such increased spending was appropriate in the recession of 1957-8, but the mixture of fiscal, monetary and exchange rate policies was not. During the business cycle recovery of 1959, no recognition of the continuing structural problem was shown. It is true that much of the foreign borrowing was done by provincial and municipal governments and their agencies, but the real cause was the high increase in the federal government's drafts on the capital market. Whatever the reasons may have been, government policy applied a strong dose of anti-business cycle medicine in 1957 to 1958, neglecting the real structural aspects of the situation; now a small dose of structural correctives is being applied to a business cycle recession and these correctives seem to be based on a misinterpretation of the causes of the structural difficulties.

One of the fundamental points raised by Mr. Coyne concerns excessive inflationary pressures in Canada. We have examined changes in price levels and wage earnings in the United States, the United

Kingdom, Canada, Australia and a number of Western European countries in recent years, and have found some support for Mr. Coyne's contention of relatively larger inflation in Canada, but not sufficient to indicate excessive inflation in this country. First, the prices of Canada's internationally-traded goods and services (both imports and exports) have increased by less than the prices of "domestic" goods and services in Canada during the 1950's, particularly since 1955. But this is partly explained by the abnormally low prices of internationally-traded foods and industrial materials in recent years. Also, the increasing relative expensiveness of services compared with commodities in Canada as well as in other parts of the world, because of differences in productivity trends in the service and goods industries, must be taken into account. Second, judged by consumer price indices, the increase in the level of prices in Canada was only a shade higher than in the United States between 1953 and 1960, and the increases in such indices in North America were substantially less than in the United Kingdom and Western Europe. In view of improvements in quality and changes in the patterns of consumer spending, our consumer price index overstates the degree of inflation in Canada in the 1950's. Third, money rates of earnings in manufacturing have increased in Canada by slightly more than in the United States between 1953 and 1959, but money rates of earnings in Canada and the United States have increased by much less than in the United Kingdom and Western European countries during this period. The comparisons of indices of earnings may be distorted by differences in the economic conditions in various countries during the period of comparison; also, indices of earnings can only be used as a guide to trends in the money wage costs of goods and services if they are adjusted by the appropriate productivity indices for each country in the comparison. But, in our judgment, it appears unlikely that money wage costs of goods could have increased much in Canada compared with the United States, the United Kingdom and Western Europe during the 1950's taken as a whole, in the light of the data on trends in wage earnings.

There is also Mr. Coyne's allegation that gross errors were made in the level and distribution of investment expenditures in Canada. Undoubtedly, after the event, some investment expenditures turn out to have been premature, speculative, wasteful and unproductive. But for capital goods which have lives of ten, twenty, and more years, it is really quite impossible to judge now the proportion of errors in the investment decisions of the last five or six years. In recent experience we have had nothing like the widespread bankruptcies, during and after the first world war, of most of the Canadian railroads built up in the previous investment boom. As to public investment, one can undoubtedly find examples of waste; but we are more inclined to the view that Canada suffers from underinvestment rather than over-investment in the public sector and in human beings, particularly when we recall the long period of neglect of investment in the public sector in the 1930's and during the war, the extremely high rate of growth of the Canadian urban population during the last twenty years, and the rapid technological changes that are taking place in the world.

To sum up, Mr. Coyne's inflationary theme does not square with the evidence available, nor do his allegations about incipient problems of debt service, external bankruptcy and undesirable investment. Canadian exports have been unusually small in recent years and may continue to be small for a limited period in the future. The real structural forces affecting Canada's external trade have been reinforced recently by a substantial business cycle recession, particularly in the United States. This real structural disturbance and the cyclical recession appear to be the main causes of the high levels of unemployment, though these may be reinforced also by certain structural changes in the labour market. Government policy has not been particularly well suited to the encouragement of the appropriate structural adjustments in Canada. The problem now is to find devices which, while making the most of our external trade possibilities and reducing the unemployment, will also exploit Canada's quite favourable medium-term prospects. The anomaly of unemployment and large deficits in our current international payments exists, but this is not

a sufficient basis for believing that a permanent reorganization of the Canadian economy is required.

Mr. Coyne argues that attempts to ease credit conditions or stimulate the economy through higher government expenditures or lower tax rates will not to a significant degree increase employment and income and will not help put the economy on the road to a higher growth rate. He raises doubts that a central bank can ease credit conditions. Such attempts, he says will cause savings to fall and productive investment to decline. Further, he feels that such policy action will not only reduce productive investment, but also increase what he regards as undesirable investment. He believes capital inflows will increase and he apparently denies that borrowing in the United States capital market has been greatly influenced by differences in borrowing costs between Canada and the United States. These points, if true, would invalidate much traditional economic doctrine.

Mr. Coyne does not in general dispute the ability of the central bank to affect credit conditions, but he has recently suggested that even if the Bank of Canada wanted to reduce interest rates it might not be able to because of reactions in the financial markets to such a policy. The argument appears to be that if the Bank of Canada began to increase its purchases of government bonds, thereby increasing bond prices, increasing the cash reserves of the chartered banks, and lowering interest rates, investors would suddenly speculate that bond prices were actually going to fall and interest rates rise. As a result there would be an attempt on a large scale to sell government bonds and this would in turn lower bond prices and increase interest rates. A point that is neglected by Mr. Coyne is that if investors react by trying to sell bonds because they expect price inflation, they will be trying to increase, not their holdings of cash, but rather their holdings of common stock, and rising stock prices will make common stock issues a more attractive means of financing investment projects. However while we do not deny the possibility of a general reaction in the bond market of the type which Mr. Coyne suggests it is difficult to see how such circumstances could be more

than temporary. In view of the current high levels of interest rates it would appear that a central bank policy of lowering interest rates in a recession could only be frustrated if there were a very high degree of uncertainty among holders of securities about what the central bank's policy actually was. A clearer indication by the central bank of the general direction of its policy would remove this doubt.

This possible reaction of the financial markets is, however, only an incidental point in his arguments. His principal line is that the Bank of Canada has a large measure of control over interest rates, or general credit conditions, but the behaviour of the economic system is such that monetary policy (and fiscal policy) will not produce the results which have been usually suggested.

In explaining the influences that bear on domestic savings, on consumption and investment expenditures, and on income, Mr. Coyne takes the position that Canadian savings are highly sensitive to the level of interest rates. As a result, higher interest rates induce the public to try to save significantly more, and lower interest rates cause the public to save significantly less. He then appears to argue that producers, in formulating their decisions about the expansion of productive investment, are directly influenced by the level of public savings. Consequently, lower interest rates, by contracting savings, will tend to decrease investment in productive capital goods. The usual argument is, of course, that lower interest rates tend to stimulate investment by reducing the cost of funds and possibly increasing producers' expectations of future profits. Mr. Coyne agrees that there will be this opposite effect, too, but argues that it is unproductive, speculative, wasteful, and premature investment that will be thus stimulated. Two of Mr. Coyne's general conclusions that emerge at this point are first, that the effect of lower interest rates on increasing investment, and, therefore, on increasing income, is much less than many had supposed, since productive investment is dependent on decisions to save and decisions to save are positively related to the level of interest rates; and secondly, that lower interest rates affect the ratio of economically undesirable investment to productive investment because the former is more sensitive to the cost of borrow-

ing and shifts in expectations of profits arising from interest rate changes.

These two points are reinforced by Mr. Coyne when he discusses the rôle of balance of payments adjustments. He argues that lowering of interest rates will increase not decrease net foreign capital inflows. A rise in income, and, more important, a rise in decisions to engage in economically undesirable investment has a very large effect in increasing foreign capital inflows, and this is not offset by the effect of lower costs of borrowing in Canada compared with foreign markets. At the same time there will be an automatic tendency for imports to rise relative to exports, since the lowering of interest rates may mean some increase in income and this usually means some increase in imports. If imports do not increase by as much as the increase in the capital inflow, however, the Canadian exchange rate will appreciate. Mr. Coyne suggests that such a change will have little effect on capital inflows, but that it will discourage Canadian exports and encourage Canadian imports of goods and services. Thus, the net effect of reducing interest rates in Canada is to induce only a small increase in the level of income and employment but a large increase in undesirable investment and capital inflows.

Changes such as these will clearly, he feels, have a bad effect on employment and growth. On the one hand, increases in income and output will reduce the level of unemployment, but, on the other hand, if economically undesirable investment has increased relative to productive investment, there will be an increase in structural unemployment. The latter will occur, in his view, because economically undesirable investment creates a less stable demand for labour than does productive investment. At the same time, economically undesirable investment does not add significantly to the growth of productive capacity so that not only the stability of employment but also the rate of economic growth is impaired.

Mr. Coyne's arguments about important economic relationships, when combined with desirable economic policy objectives and views of current economic circumstances, lead him to a clear set of policy conclusions. Maintenance of high interest rates is desirable not only

because total purchasing power is currently high enough, but also because lower interest rates will decrease productive investment, increase economically undesirable investment, increase very little or possibly even decrease income, increase structural unemployment, and increase foreign capital inflows. Because he feels that government investment is largely unproductive, and that government deficits reduce total planned Canadian savings and therefore productive investment, he appears to favour under current circumstances a strong restraint on expansion of government expenditures and reductions in government deficits or increases in government surpluses. At the same time, a reduction in imports relative to exports and a reduction in foreign capital inflows would increase employment and the rate of economic growth, but since he feels these reductions cannot be achieved by monetary and fiscal policy, the necessity of some form of controls on trade and foreign investment is obviously implied. Also, in order to reduce further the level of economically undesirable investment, some form of direct regulation of the allocation of investment funds might be justified on economic grounds.

Mr Coyne has thus supported very persuasively his policy remedies by arguments that monetary and fiscal policies have quite different effects on the economic system than has previously been generally believed. Is he right? It must be borne in mind that in advancing an economic argument on national economic policies it is not sufficient to say that there are isolated instances in which the suggested relationship holds true; rather, it is necessary to argue that this is a general and significant relationship. Some of the following points of disagreement with Mr. Coyne's view arise from this consideration.

First, Mr. Coyne places great emphasis on interest rates directly affecting savings, but economic studies have failed to show that moderate changes in interest rates have any such significant direct influence. One important, partial exception is that expenditures on consumer durables out of a given income tend to increase as credit terms are eased and decrease as credit terms are tightened, not primarily because of the interest cost but because of changes in down

payments and payoff periods. This effect through consumer credit would produce a negative relationship between credit terms and personal savings, but the overall effect on total personal and business savings of a change in monetary policy is not likely to be large. And even if there is some effect, this will mean that lower interest rates will increase consumption expenditures and have an appropriate stimulating effect on the economy in a period of a recession. This last point Mr. Coyne plays down because of his apparent aversion to expenditures on consumer durables.

Secondly, we strongly disagree with the proposition that decisions by producers to invest in productive facilities are directly influenced to a significant extent by decisions to save. In general decisions to save and decisions to invest in capital goods are made by different people for different reasons. It might be argued, however, that a higher level of business savings, by affecting the liquidity position of businesses, encourages a higher investment program. Yet, in this case higher interest rates have little effect on business savings, and since a business has the alternative of lending its savings in the capital market, either directly or by retiring some of its outstanding debt, interest rates must be introduced as a factor in the investment decision. At any rate, Mr. Coyne argued in his speech in January, 1961, that it is not corporation savings which should be raised in order to increase productive investment, it is personal savings.

Thirdly, a key relationship in Mr. Coyne's analysis is that easing credit conditions will not only have a dampening effect on productive investment by reducing planned savings, but will also have a stimulating effect on economically undesirable investment, and the result will be a rise in structural unemployment, increased capital inflows and a reduced rate of economic growth. Yet, if economically undesirable investment decisions are inherently "out of touch" with economic realities how can one expect such investment decisions to be highly responsive to variations in the interest rate? Surely, the argument would be the reverse. It appears that what Mr. Coyne may be arguing is that as interest rates fall unwarranted expectations about the future profitability of current investment increases and when interest rates

rise the opposite effect on unwarranted expectations occurs. The influence of interest rates here is therefore through expectations rather than through the cost of funds. However, it has frequently been argued by economists that an important determinant of the effectiveness of monetary policy in stabilizing the economy is the extent to which a lowering of interest rates in a recession serves to check rising pessimism among producers about the future, and an increase of interest rates to curb inflation serves to check too rapid a rise in optimism among producers about the future. This effect on expectations would appear to apply to all types of investment, and it is certainly not clear why changes in interest rates should affect the expectations only of those engaged in what Mr. Coyne would regard as undesirable investment. Not only do we find, as indicated earlier in the study, that his definition of economically undesirable investment is highly questionable, but we also cannot accept his view that it is undesirable investment rather than productive investment which is stimulated by easier credit conditions.

Fourthly, our criticisms have so far suggested that the positive relationship between interest rates and decisions to save is weaker than Mr. Coyne suggests, while the negative relationship between interest rates and decisions to invest is stronger than he suggests. We do not wish, on the other hand, to convey the impression that the cost and availability of credit has a very large effect on investment decisions; the influence should not be overrated. A point that Mr. Coyne tends to overlook, however, is that any change in investment, in exports relative to imports, or in government expenditures relative to taxes, leads to changes in consumption expenditures and savings since income is the most important determinant of the level of consumption and savings. In turn with a change in expenditures, the profitability of investment is changed, and investment expenditures will tend to change in the same direction. In short, an economy may get a multiplied effect out of an initial small rise in expenditures. Neglect of this point may lead to serious over-estimation of the extent to which policy action will have to be used to raise income and employment. There is some evidence of neglect of this point in some

of Mr. Coyne's speeches. For example, in his speech in October, 1960, he argued that if the current account deficit, which was about four per cent of Gross National Product, could be reduced to zero (implying policies that will also reduce the capital inflow to zero), output and employment would increase by about four per cent. The induced effect of income increases on domestic expenditure means, however, that such an increase in output could occur through a smaller rise in exports relative to imports.

After considerable reflection on this point, we feel that what Mr. Coyne may have in mind is a set of controls to restrict the capital inflow and to reduce the level of imports, accompanied by a policy of higher federal tax rates. The higher federal tax rates would partially offset the stimulating effect on the economy due to the controls. In any case, the question remains regarding the advisability of the controls.

Fifthly, Mr. Coyne underestimates, we feel, the extent to which foreign capital inflows are influenced by the difference between interest rates in Canada and the United States. The evidence seems to suggest that at least the flotation of Canadian securities in the United States capital market has been strongly influenced by the spread between interest rates in the two countries. The evidence also suggests that short-term international capital movements respond to changes in interest differentials and changes in the exchange rate.

Economic knowledge of the functioning of our economic system is an evolving not static body of thought as new ideas, carefully thought out and empirically tested, are added. Continuous economic debate is welcome and essential. On the basis of the above criticisms, however, we do not feel that Mr. Coyne's plea for a new set of economic principles stands up. Indeed, we feel that if we have interpreted fairly the economic arguments in his speeches his arguments are ones which will seriously mislead our country in the formulation of sensible economic policies.

What implications do our points of disagreement with Mr. Coyne have for economic policy? What general lines of policy do we favour?

On a number of important points we are in agreement with Mr. Coyne. For instance, we agree that monetary policy can play only a limited rôle in achieving economic objectives, that Canada has been experiencing structural problems, and that there is a need for debate on the use of new economic policy measures. There may be a danger currently of concentrating too much attention and investigation on monetary policy alone to the exclusion of other important means of policy.

Perhaps the most important point arising from our disagreements with Mr. Coyne over the working of the economic system is that we believe an easier monetary and fiscal policy will substantially increase the level of output and employment in Canada. We recognize that the money supply has been increased in Canada during the last year. But the adequacy of such increases is not to be judged by some simple formula of the money supply in relationship to Canadian output or by comparison with the Federal Reserve System in the United States. Rather the question is whether the monetary policy has achieved that set of credit conditions which are appropriate to Canada's goals, circumstances, and economic system.

Mr. Coyne's arguments about the effect of lower interest rates in decreasing savings and the effect of decreases in saving in reducing productive investment are not convincing; indeed, we believe that they are actually misleading. Since we do not accept Mr. Coyne's judgment that the Canadian economy is poised on the edge of a runaway inflation, we do not expect that an expansionary policy in Canada will lead to a significant increase in the general level of prices. Mr. Coyne's belief that a high proportion of investment has been of an undesirable type, that there is a high responsiveness of unproductive investment to a decrease in interest rates, and that structural unemployment is mainly due to undesirable investment, are not consistent with the evidence now available.

Monetary and fiscal ease in Canada at the present time may, in the short run, tend to increase the capital inflow into Canada. But it is a quite sensible policy for a country to use its reserves and its lines of external credit to finance the increases in international pay-

ments due to an internal anti-recession policy; this principle is embodied in the organization and operation of the International Monetary Fund and is evident in the long tradition of co-operation between governments and central bankers in the world. It is ludicrous to treat such capital inflows in the same way as that capital which flows into a country on foreign initiative for direct investment. Furthermore, given the right mixture of monetary and fiscal ease it is by no means clear that the capital inflow into Canada would in fact be increased in the short run. A reduction in the interest differentials between Canada and the United States will discourage the capital inflow, whereas the stimulation of the Canadian economy works in the opposite direction. If the effect of the former is greater than the latter, the net capital inflow will decline. We also suggest that, as the business cycle recession passes, it would be possible to combine monetary ease with reduced government deficits or increased government surpluses in such a way as to promote full employment, stability in the price level, and a reduction in the level of capital inflows. This is a very important point, for our conclusion suggests that, if a reduction in capital inflows is required or desired, general fiscal and monetary instruments provide a means toward the goal; controls on the import of capital and capital rationing devices within Canada may not be required.

We believe that Canada, in addition to the recent business cycle recession, has been faced with structural disequilibrium in the balance of payments and in employment for several years and is likely to continue to have to deal with such a problem for some time. We treat these structural disturbances as 'real' rather than inflationary in origin. A moderately prosperous economy seems to provide better conditions for reallocating resources than an economy with either substantial unemployment or substantial inflation. Thus we suggest that a policy of increasing aggregate demand in Canada now is desirable not only in itself, but also to provide the general environment within which structural adjustments may be facilitated. But the existence of structural disequilibrium in the balance of payments and in unemployment means that an ordinary business cycle policy is not enough.

A policy, such as monetary ease or of changing the official holdings of foreign exchange, which would result in some depreciation of the external value of the Canadian dollar, would provide some stimulus toward the appropriate structural adjustments. When we have structural unemployment, a very strong case exists for undertaking public investment in social overhead capital. It is better to load needed public investment programs on a slack economy than a fully employed one. The trick is to organize such programs so that they may be reduced when the structural basis of the unemployment is relieved and as the economy adjusts to its new underlying and enduring economic alternatives.

Worries over the external viability of the Canadian economy have often acted as a restraint on expansionary Canadian economic policies, both in depressions and in other circumstances; in this respect some aspects of Mr. Coyne's concern for Canada's balance of payments are an echo of earlier debates about Canadian economic policy. A more vigorous expansionary policy in Canada than elsewhere, particularly than in the United States, will probably pose a Canadian balance of payments problem, even with the best combination of policy instruments. The main foreign exchange problem of expansion in Canada largely disappears if foreign countries, especially the United States, are expanding too. But suppose that they are not, or are not to the same degree as Canada. Then a depreciation of the Canadian dollar will tend to take place. If the Canadian exchange market is stable, then no foreign exchange problem will exist. The depreciation of the Canadian dollar would provide both a means of dealing with the external consequences of internal Canadian expansion and the right kinds of signals to bring about structural adjustment in Canada's position in the world economy. The required depreciation of the Canadian dollar in the short-run might be excessive, all things considered, and therefore the best policy may be to combine some degree of depreciation with some degree of financing the external deficits from foreign exchange reserves or drawing on external lines of credit including those available from the International Monetary Fund. Instability of an exchange market in the short run or inadequate re-

serves and external lines of credit may lead a country to a temporary use of exchange controls.

Given the hazards of economic forecasting, it is always necessary to anticipate errors in one's judgments of the moment. If strong inflationary pressures emerge in Canada from the more rapid growth in demand we seek to promote or from an externally-generated upsurge in Canadian economic prospects, we believe that these can be recognized and dealt with. We suggest, however, that a much greater emphasis should be placed on increasing tax rates relative to government expenditures rather than relying on a tight money policy in such a situation.

Postscript — After the Annual Report

Since this article was written, the Annual Report of the Governor of the Bank of Canada has appeared. We cannot do justice to the Report here, but three points should be made. First, in our judgment the Governor is a man of great qualities who is dealing with great issues. Great qualities do not assure correct economic advice but they promise skill and persuasiveness in advocating a position. Therefore the Governor's case must be examined with meticulous care and great persistence. Second, we believe that the central issue in the current discussions of Canadian economic policy is this: must or should Canada undertake a major and enduring reconstruction of the Canadian economy in the direction of greater self-sufficiency? The Governor suggests that we must and should. We suggest that it is by no means clear that a major turn toward self-sufficiency is required. It is not sensible to commit ourselves irrevocably toward such a policy so long as there is a reasonably good chance of favourable opportunities in world markets. Further, an attempt to promote much greater self-sufficiency for Canada may not turn out to be a smooth superhighway to a promised land; it is as likely to be a rocky road which ends in a swamp. Is not a policy of economic autarchy inconsistent with our international political interests in Europe and with respect to the underdeveloped countries? Thirdly, in the Annual Report the Governor argues further against the use of easier fiscal and monetary

policies and depreciation of Canada's exchange rate as a means of tackling the current recession and the structural adjustments of the Canadian economy. He argues that the Canadian problem is not too small a demand for goods and services but rather is an excessive purchasing of imports. Can the argument about sufficiency of Canadian demand stand up against the evidence of high levels of unemployment and underemployment? We think not. Every policy has limitations and poses difficulties; the Governor has quite rightly pointed out many of these features for easier credit conditions, expansionary fiscal policies and depreciation of the Canadian exchange rates. But he has not told us what policies he favours, nor the limitations and difficulties of the tactics he advocates. We remain convinced that the only reasonable inference from his speeches and from the annual reports is his advocacy of controls on imports and foreign borrowing and on the use of investment funds in Canada.

Exodus

by

H. N. CLAUSS

WE turned off the road onto a patch of field where the grass was beaten down, trampled, dusty, but still green. There had once been a white fence that separated it from the road, and perhaps cows or horses had run in the field in the days before. But that was, of course, no longer. Now there was only the long line of slowly shuffling people in the road, and us in the field, and the dust drifting up to hover above and sink down and be kicked up again.

The people in the road passed by without looking. Their heads were down and many had their eyes closed, for they had no interest but moving slowly forward. And they never looked back. None of us look back anymore, though in the beginning when we had just crossed the river and weren't as tired as we now are, only bewildered and frightened and not comprehending the fact which had driven us away from the city, then we had paused to look back. Had walked a while, then stopped and looked back, watching the flames and smoke. But none of us look back any longer.

We sat in the field leaning our backs to the cart with all of us faced away from the city. And we didn't look around, but just hung our heads, closed our eyes, felt the throbbing of our feet and the pain that worked its way through our legs. Like the others in the road, we are of the city and walking is not usual for us so that we tire easily, so that we are now very tired and frightened and our brains have ceased to function, retreating into a weariness that saves us from having to think.

And though we tried to rest, the constantly moving stream of people communicated a sense of urgency which made us uncomfortable, made us doubt the wisdom of being unmoving while the others were not. The urge nagged so there was no ease in resting,

and first one then another of us would look out at the people on the road, then back to where we sat in the field, until gradually all of us were watching — and might as well have been walking with — the people in the road. Then, without anyone speaking, we got up, slowly and stiffly, placed our hands on the cart to begin pushing and pulling it back toward the road, and joined with the rest again. And in the joining, at least, there was some comfort.

There are four of us. Myself, my wife and son, and the stranger, a woman who had collapsed in the road many miles back and to whom my wife had given a drink of water. The woman had come around slowly, staring at us with the bewildered, questioning look we all wear when the weariness doesn't mold our faces into the mask of dullness. Then she had mumbled quietly, "Thank you," and had gotten up and started to push our cart and has been with us ever since. Now she does better than I or my wife, for though we keep our hands on the cart, it is more to hold us up than to push it forward. Only my son, who is nineteen, can keep up with her, and the two of them do most of the work with the cart.

We have never bothered to ask who she is, nor did we ever ask her to join with us. It is too much effort to think for the words to frame the questions. She walks with us, we share with her, and that is the end of it.

She is, I suppose, somewhere over thirty, and like the rest of us, dirty from the dust, her clothing torn, her hair snarled into a clotted mass, and she is barefoot as are most of the women. My wife looks much the same, the dust and dirt and torn clothes, the matted hair, the dull expression on her face. Everyone now is beginning to look the same, ragged brown dolls all turned from the same factory, and all equipped to do but one thing: shuffle forever down the road, head down, eyes closed, mind closed and hidden behind a puffy blanket of fear and doubt and weariness.

But time passes, and we grow accustomed. Soon there weren't so many of us left on the road and the going seemed easier, for the road was paved and the dust left behind. The cart rolled forward and tossed in the holes it was too much effort to avoid, and we had

to hold it back going downhill, which had never happened before since there was never room for it to roll so fast when the road was jammed. But the people had spaced out, and the dust was gone, and the pavement was hard beneath my bare feet.

In a way, I wish my wife had lived to reach the easier walking. Perhaps if she had, she could have kept going. It is too bad she couldn't have reached the paved road, where there are fewer people and there is air to breathe.

But she went to sleep that night, and the next morning we couldn't waken her. My son took her in his arms one last time and walked away and I have never seen her again. He came back, my son, and the dirt on his face was muddy around his eyes and down his cheeks, and he made me get up and put my hands on the cart and start walking. I have never seen my wife since.

I wish though she had not gone away but stayed with us to reach this road, for it is less crowded and the dust is almost gone, and the cart rolls easier. And if she had gotten this far, perhaps she could have gone on. For as you go on, you can grow accustomed to anything, if only you still live.

Still it is strange, the things that happen. There was the morning a soldier came along the road, riding in a car, and stopping each of us to ask where we were going. He seemed to think there was someplace we should be going and wanted us to tell him where it was. But I refused. I wouldn't tell him where we were going, and only partially because I didn't know. He asked me several times and I edged around each of the questions. Because mostly I was afraid he would want us to go back, and now that I've come this far, it is beyond hope that I could go back.

Then my son made me sit down by the cart, and the strange woman who has been with us made me drink and then she washed the dirt off my face and then she kneeled down to tie the rags around my feet again, since they were coming loose and I can't bend down to reach them. I asked her to give me back my shoes, but she wouldn't, telling me that they were gone — which isn't true, of course. When I get the chance, I'll speak to my son about it.

Though I hardly ever get a chance to talk to him alone anymore, for lately this strange woman is always with him. But I'll wait, and then I'll tell him that she won't give me my shoes, and then he'll get them back for me. For my son is almost twenty and big and strong, even though there was mud around his eyes when he made me leave my wife.

He's a good boy, my son, who's started college and plays football. And no matter what happens he'll be able to finish school, because I have an insurance policy and it is a comfort to have it when the times are as unsettled as they are now. A man must guard against the future, which is the purpose of insurance policies, and this gives security. So no matter what happens to me, my boy will be able to finish college.

I have another policy for my wife, though now that she's gone I suppose it isn't necessary. It's very strange that she should be gone. Men are supposed to go first, which is why a man should provide for his wife. But my wife is gone, so only my son will need his policy. But he'll go to college. And no matter how much things change, a boy can't succeed without a college education.

Last night we came to a stream that flowed under the highway, except that the bridge was gone. I made them let me down from the cart so that I could walk in the water. It was nice to walk in the water. It felt good on my feet and I sat on the bank to let my feet stay in the water. I haven't any shoes, you see. The strange woman took them and refused to give them back, even to my son. Still, the water felt good on my feet so that I stayed on the bank with my feet in the water.

The strange woman built a fire, and she and my son sat beside it, talking together. They talk more now than they did when we first started. They even talk with the people we meet on the road. It's almost empty these days, the road, so that they can stop and talk to people. I've tried to tell my boy that he shouldn't, that we must keep moving, but he told me it's all right, and since he's a good boy, he must know.

They talk about 'resistance', and I'm not sure what they mean. They talk about mountains and food and guns, but then they look at me and stop talking. I've told him again and again that we must keep going, that behind us is death and fear and doubt, but they don't listen to me much anymore. Even the strange girl who sits by the fire with my son has forgotten that it was my wife who saved her, and that she is not part of my family, but only a strange girl to whom my wife gave some water. The young forget so easily.

She took a bath in the stream, this girl. She went away and came back, and her face was clean and she had on some of my son's clothes and her hair was pulled together and I realized she was quite young, younger even than my son. But that isn't too surprising, that she should be younger than my son, because he looks like a man and acts like a man, my son.

I don't feel so badly about her anymore, either, since I found out what happened to my shoes. They wouldn't tell me, but I found out for myself. While I was riding on the cart, I found out. I was trying to make a seat and moved some of our belongings—carefully because my wife chose only what she wanted most to save—and I found my shoes. They had holes in them and were coming apart, which is why they're of no use, I suppose. So it is all right, finally, though I wish they had told me. It was only that I wanted to know what had happened to them. I didn't want to wear them.

Like my wife. They won't tell me what happened to my wife. She was with us when we started, I know that, but now she's gone. She must have left one night while I was sleeping, only I can't remember. It's just that I think my son should have looked out for his mother when I was so tired that I couldn't. I wanted them to go back and look for her, but they wouldn't. The strange girl said my wife has gotten a ride in one of the soldiers' trucks and is waiting for me up ahead. I don't know whether I should believe her or not, even though my son agrees. Perhaps it is all right, but then they may just not want to go back.

It is very early in the morning as I sit here. The sun has only just come up and is bright back in the direction we have come from.

My son and the strange girl are still sleeping, wrapped together in a blanket on the other side of the fire. I didn't think it was right for them to do that, but we do have only the two blankets and the nights are cold now. They do look peaceful there, though, which somehow gives me comfort. They both look very young, though there are lines on my son's face I've never noticed before. Strong lines.

I've been watching them for some time, she with a pleasant lift to the corner of her mouth as if she were smiling, and he with the strong lines that have changed him from a boy to a man. I hadn't realized before that he was so mature, so able to take care of himself. I'm glad he is, for I'm going to leave them. It's the best way. They must go on so they can be safe, but I have to go back.

You see, my wife is there somewhere and I've got to go back to help her. It'll be all right, though, for my boy can take care of himself and the girl will help him. But my wife is there, back where the sun is rising, and perhaps she needs help so I must go. I know that now. I can't see how I could have come this far without her. It was the weariness, I suppose, that made me forget, but now I know: we left her where the road was still dusty and I've got to go back.

The two of them look peaceful sleeping there. I hate to leave and could gladly stay here just to watch. But I must go back to help my wife. The sun is up quite high and getting warmer, and I must start before they wake. They look so peaceful. I hope there is happiness for them on the road ahead. Somewhere. I left a note for them, telling them not to worry about me, telling them to go on ahead, telling them not to look back. But I think that perhaps, no matter what does happen eventually, sometimes they will think for a moment of their mother and me. But just for a moment, before they continue on again. And that is how it should be.

THE EAST BRIGHTON ROAD

by

ALDEN A. NOWLAN

Horseflies at suck in moist yellow sores
on her sunk back, the raw-boned mare
tugs at the clattering waggon, stuck
in the tenacious clay, a weakness
more stubborn than any strength
driving her clay-caked neck
into its ruptured collar.

The old man,
whose body might have been hewn
out of cat spruce with a dull axe,
squats in the box, intent
on her struggle, but not
interfering, his eyes half-shut,
unmoved, the reins lax
in his left hand, his tongue
solemn around an ice cream cone.

“Stephie”

by

HOWARD O'HAGAN

A former student of Stephen Leacock's reminisces on the humorist as professor.

OUTSIDE the windows snow fell from a grey October sky upon the grey city. Occasionally wind rattled the window panes.

It was two o'clock, the afternoon's somnolent hour, and in a classroom of the Arts Building of McGill University, Montreal, we awaited the arrival of the professor who was to give us our first lecture in Political Science 1. The subject, like the university and the professor, was new to me. This was long ago, for ours was the sophomore class of Arts '22. I was a freshman in it, just come to Montreal from a small town on the western slope of the Rockies, having taken my first year at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver. So far, none of the other students had spoken to me.

About thirty of us, including two women, sat in a semicircle of ascending benches above the lecture-platform and its lectern. The desks upon which we laid our note-books were dark and mellowed and carved with the names or initials of those who, through the years, had been there before us.

Suddenly, the murmurs, the whisperings of paper, the scuffing of feet, were stilled by what I can only describe as an "irruption". The door to the right of the lecture-platform, as we faced it, burst open and, before it was as rudely shut again, a gust of wind seemed to have entered the class-room. It had material form, that gust of wind, in the figure standing momentarily against the closed door: a man in his fifties, of medium height, broad shoulders hunched forward, wearing flopping galoshes, a coon-skin overcoat and a grey fedora squashed shapeless upon his head. At first glance he appeared an unlikely receptacle for the dusty mysteries of Political Science 1.

Advancing to the lecture-platform, he tossed the hat on to the floor in the corner behind him, took off his coon-skin overcoat, threw it after the hat and followed it with his pair of unbuckled galoshes, each flung with precision and a resounding slap against the wall on to the pile in the corner. He stood before us then in a rumpled brown tweed suit.

His blue, silken tie, loosely knotted around a white collar, was askew and he fingered a heavy, gold watch-chain strung across his vest. From under a mop of smooth, brown hair that, low over his forehead, fitted him like a toque, his eyes twinkled and on his thick moustache glistened a few beads of moisture from the falling snow. The eyes were alive and observant, darting to and fro across the class. His cheeks were full and red and glowing and, as he beamed at us from over the lectern, his presence filled the sombre room as surely as a sun-rise floods a mountain valley.

The fair-haired man in front of me turned in his seat. I was to know him as Geoff MacDougall, veteran of the flying corps in the World War so lately ended, and was flattered that he, an older man, should be the first in the class to speak to me.

He had noticed that I was a stranger and, nodding towards the lecture-platform, asked in an under-tone, "Do you know who that is?"

I shook my head.

"Stephen Leacock," he answered.

When I made no response, he added, "The humorist — you know, he writes books."

Doubtless, I had seen the name in the prospectus of the course, but in the rush of registration it had conveyed little to me. Now I looked again towards the lecture-platform and slowly realized that what for months, for years, had only been a name, had taken flesh and form before me — a curious transmogrification this, like watching a shape dim in the fog approach down the street until suddenly, under the corner lamp-post, it reveals, unmistakably, its human outlines.

I had read, up to that time, none of Stephen Leacock's books, though it is unlikely that I had entirely escaped reading some of his syndicated newspaper columns or magazine articles. Certainly, I was

not so familiar with his work that I had ever tried to visualize the face behind the printed page. No matter — he existed without that knowledge. "Leacock" in Canada was a household word and he, himself, an institution. Like the Parliament in Ottawa, which I had never visited, I knew that he was there, somewhere beyond the horizon, and almost as enduring.

In the decade after the First World War, he stood alone as a humorist, not only in Canada, but in North America and the rest of the English-speaking world. Other humorists there were, of course — I think of Dorothy Parker and Robert Benchley in the United States, — but none of them had his international standing, nor followed so naturally in the tradition of Mark Twain. His books, the classic *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* and *Nonsense Novels*, were read wherever English was spoken, "leacockian" was already accepted as an adjective and his man who got on a horse "and rode madly off in all directions", was on its way to becoming part of the language.

Mark Twain's humour was a brawling, lusty river, often spilling over its banks. Leacock's was a more tranquil stream, watering a more limited country-side. Both came, however, from the same source: the shared imaginings of common people where, in strange correspondence, the possible lives in contrast to the usual and the incongruous weighs against the decorous. Like Mark Twain, whose student he was, Leacock knew the frontier. He knew it as it was on a farm in Upper Canada, now Ontario, where his family came from England in 1876 when he was a boy of seven. Unlike Mark Twain, he had received a formal education. He had graduated as "head boy" from Upper Canada College, later became a teacher there and went on to be a professor at McGill and, finally, Chairman of the Department of Economics and Political Science.

He taught Political Science, and wrote a much-translated book about it, but when I knew him teaching had become a side-line. He said to me in the spring of 1923, when I visited him in his study on Metcalfe Street, below the University, "Of course, O'Hagan, I go up to the University and deliver lectures, but my real work, my writing, is done right here between six-thirty and nine-thirty in the morn-

ing." All his life, a habit stemming from his years as a boy on the farm, Leacock was an early riser.

I had gone to his study as a part-time reporter for *The Montreal Star* to obtain his views on "how to become a writer" — a much more ambitious assignment than I then took it to be. As I look back, most of the study is dim. There are a desk and shelves cluttered with books. A yellow sun shines through the room's one window upon a straight-backed chair piled with manuscripts. It glints upon cob-webs binding the manuscripts to the back of the chair and the legs of the chair to the floor. "Stephie", as we called him, tilted the chair, spilling its contents, and invited me to sit down. The point of the interview that stays in my mind was his advice, strongly given, against any neophyte attempting to write humour.

Oddly enough, Leacock was on the defensive about humour. Most people, he thought, regarded it altogether too lightly, almost as though it were the product of a writer's idle moments, something he jotted down between drinks or between acts at the theatre. The reason for his attitude may not be hard to find. In Montreal and at McGill, his presence was taken for granted. True, he was much in demand as a lecturer and as an after-dinner speaker and, so numerous were the requests, that he began to charge a fee. In his writings he frequently pointed out his distaste for such appearances where he was no more than a "paid performer" and sometimes made to feel as such.

Of these appearances he wrote, "The public sees the lecturer step out on to the platform in his little white waistcoat and his long-tailed coat and with the false air of a conjurer about him, and they think him happy. After about ten minutes of his talk, they are tired of him. Most people tire of a lecturer in ten minutes. Clever people can do it in five. Sensible people never go to lectures at all . . ."

Further, while Leacock's royalties and other payments for literary and academic work might bring him in a given year as much as \$80,000, off the campus in his social and speaking engagements — Montreal is a wealthy town — he often associated with men worth much more than that: a railroad president, bank and industry presi-

dents, and members of their boards of directors. To such men, he may have felt, writing, especially the writing of humour, seemed to be little more than a diversion. It was what they picked up to read in their spare time, this though its author was famous internationally, while they could boast only a local or, at best, a national notoriety.

Therefore, Leacock saw himself not only as a writer of humour, but as spokesman for it. He was not modest, nor had he need to be, in the claims he made for his subject and, by implication, for himself as one of its leading exponents. For instance, he wrote in *MacLean's Magazine*, "The world's humour, in its best and greatest sense, is perhaps the greatest product of our civilization . . . and Charles Dickens' creation of Mr. Pickwick has done more for the human race — I say it in all seriousness — than Cardinal Newman's *Lead Kindly Light Amid The Encircling Gloom*. Newman only cried out for light in the gloom . . . Dickens gave it." Again, ". . . in its larger aspect, humour is blended with pathos till the two are one, and represent, as they have in every age, the mingled heritage of tears and laughter that is our lot on earth."

That first afternoon at McGill in Political Science 1, Stephen Leacock spoke. He spoke for an hour in a deep, sonorous voice. Yet I do not now recall a word that he said. It is unlikely that he spoke at much length on Political Science. His inclination, as shown in his lectures over the next three years, seemed to be to avoid the subject whenever he could. Nevertheless, he must have taught it at times — I have copious notes on the course in an old trunk in a basement — and, after all, most of us passed our examinations. I remember the course as having vaguely to do with the forms of government.

Leacock had once been around the world speaking for "Imperial Preference" between Great Britain and her possessions beyond the seas for, just below humour in the scale of man's achievement, he listed the British Empire. This gave him opportunity to point out to us how the mother country had exported her parliamentary system to various lands and equally various climes. Then, abruptly, we would return to Canada.

Most of all, Stephie liked to avoid the abstract and to deal with human values. This led him one afternoon to tell us of "the most remarkable man" he had ever known. This was none other than Edward Leacock, Stephie's uncle, his father's younger brother. I daresay he had a part in the lecture because he was a sample in a minor way of democratic government at work and he was also of the stuff of "empire builders". Leacock was to give him a place in literature in an article entitled, "My Uncle Edward".

Uncle Edward, when Stephen Leacock was about nine, suddenly appeared at the isolated farm in Ontario. A man of large ideas, as it was soon to develop, he had lately finished a cruise of the Mediterranean and a tour of the African slave markets. In that year of 1878 a general election was called in Canada. Uncle Edward, or "E.P.", decided to take part in it. Apparently in those days, newly arrived as he was, his British citizenship entitled him to stand for Canadian office.

Bearded and bronzed, about thirty years old, he approached the humble farm-hands for votes. He disdained the tedium of public meetings. His approach was the personal one at street-corners and in bars. Hearing that the prospective voter's name was "Smith", for example, E.P. would at once exclaim that he was an intimate of a "Sir James Smith", had seen him only a few months before on leaving England for the Mediterranean and that the two "Smiths" must be closely related. The prospective voters — Smith, Jones or Brown — would demur. They had lost touch with their old country cousins but, of course, it was quite possible, even likely, that there were titled ones among them. Vote — how else could they vote, these people suddenly raised to the company of "Sirs", "Honourables" and, in a few cases, of "Baronets"?

Leacock explained to us that, like himself, E.P. was, naturally, a conservative but a conservative who could meet with the humblest on equal terms. "A democrat could not condescend. He was down already, but when a conservative stooped, he conquered."

E.P. did not remain to exploit his victory. Times were hard in Ontario, but Winnipeg to the west was booming. In that town, employ-

ing his usual social graces, he was soon on top of the heap. He became secretary-treasurer of a railroad that had a charter to build through to Hudson Bay and the Arctic. It had no track, nor rolling-stock, and never would have, but it printed passes. In exchange for these E.P. obtained free transportation all over North America.

The boom burst and E.P., broke, returned to England. There he became financial manager of an abbey. When he was lecturing in England in 1921, Stephie had an invitation to visit him. Unable to make the journey, he never saw his uncle again. E.P., like most "empire builders", was a man of dreams and, in his case, fifty years ahead of the times. By 1930 steel had been laid to Hudson Bay and in Canada today there is already talk of the railroad that one day will reach to the Arctic.

E.P. might have been one of the characters in *Sunshine Sketches*, where, in the mythical town of Mariposa on a mythical lake in Ontario, his nephew was to create such figures as Golgotha Gingham, the undertaker, the Reverend Mr. Drone, Anglican minister, and Jos. Smith, Prop., the local hotel-man. Instead, he was bone and substance who bequeathed a little of his wild fancy to his brother's son.

One quality distinguished Leacock's lectures from those of the average: they were not boring. He would not permit them to be because he would not be bored himself, which is, perhaps, why throughout the course he held Political Science at arm's length, when he could.

When examination time came close, it could be put off no longer. Often outsiders set the examinations and then Leacock's ability to steer us towards the questions likely to be put was uncanny. In a paper of five questions, he would probably have predicted three. As a student of human nature, he made it a point of pride to know well the preferences of the off-campus examiner.

In classes Leacock — a Ph.D., we addressed him as "Doctor Leacock" — was no martinet. His personality imposed itself. In other classes, we might whisper and pass notes to one another. In Leacock we had a master before us and we listened.

Outside of class he was easily approached and often addressed student dinners, though by the end of the day he must have been weary of the obstinate vacuity of the undergraduate face. He frequently remarked that the ideal university would have no students — only a long table, chairs and a few professors. Not that he had unconditional reverence for scholarship as such. Himself a "Ph.D.", he said, "When you can put 'Ph.D.' after your name, it merely means that you are full up. You can take no more."

Rising to his feet at an undergraduate dinner — black tie aslant, stiff shirt front bulging — he did not hesitate to begin by reminding us that he was speaking without charging his usual fee — just as in class, mid-way through his lecture, he might pause, take from his vest pocket his turnip-sized gold watch and bend his head for a moment to listen to its ticking. Then he would gravely say to us, "You have already received what my salary entitles you to. The rest of the hour is 'gratis', given to you from the goodness of my heart."

One place where he did not have to rise to his feet, nor look down upon a sea of faces, was "The Prince of Wales". This was a popular beer tavern a block down McGill College Avenue from the University. On a rare spring evening — it was invariably in the spring — Stephie would come in and sit down alone, smoking his stubby, black pipe. Soon he would be joined by some of "the boys", as he called us. On one of those evenings, not likely to be forgotten by those who were there, it had been announced in the papers that a local brewery had inserted stamps under the caps of a limited number of its bottles of ale. The finder of each stamp would receive five dollars upon presenting it to the brewery. Each of us, of course, brought with him an opener and insisted, over the protests of the staff, upon opening his own bottle of ale at the table.

A chuckle, a guffaw, a ho-ho-ho, came from Stephie's table. He had drawn a lucky bottle and held up the little blue stamp for all of us to see, his brown moustache stretched wide with his grin, this though he needed five dollars no more than he did a bout of hiccoughs. But, after all, it was a game, of sorts, and he had won. He at once ordered "drinks for the house". We opened bottles feverishly, far into the night. No other stamps were found.

Leacock was a humorist, by inspiration and by profession, but before that he was one of God's most precious creations: a kindly man and, incidentally, a professor who would go out of his way to do a good turn for a student. Two of these had the idea of starting an "independent" literary magazine. It would carry the name of "McGill" but would be free of student-body control. Controversy was keen. One day in the hall of the Arts Building, Leacock stopped one of the editors-to-be. "If you publish that magazine of yours," he said, "I'll write for it — and I'll write for it for nothing." The magazine died aborning. Contributions from Stephen Leacock might have kept it afloat in London, or Timbuctoo, but not at McGill where he was part of the day's routine.

In the early spring of 1924 — I had graduated in Arts but was still at McGill, taking Law, — I read in the papers that the Canadian Alpine Club was to attempt the next year, 1925, the first ascent of Mount Logan in the Yukon. At 19,850 feet, it is Canada's highest peak and second only to Mount McKinley on the continent. Having climbed a few mountains, I thought I would try to go on the expedition. When I told Leacock of my interest, his enthusiasm was immediate and far out-ranked my own — though he knew no more of my climbing than my ability to mount the stone steps of the Arts Building. He at once, in his laborious longhand, sat down and wrote a series of letters on my behalf to members of the Alpine Club with whom he was acquainted. Once I said to him, "Doctor Leacock, if I go on the Mount Logan expedition . . ." He interrupted me: "O'Hagan, it is not *if* you are going, but *when*. Further, I have mentioned you as one of the possible leaders." I was aghast at this suggestion. It would destroy whatever chance I had. Yet it would have been in character for him to have made it — as a humorist.

His letters, nevertheless, bore fruit. It was Stephie himself, however, who, in his charity, robbed me of what opportunity I might have had of reaching the summit of Mount Logan because, when the Committee invited me to the try-outs behind Mount Robson, B.C., in that summer of 1924, I was far away in England — and he was the means of my being there.

A few weeks after we had first discussed Mount Logan, Leacock stopped me on the steps of the Arts Building and suggested that I cross over to England and persuade farm-hands there to emigrate to western Canada. He told me that he had already talked over the matter with Edward — later Sir Edward — Beatty. Mr. Beatty was the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. I protested that I knew nothing of farming except what I had seen out of the train window when travelling across the prairies.

"Pshaw, O'Hagan," Leacock replied, "there's nothing to farming. I was once a farmer myself. Think of all the people who do it, all over the world. I'll get you a book to read."

He did not find the book for me, but he had made an appointment which I was to keep with Mr. Beatty the next morning at nine-thirty in his office above the Windsor Street Station. On parting, he added, "I want Mr. Beatty to see that we produce something besides scholars at McGill." The import of his remark touched me when I remembered that a month before Leacock had sent his leading honours student to Mr. Beatty with a view to a job with the CPR upon graduation. The interview was not a success. But Stephie was not yet beaten. He would now confront the railroad president with one of his less exotic specimens.

Apparently Mr. Beatty — a short, thick-set man, hands in his pockets, legs straddled and a hundred yards of red carpet in front of him — agreed with Leacock that I was not a scholar. At any rate, I sailed for England late in May and spent three uneasy months touring the country-side and trying to keep a jump ahead of irate farmers who regarded me as some one expressly sent to stir up discontent among their hired help. Mount Logan was farther away than ever. It was climbed the next spring with the loss of two lives during the expedition's return to civilization.

Leacock had one undying enmity: government ownership. He was a "CPR man" and would not travel, if he could avoid it, on its competing road, the government-operated Canadian National Railways. One summer in the '30s, years after I had graduated from Law, I was working as a Rocky Mountain guide out of Jasper, Alberta, on

the Canadian National. Leacock was a keen fisherman and, hearing that he was coming out west, I wrote to him at his summer home on Old Brewery Bay, Lake Couchiching, near Orillia, Ontario, to invite him to stop off and try his luck. He replied to the effect that, if I would move my outfit down south to Banff or Lake Louise, he would heartily favour the proposal. Those two points, he explained, were not on a government-owned road.

It may have been on this westward journey, or on another, that Leacock visited Victoria, capital of British Columbia on Vancouver Island across the Strait of Juan de Fuca from the towering Olympic mountains of Washington State. It is in Victoria that I am writing this brief remembrance of my old professor. Today it is a town of about one hundred thousand with a slow pulse. Its residents, who take a step just once in a while, are mostly civil servants, retired Englishmen and their wives living behind neatly clipped hedges, pensioners and a dowager here and there. Leacock gave his impression of the city during an after-dinner address, appropriately enough in Vancouver, Victoria's rival on the mainland. "In Victoria," he said, "the people turn over in the morning to read the daily obituary column. Those who do not find their names there, fall back and go to sleep again." His words have endured over the years until, at least in Canada west of the Rockies, they have become the tag to be put on any small, sleepy town.

Perhaps it is different now, but thirty and more years ago most professors existed for the student only during lecture hours. After that they were no more until their next appearance. If they had wives, children or duties off the campus, the student was seldom aware of it. They existed for him and that was all.

This was not so with Stephie. We all knew that he had a public life beyond the University. In addition, we had an intimate glance into his home-life each Monday, Wednesday and Friday, his lecture days. On those winter afternoons, at precisely 4:10 o'clock, a nurse-maid would come by the Arts Building with his four- or five-year-old boy, drawn on a flat sled. Dismissing the nursemaid, Stephie would bend over his young son to see that he was well-bundled against the

cold and, picking up the rope, pull the sled down the long avenue of the campus under the leafless maple trees to Sherbrooke Street and west along it home.

It is not for me to go into Leacock's background. Ralph L. Curry, in his biography *Humanist and Humorist* published recently, has covered it fully. There was sorrow in Leacock's life, plenty of it. It showed at times in his attitude on leaving the class, hunched, notes clasped to his side, face slightly averted, his eyes clouded with a distant scene.

I last saw him at the University Club on Mansfield Street, Montreal, where he had invited me for "tea" in the spring of 1943. He was no longer the burly man I had known. He had shrunk. His hand, when he shook mine, was fragile as a bird's claw. His full head of hair and his moustache were grey. His voice was hoarse. Born in 1869, he was then 74 — and still smarting from his enforced retirement from McGill, due to age, nine years before.

His idea of "tea" was four whiskeys. When we were on the third, a sedate, quiet-appearing man entered the crowded room. "Look, Howard," Leacock said, "that's our new principal. Now what do you make of that?" His stentorian voice was heard at the farthest table. Throughout his life, he had not spared his vocal chords. A year later, in 1944, he died of cancer of the throat.

Today when I remember him I am most apt to recall his lonely figure walking down the snowy campus, pulling young Stephen after him. He walks away from me, head bowed as with a burden. Above him the westering sun glints on the barren branches of the maples. Stephie walks on. He is still walking, on and on into the years, leaving sunshine and the tonic of laughter behind him.

An Appraisal of the Cuban Revolution

by

A. J. KNOWLES

A Canadian who has spent many years in Cuba here assesses the continuing revolution and charts some possible future developments.

ANY attempt to appraise the situation in Cuba today is handicapped by the fact that the revolution is still in progress. As popularly conceived, the revolution was an act of force intended to overthrow the dictator Batista, and replace him with a liberal and democratic government. As soon as that was achieved the revolution should have ended. What happened, however, was that the man who led the revolution betrayed his supporters; so Cuba, under Fidel Castro, has demonstrated to the world that the revolution has objectives that reach far beyond anything that was contemplated.

This writer contends that the present Cuban revolution began in 1933 when Machado was deposed from the Presidency. Although the revolutionary flames were reduced to embers by the prosperity that came to Cuba with World War Two and continued for several years after, they were set aglow again by Fidel Castro, and others, in March 1952, when Batista made his coup against President Prio Socarras. From then onwards they spread.

Since January 1st, 1959, when Fidel Castro assumed control of Cuba, what the country has been experiencing is metamorphosis rather than revolution; but viewed as a revolution it has followed a pattern and tempo that can only be paralleled in Russia and China. The social and economic order that existed in Cuba on December 31st, 1958 has not only ceased to exist but can never be restored. Whether it has been replaced by Communism, Humanism, Statism,

or just plain Castroism, is still not certain; so what we must ask ourselves today is whether the new order is good or bad, and what form it is likely to take in future.

Everyone who knows Cuba admits that a revolution was needed to overthrow a corrupt and inept government, and only the privileged beneficiaries of that government can have lamented the deposition of Batista. But all observers agree, and all Cubans concede, that social and economic changes were just as necessary. Something transcending the revolution was essential, and this was contemplated by those responsible Cubans who backed Castro when they signed the Pact of Caracas. This Pact was signed by representatives of the Cuban Authentic Party, Castro's "26th of July" Movement, The Orthodox Party, and Dr. Aureliano Sanchez Arango. In terms of the Pact it was agreed that elections would be held not later than eighteen months after the defeat of Batista.

Fortunately, there is on record a specific account of what these backers stood for. The case for the revolution, and its aims, were detailed in an address given by Dr. Rufo Lopez Fresquet when he was Minister of the Treasury in the Castro government. Prime Minister Fidel Castro, he said "proposes to achieve the fundamental and definitive consolidation of the economy through a program to increase the capacity of the country's production up to a level where all Cubans will be gainfully employed; full and intensive mobilization of the national wealth so as to have it produce greater social benefits; economically efficient and socially fair distribution of national income; stimulation of productive investment, national or foreign; and decisive promotion of the country's industrialization." All this, he said, was to be done within the framework of the free-enterprise system, and "within the American contour and with an international policy of fruitful economic relations among all its sister countries."

That address was made to the American Chamber of Commerce in Habana on the eve of Fidel Castro's departure for the U.S.A. in April 1959, and it made an excellent impression. The members of the Chamber of Commerce were in full agreement with Dr. Lopez, who

is an economist of some standing. Although most Americans, and many Cubans, had strong misgivings about Fidel Castro and others in his cabinet, they had great respect for Dr. Lopez and Dr. Pazos, who then headed the Cuban National Bank. As apparent bulwarks of the Castro régime, their presence in the government mitigated forebodings about the others, and sustained the hope that Castro would follow their orthodox counsels.

But Fidel Castro decided to side-step the program that had been outlined for him. He had one of his own, and he said very little about it. The basic plank in the revolution, so far as he was concerned, was not social and economic amelioration along democratic lines, as his backers advocated, but one of reform and radical change. Dearest of all to his heart was his "Agrarian Reform Law" that took lands from the big landowners and gave them to the landless. Not long after Dr. Lopez had spoken, Castro had his own law promulgated against the strong opposition of his backers. This resulted in a major rift in his cabinet and both Drs. Lopez and Pazos were among the casualties, although they lingered for a while in what must have been the bitterness of deception.

As the moderates left the cabinet unceremoniously, the radicals entered triumphantly. Among them were the known extremists, Raul Castro and Ernesto Guevara, and others. The Pact of Caracas had been torn to shreds, and the country fell into the hands of Castro and company exclusively.

One wonders why responsible Cubans should ever have made a pact with Fidel Castro, whose adventures in several Latin American countries — quite apart from his record at home in Cuba — seemed to bear out the accusations that he was an outright Communist, who was believed to be associated with Communists, and known to have as his closest friend Che Guevara, who, if not a Communist, is as radical as any Communist can be. One well informed Cuban told this writer that it was believed then that Castro dominated Guevara and that he would never be led by him. Moreover, it was only intended that Castro should lead the fighting and that his rôle would become a subordinate one after victory. The leadership of the country,

and its policies, were to be left to a freely elected government. By refusing to permit this and by becoming a dictator himself, Castro betrayed the revolution.

Judgment on the Cuban revolution might end here. But we must look at the other side of the case too. Supposing that the program outlined by Dr. Lopez had been adopted, what were its implications?

First of all, elections would have had to be held. But was the country ready for elections? And do the people want them? When Batista fell his whole régime went out with him, and opposition parties were virtually non-existent. Their leaders were in jail or in exile, and constitutional government had been an on and off business ever since the country became a Republic. I do not recall any government in Cuba that was able to function constitutionally for any length of time. The only functional party in existence when Castro took over the country was the small Communist party, and it is the only organized party in Cuba today. If Castro had permitted the formation of political parties, what kind of parties would have been formed? The old Liberal and Conservative parties, with their horrible records, would not have dared to show their banners again. That would have been a greater betrayal of the revolution than Castro's act was. The other old parties — the Authentics, Orthodox, and innumerable others with the name Revolutionary in them, were all revolutionary parties, and nearly all of their members were in the Castro ranks. The Cuban people were sick of parties and politicians and few of them have any desire for elections today. Their cry was for Fidel, and I believe that if free elections were held in Cuba today Fidel Castro would win.

Castro does not want elections because his program can be carried out more expeditiously and effectively by dictatorial decrees than by parliamentary government. His program is of such a nature as to make opposition intolerable, and it is too radical for compromise. He can muster half a million or more votes any time that he calls out the mob to the Plaza de Marti or the Presidential Palace, and that is a more effective and representative poll than any that was taken in the Senate or Congress in pre-Castro days. Cuban parlia-

ments rarely had a quorum, and their laws — which usually served privileged interests — were only introduced after the price had been paid to secure a quorum. If democracy could not be made to work in times of peace, how could it be expected to function in time of civil war or revolution?

This raises a question. What must be done to make Cuba a democratic country? This writer lived in Cuba for twenty years during which it was listed as a democracy. The people had freedom and they could vote if they wanted to. But it was a precarious freedom, and one could sell a vote as well as cast it in the ballot box. Cubans could travel where they wished, work or idle as they pleased, say what they liked (in some places, some of the time) and sometimes write and publish what they wanted to. In general, they could live the kind of life they preferred — if they could afford it. This was the snag — so few could afford it! There was individual freedom, yes; but political freedom was restrained, and economic freedom usually had its price. Anyone was free to start a business, but that business would only prosper if it met the exactions of the politicians. The grocery could only sell potatoes if the sanitary inspector approved the stands on which the potatoes were stacked, and that approval usually had a price of some kind. Time and again, when the constitutional guarantees were suspended, movements were subject to restriction and mail to censorship; meetings were prohibited; arrests could be made without warrant and detention could be prolonged without appearance before a judge. And even in normal times Correctional Judges could sentence people to jail, and the condemned had no right of appeal. Despite all that, the freedoms the Cubans enjoyed then were infinitely greater than those that prevail today under Castro.

Cuba is a small country and its population is small — about six and one-half million. This means that there is only a small market for industrial or manufactured products; and this market is further restricted by the low purchasing power of the inhabitants. This is one of the reasons why it has remained an agricultural country. The country is too small to attract capital and technicians for extensive industrial activities.

The Cubans, like most Latin Americans, are probably expecting too much from industrialization. A well-known Mexican economist has recently pointed out that while Mexican industrialization between 1950 and 1957 benefited the middle class appreciably, it also made the rich richer and the poor poorer. Although Mexico's Gross National Product rose 48 per cent in those seven years, and over-all family incomes rose 23 per cent, half the families were no better off, and many of them were actually worse off than they were in 1950. Five per cent of the highest income families gathered in 37 per cent, or more than a third of the total national income in 1957.

In Cuba, Agrarian Reform and other revolutionary measures have accomplished many wonders, but they have not made the workers any richer. They have been given jobs and meals and some measure of security. But Agrarian Reform has deprived them of their freedom and bonded them to serfdom. So far as we know, neither Castro nor his followers have been corrupted, and his régime appears to be characterized by administrative morality and determination of purpose. It is a remarkable fact that a moral clean-up has gone hand in hand with all Communist revolutions of the past decades. Castro has opened more than 1200 schools, and established more than 1000 centres where illiterate adults are taught to read and write. This year of 1961 has been proclaimed "Education Year" in Cuba, and Castro is making a tremendous effort to wipe out illiteracy. Much of the vice, racketeering, and corruption of the pre-Castro era has been driven underground or eliminated. But it is also true that the national university and schools have become centres of indoctrination, and the Ministry of Labour now controls every job and every employee in the country. Freedom of thought has gone, and with it have vanished freedom of speech, press, radio, and television — and freedom of religion is now under threat too. The spy and the informer are everywhere and one of the most voluble and articulate people on earth have become tongue-tied. One of the most jovial of all peoples have become morose.

In North America, immigrants found the freedoms and opportunities which induced them to abandon their native lands, and

capital was given the security and rewards that attracted it. There has been a constant spreading of wealth and political power. Canada's "New Party" is a recent example of the latter. Few do not share the wealth and political power in North America today. But this has not been the case in Cuba where wealth and political power have generally been the monopoly of the few. I say "generally" because I know many Spaniards and Syrians, and Cubans too, who became very rich and powerful by hard work and determination.

The foreign investment in Cuba at the time Castro came to power was \$1½ billion, of which U.S. interests held about \$1¼ billion and other countries about \$¼ billion. In relation to the country's Gross National Product, which was just over \$2 billion, foreign investment was not very much higher than it is in Canada, where the Gross National Product is about \$35 billion and the total foreign investment about \$21 billion. On a per capita basis however, only \$250 in foreign money was invested for every Cuban as against \$1150 for every Canadian. On that basis foreign investment is nearly five times as heavy in Canada as it was in Cuba. Cuba certainly had much less cause to complain about foreign "domination" than Canada has.

Some Canadians claim that foreign investment in Canada is too high and is detrimental to the national economy, economic independence, and, in the long run, to sovereignty; but nobody in Canada would think of eliminating it, or annihilating it, as Castro of Cuba is doing. Castro does not admit, of course, that he has robbed, or annihilated, foreign investors. On the contrary, he has said that Cuba will compensate for "intervened" businesses with bonds which are to be redeemed through payments of 25% of the excess over 5¾ cents a pound received for sugar sold to the U.S.A. in excess of 3 million tons a year. This illusory offer is pure blackmail.

If Canadians wanted to eliminate foreign investments we would buy them out. The amount of money that Cubans themselves sifted out of Cuba by way of graft, tourism, absenteeism, and in many other ways over the last few decades, would easily have bought out the foreign interests there. Tourism alone would have done it.

On the other hand, when remittances of dividends and interest on foreign capital are calculated, the Cuban cost was higher than that of Canada. Putting the rate at 6 per cent per annum — and it was certainly much higher than this in the case of Cuba — the drain on the national income (G.N.P.) would have been $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum as against $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in Canada. That would have been the percentage of national income needed to service 6 per cent returns on foreign capital investments.

What really is important is not the extent of investment but its application, and this applies to local as well as foreign investment. One must ask why it is that 18 million Canadians produce goods and services valued at \$35 billion whereas 6 million Cubans only produce \$2 billion. With a third of our population, and given the same resources — natural, financial, and technological — and with costs and prices equated, the Cuban Gross National Product would be about \$12 billion, or six times its present figure. That is the figure that would be needed to give the Cubans a living standard as high as Canadians have.

By kicking out the capitalists, the leaders of the Cuban revolution have been able to change names and trade-marks; but to produce the goods they have had to find new "bosses", and the people are beginning to find that they are more ruthless and exacting than the old owners were. The owner knew his business and loved it because he had staked his reputation and his chips behind it. The new boss has nothing behind him but the big stick, and his only initiative is greed for power.

Supposing the new "bosses" have the same efficiency as the old owners (a dreamer's assumption!), what will the revolution gain for the country? The only direct gain, in monetary terms, will be the saving of the amount that was formerly spent in servicing dividends. (There were often heavy losses too, but we may forget that!) On the basis calculated above that saving would be \$90 million a year, plus the amount corresponding to the service of native capital that has also been appropriated. As this latter amount went into the national income anyway, the only change is that it will go to the

people instead of the old owners. It may increase the national patrimony but it will not raise the national income, unless wisely reinvested in productive enterprise. That is one aspect of the Cuban revolution. The recent reorganization of the Central Planning Board so as to put the whole Cuban economy into a straight jacket under centralized dictatorship, and the appointment of Che Guevara as Minister of Industry, indicate that the Castro régime is fully aware of this. The Cuban patrimony — excluding pre-Castro government assets (except cash and national resources) — has been estimated at about \$10 billion. This is roughly the value of the Castro "grabs" which are now controlled by the Triumvirate of Fidel Castro, Raul Castro, and Che Guevara.

The biggest Cuban punch has been the switch from the Western to the Communist orbit that will be almost completed soon. This is not an accomplishment of the revolution, but a cold and calculated victory for the Communists, particularly of Russia and China which brought it about. One of Castro's first acts after he came to power was to establish liaison with Russia, and the Communists have guided him ever since. As the prestige of the Communists is at stake today, they will spare no effort to make the Cuban revolution a singularly effective one, so that the whole of Latin America can be won over to the Communist cause. It has been a ripe plum for many years, and it looks today as if it is going to fall into the Communist basket, unless the Cuban revolution can be discredited very soon. The chances of doing this become less every day.

If the Communists had not participated in the Cuban revolution it would have failed some time ago, by starvation if in no other way. The economy would have faltered and failed. It ceased to be a Cuban revolution when Fidel Castro betrayed the Cubans, and it must be considered an all out Communist revolution today. The non-Communists are fleeing from Cuba; the un-committed are being indoctrinated effectively and successfully; and hard-boiled Communist professionals are entering the country in a steady stream.

This writer does not believe that the Cuban people are Communist-minded. Their individual pride is much too strong, and their

personalities too rich, to be moulded into a common pattern. They have been contaminated by a disease that has affected their thinking but not their blood. As long as the Russians are among them they will have to toe the line; but if the Russians go we may be sure they will rebel.

In the re-shaping of the destinies of Cuba, Fidel Castro has certainly played the leading rôle, even if he has not been the guiding brain. Still strongly entrenched, neither his position nor his policies are seriously challenged in Cuba itself — despite rebel footholds. There have been many defections from his ranks of course, and at this date more than 100,000 Cubans are living in exile — many of them ex-supporters of Batista, or the remnants of earlier Cuban régimes still in exile. This should be regarded as a peripheral event rather than as a scuttling of the revolutionary ship.

The revolution itself continues its uninterrupted course; and its momentum is growing steadily. The marvel is that so drastic changes have been made without bringing the economic life of the country to a standstill. The tempo of trade has slowed down greatly, and it remains to be seen how the nationalized sugar and tobacco industries, which are the mainstay of Cuba, can be operated successfully for long. The task is a gargantuan one; but the revolutionary spirit is such that no effort will be spared to overcome difficulties. Russia and China are putting their hands to the industrial wheels behind Castro, and their prestige may become involved too. The will is there, so there may be a way. A state-controlled economy is commonly reputed to be sluggish and ineffective; but given dynamic leadership, with ability and resources, it might become surprisingly efficient. It would be a mistake to assume that the Cuban economy will collapse.

The whole of Latin America stands on the brink of revolution today, and what is going to happen there will depend largely on the outcome of the Cuban revolution. This is why Cuba has become so important to Latin America and the whole world.

The question is not whether Fidel Castro will continue to rule Cuba but whether the Cuban revolution will succeed or fail. If it fails there will be such chaos in Cuba that some national or inter-

national body will have to intervene. But if it succeeds, the whole of Latin America may follow the Cubans, and Castro will indeed excel Bolivar in stature. These are the two eventualities that confront the world and Cuba. There can be no other choice now.

Supposing that Castro is superseded by one of the other revolutionaries, say Raul Castro or Che Guevara, what would happen? The revolution would follow the same pattern with greater or lesser momentum, but it would have the same objectives that Fidel has today.

Supposing the whole Castro régime — lock, stock and barrel — were to be swept out by counter-revolutionaries as effectively as the Batista régime was cleared out, what would happen then? The result would be chaos — complete chaos. Apart from the damage that would result to life and property; the stoppage of practically every industrial, commercial, and agricultural activity in the country; and the flight of foreign technicians imported by the Castro régime; the present sources of Cuban supplies — now mostly Communist countries — would be cut off immediately.

In such an eventuality, the U.S.A. might decide to forgive its debtors and send aid in the amount required. The bill would be very high; but a few other Western nations might help, too. But what would the help be for? To restore the partisans of former President Batista, or Grau San Martin, or Prio Socarras? To return properties to the dispossessed, and ownership to the ruling classes and the rich? To break up the cooperatives, and dispossess the people from the lands and homes that the revolution has given them? A return to the status quo is inconceivable, and nobody who knows the mood of Cuba today contemplates such a possibility.

Nor can the Castro revolution be put back on the rails that it was originally intended to run on. It has gone too far off the tracks to permit of its reorientation towards the moderate policy that would have kept economic life within the capitalistic system of free enterprise and held Cuba within the American contour with an international policy of fruitful economic relations among all its sister countries. Has the time not arrived when the world must give new orientation to its thinking on Cuba?

"Hate Americans" is a Communist slogan that has never found a place in the Cubans' hearts, strong though it be on many of their tongues. The Cubans hate nobody. Their zest for life is too strong for that. They envied the Americans but they usually understood them. If they ever get out of the crucible in which the Communists are roasting them today, their hates and envies will have been transmuted to love. For myself, I do not condemn the Cubans. I shall always love them.

The Beginnings of Theatre in British Columbia

by

MICHAEL R. BOOTH

In the wake of the gold rush came the theatre to Canada's westernmost province.

THE development of the early theatre in Canada was concentrated in several eastern cities—Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, and Halifax—populous enough to support theatricals and close enough to American centres to ensure a steady supply of travelling actors. The history of the Canadian theatre in the nineteenth century, however, is not entirely eastern. The settlement of the Pacific Coast and the insatiable desire for dramatic entertainment that was such a striking feature of the westward movement of the American pioneer, together with the English emigrant's habit of theatre-going, produced a theatrical life vigorous and flourishing well before British Columbia joined Confederation in 1871.

There had been amateur theatricals in Victoria at least as early as 1857, when there is a recorded performance of *The Rivals* with an all-male cast. Plays were given within the Fort, or on warships in the harbour. The first professional company appeared in Victoria in the summer of 1858, and next year the Chapman family, famous all over the American West, arrived from San Francisco. For twenty-five years British Columbia depended upon San Francisco troupes, who would either come direct by sail or steam, or stop over at Portland and the small towns and villages of Oregon and Puget Sound. It was a long journey with uncertain rewards at the end of it, and the best performers stayed in San Francisco.

In 1859, professionals in Victoria played at a converted hall in the Royal Hotel, but in the following January notice was given of the building of a theatre "suitable for ladies; Indians and such ilk will have a corner by themselves". The Chapmans opened the

Colonial, as it was called, on February 4, 1860, with Kotzebue's *The Stranger*. The first Canadian theatre west of Ontario was a small wooden structure with a side-entrance for ladies and a gallery for Indians. It seated 365, and the house when full (at the regular prices of a dollar for the parquette and fifty cents for pit and gallery) could take in 260. The Colonial cost \$2,500, and when it was sold in 1862, the scenery, described by the *Daily British Colonist* as "wretched-looking daubs" brought \$50, "lamps, \$27, and the benches, stage, formidable wooden battle axes and swords, a stove, etc., \$29".

For a year plays were given at the Colonial, the Royal Hotel, and Cusheon's Naval and Military Theatre in the Union Hotel, where officers and men gave amateur performances. On January 3, 1861, a new theatre, the Victoria, opened with the Robinson family (also from San Francisco) in Tobin's comedy, *The Honeymoon*. This theatre, later known as the Theatre Royal, became Victoria's principal place of entertainment until its demolition in 1882. The *Colonist* declared that it was "by far the finest theatre ever opened here", although the audience "complained very much of the cold" (a defect remedied by the installation of more stoves). It was completely renovated and reopened in June, having in its new form a capacity of 800. On either side of the raked stage were an upper and lower private box. A dress circle overlooked the parquette. The seats had been cushioned and the walls hard-finished; previously the whole building had been lined inside with canvas and heavy paper. The whole cost, including the land, was \$15,000, and the *Colonist* claimed proudly that it presented "an appearance second to no temple of Thespis north of the Bay City". One writer remembered the lack of women in the audience, the smell of the uncertainly functioning and highly dangerous camphene lamps (gas lighting was installed in 1862), the town crier announcing the program outside the theatre, the miners in the gallery chewing tobacco, their rows of boots on the gallery rail, "of all sizes, shapes, and ages", looking a strange sight from below.

The growth of theatre in British Columbia coincided exactly with the discovery of gold, and both the increasing prosperity of the colony

and the multiplication of theatres were owing to the new strikes. The association of gold and drama was a familiar one in the West. Wherever there was a mining town there was likely to be an "opera house", no matter how crude. The big boom towns — San Francisco, Virginia City, Denver, Tombstone — were also centres of theatrical activity.

The first professionals visited Victoria in the year of the 1858 gold strike on the Fraser River sandbars, and the Cariboo gold rush, in full flood by 1861, brought new life to the theatre. Thousands of miners wintered in Victoria, and the *Colonist* agitated for entertainment to keep them and their money in the town. In November, 1861, it complained of the quality of visiting companies:

The theatre answers very well now-a-days as a place of assignation for squaws and their paramours, but its once fair reputation as a temple of Thespis is gone. Without amusements Victoria is a dull place.

Miners complain that they can enjoy themselves just as well at the Fraser River towns as here.

In February, 1864, it stated that "with a limited and partially erratic population the frequent cry has been what can Victoria do to induce miners and others to reside here during the winter months instead of seeking the greater allurements of San Francisco." Thus the theatre was thought to be economically necessary for the town. When the summers came, the miners left for their claims, and theatrical activity virtually ceased.

The patrons of the drama in Victoria were not only miners. The town had a distinct character as a colonial capital; its most important people were naval officers, civil servants, Hudson's Bay Company men, traditionally British in their social life and tastes. After the gold rush ended and the miners had gone, the theatre survived, though with difficulty.

The dramatic repertory of these early years was very mixed. Shakespeare was often acted, with *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Richard III*, *Othello*, and *Romeo and Juliet* the most popular of his plays. Such Victorian "dramas" as Bulwer-Lytton's *The Lady of Lyons*, Boucicault's *The Octoroon* and *The Colleen Bawn*, and Taylor's *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* and *Still Waters run Deep* appeared continually. A farce

concluded almost every evening's entertainment, and nineteenth century farce and light comedy formed a much greater part of the repertory than any other *genre*. Sensational melodramas about drink and crime were sometimes presented. Minstrel shows, magicians, ventriloquists, hypnotists, acrobats, and marionettes frequently appeared at the Victoria Theatre, and were the staple fare of two smaller theatres, Moore's Music Hall (opened in December, 1860, by the Fakir of Siva) and the Lyceum, which was the Colonial under new management. Both theatres catered mainly to miners at prices of twenty-five and fifty cents, and were rarely patronized by the élite.

Problems of behaviour occasionally disturbed Victoria's theatres. Miners and sailors were sometimes inclined to rowdiness in the pit and gallery, and the management of the Victoria had to promise that "no drunken persons will be admitted". Even the better parts of the house were not immune. The *Colonist* pronounced that

Every person admitted to the dress circle should be required to conduct himself in the manner expected of a gentleman in the presence of ladies. If rowdyism is permitted in this part of the house, the patronage of the fair sex must not be looked for.

More serious was the anti-negro sentiment, intensified by the American Civil War. In 1860, a negro in the parquette was pelted with rotten eggs, and negroes were then admitted only into the pit and gallery. This practice led to the riot of November 3, 1860, when a hundred negroes armed with clubs invaded the Victoria Theatre after two of their number had been turned away. The performance of *Rob Roy* stopped abruptly; the ladies fled behind the stage, and the whole theatre became a swaying mass of battling, shouting, bleeding men. The negroes drove the whites from the theatre, but were evicted in their turn by the police. Heavy police protection was given the theatre, but there were no further attacks. In 1861, flour was thrown over a negro family in the gallery, but such incidents were rare, and did not occur after the Civil War ended.

The climax of Victoria's early dramatic history was the visit in 1864 of Charles and Ellen Kean with a predominantly Shakespearean repertory. Although prices were raised houses were crowded; Victoria's social aristocracy turned out *en masse*, and there was intense

competition for the private boxes. The Governors of the colonies of British Columbia and Vancouver Island attended together, and the whole visit excited society as much as the critics. Kean himself reported that the theatre had "plenty of drafts", but that the receipts were over \$1,000 a night — "the people here are inclined to pay us all sorts of honours". Ellen Kean called their stay "a very great engagement".

A testimony of the pioneer's craving for dramatic entertainment was the opening of a theatre in New Westminster when that town was barely a few months old and had a population of only several hundred. New Westminster was to become important as the short-lived capital of British Columbia and the head of Fraser River navigation during the gold rush. The Pioneer Saloon was converted into what was described as a "snug theatre" in December, 1860, and professional troupes paid it occasional visits. More popular than the professionals were the Royal Engineers, who performed for three years at their own camp theatre outside the town. Their departure for England in 1863 was regarded as a sad theatrical loss. In 1861, the Pioneer Theatre was converted into a billiard saloon. Visiting actors played at the Columbia until 1866, and at the Metropolitan after that. The repertory was much the same as Victoria's, though with less Shakespeare. One interesting visit was that of Tom Lafont, "the Champion Whistler of the World and Negro Delineator . . . the *ne plus ultra* in his whistling and imitations of Birds, Beasts, Frogs, Reptiles, Dogs, Pigs, & c." Lafont also produced Happy Jim, the "Automation Negro Dwarf who will dance over one thousand steps". With the end of the gold rush, professional performances in New Westminster became infrequent, and entertainment remained in the hands of the amateur Dramatic Club, founded in 1866. As the *British Columbian* stated, New Westminster was "at present too small to encourage the continued presence of any professional caterers for the public", particularly in a period of economic decline.

A community much closer to the frontier in spirit and character than either Victoria or New Westminster was Barkerville, the centre of the great Cariboo gold rush. A boom town in 1863 with a popula-

tion of about 5,000, Barkerville was very like the rough and ready mining towns of California, Nevada, Wyoming, and Colorado (except in its respect for the law). A Cariboo Amateur Dramatic Society was formed in 1865, which performed in a saloon until the first Theatre Royal opened in May, 1868. It was a small wooden building seating 250, with a simple stage and rows of benches in the auditorium. The scenery consisted of two wings and a backcloth; there was a drop curtain, and the theatre was lit by oil lamps.

In September, 1868, the fire that burned Barkerville to the ground destroyed the theatre, which, with its properties, was valued at \$1,000. The amateurs were given a plot of land and assistance from merchants and builders, and a contract for a new sixty by thirty-foot theatre was let. In their zeal to protect Barkerville from another fire, the residents started the Williams Creek Fire Brigade, which shared the theatre with the amateurs — a most unusual combination in theatrical history. The firemen's equipment was kept on the ground floor and the theatre was on the floor above. Later, freshets running down the street silted up the first floor, and the building had to be lowered a storey and raised on posts. The equipment was then kept in the lobby. The new theatre had a small gallery; otherwise it was much the same size as the old one. A full house at standard prices of \$1.00 and \$1.50 brought approximately \$400.

This "handsome and imposing structure", which, in the words of the *Cariboo Sentinel*, was "quite an ornament to the town", opened in January, 1869, with *Still Waters Run Deep*. Professional troupes found the journey to Barkerville long (five hundred miles by river and road from New Westminster) and unrewarding. A magician and two minstrel shows were the only professionals to come, and the theatre depended on the amateurs, who began by acting every fortnight. Their repertory consisted of light comedy and farce, and there was neither Shakespeare, nor romantic drama of the Bulwer-Lytton school, nor even melodrama. The acting competence of the amateurs was certainly not up to classical or serious drama; moreover the tiny Theatre Royal was physically very limited for the production of the

sensational scenes of melodrama, there being neither room nor money for elaborate scenic effects. (In 1871, for example, the *Sentinel* seemed proud of the fact that for a representation of the Battle of Bull Run there were "twenty people on the stage".) No doubt the population of Barkerville, lacking any tinge of Victoria's sort of culture and social aristocracy, was quite content with pure "entertainment".

From the first the amateurs had to contend with financial difficulties, though a lesser hazard was the weather. Frequently the *Sentinel* reported poor attendance because of snow and cold. On January 15, 1870, two farces, *Mrs. Harris* and *The Turkish Bath*, were given to "a semi-frozen audience of a few dozen souls". Petrified with cold after *The Turkish Bath*, the audience huddled around the large stove, "so giving *Mrs Harris* a better chance". Another farce, *Five Pounds Reward*, was well attended, although the cold "rendered the seats near the door especially rather unpleasant". The performance of December 23, 1871, was cancelled because of the cold. The *Sentinel*, reporting a temperature of -33°, commented that "when the thermometer gets in the neighbourhood of 40 below it has a tendency to chill the energy and enthusiasm of both audience and performers".

Lack of funds was the chief obstacle to the success of the C.A.D.A. Almost as soon as the second theatre was opened there were reports of poor attendance. A ball was held in the theatre to raise money; in March, 1870, a performance was given for the benefit of creditors, and in November a fund-raising campaign was launched to liquidate the theatre's debt.

Unfortunately for the amateurs, they had built their theatre at the wrong time. By 1868 the gold rush was really over, and the story of the following years was one of steady economic decline and a dwindling population. Miners left for other, more hopeful regions; merchants put up their businesses for sale and went back to Victoria or New Westminster. Several members of the C.A.D.A. also left, and the amateurs had a hard time completing a cast. No more professionals visited Barkerville after 1871; by 1873 performances were rarely given, and the theatre building fell into decay. Barkerville's theatre entirely owed its existence to gold, and died an economic death with the town.

Victoria was also affected economically by the end of the gold rush. The population stayed at about 5,000 for years, and with the large transient population of miners gone, the theatre fell upon evil days. In November, 1865, another small theatre, the New Idea, was fitted up in the cellar of a spirits shop. It opened with minstrel shows and farces, providing, the management claimed, a place "where cheap recreation could be obtained in every possible variety without descending to anything rude or low". The New Idea closed in the summer of 1867, and from then until its demolition the Theatre Royal was Victoria's only place of entertainment. Dramatic troupes came less frequently, and in November, 1871, the *Colonist* asked:

Can we expect immigrants to come to a country whose population are (in appearance at least) so poverty-stricken that there has not been a theatrical company that has visited them during the last three years who have not come to grief for want of support.

From 1871 to 1873 only one company a year visited the city, and in the long stretches between its visits there was only the occasional minstrel group or magician.

Italian opera arrived in Victoria in 1867, when the Bianchi troupe from San Francisco presented *Il Trovatore*, *Norma*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The same company came again in 1876 with a repertory of Verdi, Bellini, and Donizetti. *Carmen* was given in 1881, and Offenbach was especially popular. Victoria also saw *Pinafore* and *The Pirates of Penzance* in 1881, its first Gilbert and Sullivan.

Several theatrical events of the post-gold rush period are worth notice. In 1866, Bartholomew's Great Western Circus played on the stage of the Theatre Royal, its personnel including Major General Silas, the "Smallest Man in the World", and Miss Matild, who walked a 120-foot tightrope from the back of the stage to the door of the dress circle. In 1870 came the famous melodrama, *Under the Gas-light*. Its most sensational scene showed the daring rescue of a man bound to a railway, the onrushing train (the first on any stage) passing by a moment later. The *Colonist* described the scene glowingly:

As the train approaches the station with whistle blowing, steam escaping and lights flashing amidst intense excitement on the part of the audience, the victim is rescued from his frightful position by Lizzie Courtland. The scene is horribly real.

Of another performance, it said that "many of the spectators rose to their feet in affright, so real did the thundering train appear".

Uncle Tom's Cabin and *East Lynne* appeared regularly after 1871, the former being acted in 1878 with "Genuine Colored People" in the cast. Cora de Lamond, Queen of Magic, billed as "the only female magician in the world" appeared for a week in 1871. One of the more notable occasions in the last years of the Theatre Royal was the spectacular appearance in 1875 of Macdonald's Trained Indians. These native Coast Indians had been trained for six months by a Captain Macdonald, who displayed them with great success in many theatres. In Victoria they played to packed houses, doing complicated military drills in Zouave uniform, "the rough edges of their rude mode of life smoothed away, their wildness toned down to docility, and their brawn and muscle turned to useful account". They were greeted with "rapturous and long continued cheers". To a triumphant Macdonald, their performance finally solved "the problem of what an Indian was fit for".

On September 27, 1882, the amateur Dramatic Association presented two farces. This was the last time the Theatre Royal was used. In October, the building was demolished to make way for a newspaper office, and Victoria was without a theatre for the first time in twenty-two years.

The year 1882 marked a low point in British Columbia's theatrical development. The Cariboo gold rush was long over, and later gold rushes had been too small to create new booms. The recession of 1873 had slowed economic development. Conditions did not encourage the touring American companies, and in 1882 there was no regular theatre open in the province. However, the next few years brought great economic changes and renewed theatrical activity. The Pacific Northern Railway reached Seattle in 1884; two years later the first Canadian Pacific transcontinental train reached the coast, carry-

ing, significantly, the members of an Italian opera company. Actors could now have a choice of overland rail routes instead of having to make the long sea voyage from San Francisco. Naturally, the completion of the C.P.R. greatly stimulated the growth of the province. In the ten years after 1882, new and elaborate theatres were built in Victoria, Nanaimo, New Westminster, and Vancouver. The gold and silver boom of the 1890's in the Kootenays brought theatres to the eastern mining towns of the province, and the Klondike gold rush of 1898 started a new burst of theatrical activity. The story of the theatre in these years is really that of another period. As in the previous generation, economic and theatrical development were closely related to one another, and the early history of the far Canadian West shows that one immediately followed the other.

Review Article

Mackenzie King Through His Diaries*

by

ARTHUR LOWER

Canadian cultural development is nowhere mirrored more accurately than in the books which have appeared about our history. Compare the rather amateurish efforts of early days, such as those by Withrow or Charles G. D. Roberts, with the many excellent studies we have today. Even more emphatically, compare the blundering efforts at biography in the first generation of Confederation with the mounting number of good biographies appearing today. A generation ago the book under review would have been a phenomenon, a blinding meteor streaking across the sky; today we look at it in comparison with what other writers have done or are doing.

How, then, does it compare? In its literary qualities it is straightforward and precise without being distinguished. In this respect it stands in contrast to the formlessness and dullness of Mr. King's own prose. In its organization, it displays the same qualities; it is orderly and well-arranged and it knits together a cumbrous mass of material with skill. Except for the brief introduction, beyond those two points comparison is hardly possible. In fact it is difficult to decide whether "The Mackenzie King Record" should be regarded as biography or autobiography. Nine-tenths, or more, of its contents consist in Mr. King's own words. Mr. Pickersgill has supplied connecting phrases and at rare intervals made brief synopses or indicated the general nature of omitted material. The book, in short, is made up of copious extracts from Mr. King's diaries and of little else, and this was the express intention of its author, material of reasonably ready access elsewhere (such as speeches in Parliament) being excluded. Does this give Mr. Pickersgill the title of "author" or "editor"? I incline towards the latter. Whichever the case, the whole thing moves; the book is alive.

To be the author of a book means to create something. Creighton, Careless and McNaught have recently created their own Macdonald, Brown and Woods-worth. As time goes on, others will seek to establish other versions of these personalities. Has Mr. Pickersgill created his own version of Mackenzie King? If so, he is author, not editor. If we take the book simply as it stands, he has not done so, for he has allowed Mr. King, as I have noted, to speak almost

* THE MACKENZIE KING RECORD, Vol. 1, 1899-1944. by J. W. Pickersgill. Toronto, University of Toronto Press 1960. Pp. xvi, 728 \$11.50.

solely for himself. If, however, we try to read between the lines, or if we measure the extracts from the diaries here given with what we can find elsewhere about the total King, it may be that we discover deft shaping and retouching which, up to a point, create the Pickersgillian version of King. When he tells, for example, (p. 223) referring to the death of Mr. King's Irish terrier "Pat", that "pages and pages of his diary for the next few days, all of them handwritten, are taken up with the most minutely detailed account of Pat's last illness, his death in the early morning of July 15 and his burial", he tells us a great deal indeed about Mackenzie King (though even here most of it was already known). Moreover the diary is not reproduced in extenso: the book is a collection of extracts. Who can tell what kind of picture may be built up by a careful selection of extracts?

The only recourse the critic has in this respect is to try and see what kind of figure emerges from all these numerous pages and how that figure compares with conceptions of Mr. King available from other sources.

In my judgment Mr. Pickersgill passes such tests and passes them with honours; the picture he presents is that of the King with which most of us had already become familiar, his skill, mounting to greatness, his failings, his complexities, all clearly delineated. King paints his own portrait.

And surely that is the point. In our Canadian scene I know of no other record like it. In British affairs, I suppose Disraeli, as revealed in the seven vast volumes of Monneypenny and Buckle, comes closest. For private figures, there are Gresham, Boswell and Pepys. In this matter of private revelation, the "reticent" Englishman exceeds the Canadian as the sun the moon. Just recently, to give another example, Lloyd-George's own son has been revealing the private and lecherous life of his own father, that mighty fortress of God-fearing Welsh Non-Conformists. In contrast, the pleasant little biography of Sir Joseph Pope, recently published by his son, rigorously excludes all but the public aspects of the man. This latter is in keeping with the instincts of a genuinely reticent, as opposed to a fictionally reticent people. No wonder that Mr. King gave orders that his diaries were to be destroyed.

Despite his orders, I hope they will not be destroyed. Let the literary executors lock them up for a hundred years if they like, but let them not commit against posterity the crime of destruction. Mr. King was public property: so eventually should be his diaries. I can quite understand the dilemma of the executors. Mr. Pickersgill himself I know shares it and is inclined to think that what will remain unrevealed will have interest only to scholars with limited interests. I must admit that it is heartwarming to have a book like this from a Canadian politician and to know that, once a scholar, he retains his scholarly instincts. Nevertheless, I maintain that the diaries should not be destroyed; in time they may become one of the world's unique personal records. One does not have to argue the literary world's good luck in the

recovery in recent years of the extraordinary Boswellian record. Public men put down their private lives on paper at their peril; let them take the consequences. I plead with the literary executors to preserve the diaries.

Incidentally, in his dedication to Mr. Lapointe and Mr. St. Laurent, I wish the author had not referred to the latter as "peerless" successor to Mr. King. "Peerless" is an adjective with absolute connotations. Should we not let history weigh him a bit before we put Mr. St. Laurent into such a high category? What adjective would Mr. Pickersgill wish to apply to himself if by any chance he should become another successor?

So much for the book and its author-editor. How about the self-revealed subject, Mr. King?

Two or three big points seem to me to stand out. The first is that in the large matters, the great issues of policy, King was invariably wise and right. He had a sure compass for the war years in his determination at all costs to keep the country united and not to allow it to fall into the abyss of civil war. It is this which over the decades must bring all loyal Canadians into general agreement with his conduct of the war. Mere emotionalism would have forced conscription on the country, alienated French Canada — perhaps forever — and had as its result the barren satisfaction of the visceral urges of certain groups of English Canadians. Surely if we have learned anything from two wars it is this single point that mere emotional response and the resurrection of the dark spirits of racial and religious hatred point the road not to salvation but to ruin. For one reason or another, considerable numbers of English Canadians, when fighting comes, are swept off their feet and can only feel that they are doing their duty when they have laid their all on the altar. (Or should it be, other people's all?) This spirit of complete devotion, is admirable but in a country like this it has to be subordinated to another devotion, the devotion to Canada which necessitates compromise. It may be Canada is a mistake and should be torn to pieces and disposed of. I cannot believe so. Neither could Mr. King. Hence his wartime policies, indeed his whole career from 1921 on.

In view of his policies, did King make any serious errors? I think he did, though of course it is easy to criticize after the event. In my view the big mistake he made was in putting Ralston into the Ministry of National Defence and keeping him there. More than any other man, Ralston, with the highest of motives, came close to wrecking King's government. Mr. Pickersgill's first volume brings the story down only until the eve of the great crisis, that of 1944. Even so, enough comes out to show the almost constant peril the ministry was in because of Ralston's conviction that conscription was necessary. At his side stood another Nova Scotian, Angus Macdonald. "Angus Macdonald wanted to know why the French should object to Conscription . . ." (p. 303). I find such lack of understanding incomprehensible in a federal minister of the Crown, nevertheless there it was, the ghost haunting every Cabinet meeting.

If King had acted on Ralston's resignation two years before he did, the government would have been much more united and the country more in harmony. If Ralston had succeeded, we would have had 1917 over again in exaggerated fashion, with probably a good deal of bloodshed on Canadian soil. And Macdonald should have gone out with him. Excellent and honourable men as they were, neither of them seems to have been able to rise above colonial attitudes.

It is therefore all the more surprising to find the degree of colonialism that still lingered in King himself. We all know about "Canada at Britain's side", which attitude in itself at once put us, not in an auxiliary position but a subordinate. Many of us knew that Mr. King was overwhelmed with royalty, and perhaps felt disposed to forgive him his ensuing intoxication — that is a pretty exotic world for any simple North American to enter (but how he does lay it on!) — but what we did not know was that he apparently never overcame the feelings of inadequacy and inferiority that afflicted him when he came into the presence of Englishmen of title or of superior culture. Mr. King might be excused for feeling inadequate in the presence of Churchill, though not in his representative capacity as Prime Minister of Canada, but what about the trials that talking to Lord Riverdale, "an industrialist from Sheffield", presented to him. Riverdale headed the special mission sent out from Great Britain to negotiate the British Commonwealth Air-Training plan. Standing up to him and securing adequate recognition of Canadian conceptions of the plan proved an exhausting business to King. Other instances of the sort abound.

In the last war, as in the first, we had everything to give and nothing to ask. It is therefore all the more difficult to understand why King felt it so hard to stand up for what he deemed Canadian interests. Surely the only explanation is that he proceeded from a base of colonial subordination: he had got some distance beyond the position of "their's not to reason why", which may have marked some of his colleagues and many of the opposition, but he had, I would think, not risen to the full stature of independence; this despite the fact that he had been one of the major factors in bringing that about. He saw the future clearly but the past tugged at him desperately. Hence his irritating delaying actions over what the British probably thought were minor points, his prickly sensitivity to status.

This sense of inferiority, of inadequacy, which is one of the other big points I referred to above, comes out in his nervousness about his public speaking. Mr. Pickersgill in his Introduction gives some illustration of how his speeches were prepared, the endless revisions, the feeling that they were never right. The book itself has innumerable further examples of the same sort. He seems surprised at himself when he makes a good speech, especially one without notes. One can understand why King was not a very good House of Commons man. This pronounced sense of inferiority in a man who had

had many advantages throughout his life and whose experience was far greater than that of all but a very few among those he encountered is a riddle, one more of the innumerable paradoxes about the most complex of Canadian prime ministers.

Another point is the testimony to the man's egotism which his own words provide and to his vindictiveness towards his rivals. On every other page he puts down a tribute which someone has paid to him. And at frequent intervals we hear him thanking his Calvinist God for having laid his enemies under his feet: "Thou has given me the necks of mine enemies (e.g. Bennett, Meighen and such like) that I might destroy them that hate me"! Such traits in a public man, however, are probably not of major significance for what politician does not become an egotist and a chosen vessel? Magnanimity is rare and Mr. King did not possess it.

In addition to depicting King the personality, the book casts light on what hitherto have been dark places in the Canadian scene — discussions in Cabinet and in caucus. Both bodies, it is evident, King kept in line by constant threats of resignation. In caucus he apparently talked much more plainly than in public. In the Cabinet he does not seem to have been a dictator but to have allowed discussion to go on freely. That does not mean that he was a mere chairman — he had his own ways of gaining assent to his point of view.

One wonders how good a judge of men he was, or how far he could penetrate beneath their surfaces. He seems to have thought highly of Thomas Crerar but after his death Crerar revealed deep-seated dislike and animosity. There are other instances. His skill in this direction lay in his ability to put things the way the man he wanted to influence saw them, first of all by agreeing with his point of view and then laying it about with careful delicate limitations.

To discuss this book in full would require many pages for it explores all major aspects of Canadian public life during the momentous years it covers. Nor is it possible to comment on all the facets of Mr. King's personality it lights up, notably the religious side of his nature. Suffice it to say here that King was a Victorian soaked, as men of his period were, in Christian fervency and that this provides a principle key to the contradictions of his character.

To close by coming back to the structure of the book: how, in his second volume, is the author to maintain interest throughout the next six years, to the death of his subject in 1950? He will begin with two great battle pieces — the invasion of Europe and the last conscription crisis. Here interest will be at a great height. After that there is danger of anti-climax, especially as King's desire, despite assertions to the contrary, to hang on in office, already manifest in this volume, becomes more prominent. And one more point: the frontispiece portrait by Karsh (which I had never seen before) is in itself a psychological analysis; it reveals a King of whom few people were aware — keen, penetrating, determined, even quizzical. The last word about this extraordinary human has not yet been said.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Canadian History

CANADA: A MODERN HISTORY. By J. Bartlet Brebner, Ann Arbor; University of Michigan Press. Toronto: Ambassador Books Ltd. 1960. Pp. xvii + 553. \$10.00.

Canada is the last of many works of the distinguished Canadian-American scholar, J. B. Brebner. It has been completed by Professor D. C. Masters in a chapter covering events since 1950. There is a fantastic wealth and variety of material in this, the newest, longest and most ambitious one volume history of Canada yet written. The reader learns that in 1850 the Maritime colonies stood fourth in the register of the world's shipping, that about the same time whiskey retained in Upper Canada at ten cents a quart, that Georges Etienne Cartier was named after George III, that the Hudson's Bay ship *Beaver* was the first steamship on the Pacific, that up to 1939 Canadian aircraft carried the largest recorded tonnage in the world, that John A. Macdonald used to attend Methodist revival meetings "singing heartily", that Chief Factors in the Hudson's Bay Company out in the wilds dressed every day in black frock coat and velvet stock, adding (when travelling) a cloak of Royal Stuart tartan, and that at Sir George Simpson's dinner commemorating the merger of the Bay Company with its younger rival, "men who had actually tried to kill each other sat face to face".

So much for the acknowledged drabness of Canadian history. These illuminating details are a mere aside to the author's development of the statement in his foreword that "the most striking thing about Canada is that it is not part of the United States", and one of his concluding comments, "Canadians have had wariness ground into them for three hundred and fifty years". The reader is shown the slow and tortuous development of the triangular relationship with Britain and the United States from the day when William Knox remarked that "it was better to have no colonies at all, than not to have them

subservient to the maritime strength and commercial interest of Great Britain", to the report by Hamilton Fish a century later that "Great Britain is quite willing to part with Canada when the latter requests it, but will not cede it, in any negotiations, as a satisfaction for any claim" through the next half century to the Commonwealth "freely associated" but "in no way subordinate".

Canadian wariness indeed was essential to such a culmination but how did the little clumps of British North Americans conceive (without benefit of revolution) that they might become and remain Canadians? This question is not answered. No previous writer has brought together such a wealth of material on every part of the country which was to be Canada, none has given a more careful and sympathetic, but frank account of the Canadien-Canadian problem, none has been so meticulous in showing every aspect of life, economic, social and sociological, cultural and political. With all this analysis, the synthesis is sometimes lacking. Moreover the reader must regret that one who can relate Canadian political history with such clarity and brilliance should deny himself so often. With no disrespect to economics, when there is so much to tell was it necessary to say that "in succession from June 1 to late November, Spring, Sockeye, Cohoe, Pink and Chum were caught [in British Columbia]"? This reviewer would be prepared to settle for salmon.

Finally it is curious to observe that a book written primarily for consumption outside Canada can probably be read only with full enjoyment and profit by those with at least some grounding in Canadian history, that is by Canadians. For them it is warmly recommended as a source of pleasure and enlightenment. They may also derive some harmless amusement from the ridiculous map on p. 130.

HILDA NEATBY

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CANADIANA. FIRST SUPPLEMENT. BEING ITEMS IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF TORONTO, CANADA, RELATING TO THE EARLY HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT OF CANADA. Edited by Gertrude M. Boyle assisted by Marjorie Colbeck with an introduction by Henry C. Campbell. Toronto: The Public Library. 1959. Pp. 336. \$7.50.

The original bibliography of which this is the first supplement was published in 1934 by the Toronto Public Library to mark the library's fiftieth anniversary and the centenary of the incorporation of the City of Toronto. Edited by Frances M. Staton and Marie Tremaine, it was a landmark in Canadian bibliography for the period 1534 to 1867 and established a standard of accuracy in bibliographic description unequalled by any previously published bibliographies of Canadians. It has long served as an authority for cataloguers, antiquarian book dealers, collectors and scholars.

After a lapse of twenty-five years, a first supplement has been issued, adding 1,639 entries to the original 4,646. Items relating to Newfoundland are now for the first time included, in addition to many volumes of occasional verse, school readers and sermons which had to be omitted from the original volume through lack of space. Manuscripts, maps, prints, magazines, newspapers and transactions of societies are, for the most part, excluded. It is a striking testimony to the accuracy of the original publication that only twelve items have required minor revision in an addendum to the supplement.

During the past quarter century collections of Canadians have grown and multiplied in Canada, the United States, and abroad. As Mr. H. C. Campbell, the Chief Librarian of the Toronto Public Library, points out in his Introduction, Toronto now no longer has the commanding lead in early Canadian holdings which once made its position unique. Nevertheless it will be some years hence before any other single collection can seriously challenge Toronto's supremacy, especially in Upper Canadian imprints. In making further accessions, the Library Board's policy is wisely to concentrate on York, Toronto, Upper Canada and Canada West.

The Toronto Public Library's *Bibliography of Canadiana* with its new *Supplement* will long remain an invaluable bibliographic tool for scholarly work in all phases of Canada's history to Confederation.

H. P. GUNDY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

The McGill Story

McGILL—THE STORY OF A UNIVERSITY. Editor Hugh MacLennan. Illustrated by John Gilroy. London: George Allen and Unwin Ltd. 1960. Pp. 135. 27/6.

The editor begins with a journalistic generalization: "Montrealers and McGill men seldom talk publicly about the things they consider important". This, he concludes, may be why relatively little has been written about McGill University.

This need is partially met by this beautifully produced book of six chapters—an introduction and the origins of McGill by Hugh MacLennan; the Principalships of Sir William Dawson (1855-93) and Sir William Peterson (1895-1919), by Edgar Collard; McGill between the wars, by David Thomson; Link with the future, by Cyril James.

There are two photographic illustrations but it is the beautiful sketches of John Gilroy that make the book—17 of great men of McGill and 23 of buildings and places, all of which catch and hold the eye and awaken the memories of graduates of bygone years.

Inevitably a brief survey will reveal what seem to be glaring omissions in the eyes of old graduates of this or that vintage. The present reviewer looks in vain for the names of Dean Bovey who made the Faculty of Applied Science the mecca it became early in this century for trans-Atlantic students, of John Macnaughton who left his stamp on the Arts Faculty and on the minds and characters of his students, and of Henry Marshall Tory, surely by his service to this country, one of McGill's most remarkable graduates; he it was to whom Principal Peterson entrusted the great experiment of starting university work in British Columbia;

he was the founder of the University of Alberta, the Khaki University of Canada and Carleton University; he was the dynamo behind the National Research Council.

Too brief are the references to Auckland Campbell Geddes and Frank Dawson Adams, this latter Vice-Principal Emeritus, distinguished as a scientist and notable as an historian of science. No reference is made to the establishment of Theological Colleges on the precincts of the University, welcomed into affiliation by Principal Dawson. An error of date occurs on p. 91 where 1894 should read 1898. On p. 8 one reads with surprise the words 'most unique'.

This book is an inspiring record of a great University, concluding with the words of Principal James that "McGill University is still the product of all her yesterdays."

A. VIBERT DOUGLAS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Franklin and Parry in the 1820's in order to inflate the bungling John Ross into a figure of first-class proportions, and in a phrase worthy of a Soviet diplomat charges Parry with "machinations" for exposing Ross's monstrous blunder in Lancaster Sound. In an offhand sentence he equates Parry, the colossus, with Cook, the charlatan. He believes in the Norsemen in Minnesota, believes in Crozier's mythical wanderings in the tundra, and is inclined to magnify Dr. Bessel's courtesy to Captain C. F. Hall into a full-sized dram of arsenic.

A series of extracts that is really good and furnished with excellent maps is spoilt by this wanton caprice and reckless irresponsibility. Mr. Mowat is a gifted and pleasing writer, but one cannot render his source of inspiration the tribute which Goldsmith paid to the Muse of Johnson.

L. H. NEATBY

ACADIA UNIVERSITY

The Arctic

ORDEAL BY ICE. Selected and Edited by Farley Mowat. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited. 1960. Pp. 364. \$6.00.

This anthology of arctic journals from Frobisher to C. F. Hall differs from similar compilations in the editorial comment which is unusually copious and grossly inaccurate. The editor seems to think that glibness and self-assurance are substitutes for exact knowledge, and the result is injurious to both the dead and the living. The "Grand Old Man" of the Canadian Arctic is stripped of all his honours. Superintendent Larsen, RCMP, was the first man to sail through the North West Passage in a single season and the first to do so by the northern arm. The editor credits both exploits to the icebreaker *Labrador*. Larsen took the first ship across Viscount Melville Sound. Mr. Mowat expropriates this honour also and for variety's sake confers it on Bernier of the *Arctic*. This last error is due to the editor's inability to differentiate between travel by ship and travel by sledge. He belittles the massive achievements of

The New Canadian Library

SUNSHINE SKETCHES OF A LITTLE TOWN. By Stephen Leacock. Preface by Malcolm Ross. Toronto: Pp. 153. \$1.

THIRTY ACRES. By Ringuet. Introduction by Albert LeGrand. Pp. 249. \$1.25.

THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY. By Ralph Connor. Introduction by S. Ross Beharriell. Pp. 287. \$1.25.

MORE JOY IN HEAVEN. By Morley Callaghan. Introduction by Hugo McPherson. Pp. 159. \$1.

EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN. By Gwethalyn Graham. Introduction by Eli Mandel. Pp. 254. \$1. All McClelland & Stewart, Ltd. Toronto, 1960.

Of the five most recent additions to McClelland & Stewart's admirably produced and edited New Canadian Library, *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* seems most likely to achieve the status of classic. Already it has been kept alive for half a century, not by the "enthusiastic few" but the much-maligned Ordinary Reader. Its popularity

the ordering and crystallization of those dim nostalgic remembrances of things past which make up the Mariposa every man carries in his heart.

Ringuet's *Thirty Acres* is an awkwardly constructed novel. The situations created to precipitate crises too often seem accidental and artificial, and the resolution is pathetic rather than tragic. But the book richly deserves inclusion in this series as a documentary, fashioned with love and understanding, of a way of life which is rapidly passing.

The Man From Glengarry stands up surprisingly well to re-reading. The Highland character is splendidly realized in an appropriately wild and sombre setting. It is a pity, though, that the hero emerges from the Glengarry forests to storm Monteal. Exploits which have a truly epic quality when projected against a primitive background of dark passions and age-old loyalties degenerate into the merely absurd in a more sophisticated environment. But the first half of the novel is regional writing at its best and more than compensates for the banality of the concluding chapters.

The sense of urgency which impelled Morley Callaghan to write *More Joy in Heaven* is no doubt responsible for the tremendous pace and the dramatic intensity of the narrative, but it may also be responsible for some skimping of characterization. The hero-saint, Kip Cayley, is so sketchily drawn that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion—hardly the one the author intended—that he is impelled to his doom not by society's callous stupidity but a psychopathic craving for excitement and violence. But *More Joy in Heaven* is a first-rate thriller—and as such, a comparative rarity in Canadian fiction.

Earth and High Heaven deals, on one level, with the grievous and enduring problem of anti-Semitism. It seems unlikely, though, that the survival of the novel is dependent on the survival of the problem. For on another level *Earth and High Heaven* is the simple, familiar story of young love struggling to realize itself in the face of bitter irrational opposition. It is a story beautifully told; and in Erica Drake Miss Graham has surely created the most

attractive—and, despite her at times almost terrifyingly acute intelligence—most lovable heroine in our literature.

EDWARD McCOURT

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

AT THE TIDE'S TURN AND OTHER STORIES, Thomas H. Raddall; *ARCADIAN ADVENTURES WITH THE IDLE RICH*, Stephen Leacock; *HABITANT POEMS*, W. H. Drummond; *POETS OF THE CONFEDERATION*, edited by Malcolm Ross. All items in *The New Canadian Library*, Toronto. McClelland and Stewart. \$1 each.

The New Canadian Library continues to grow and, on the whole, in a most satisfying way. It is good to see books which would otherwise be unknown to anyone but specialists in Canadian literature available in cheap and convenient format to a mass audience. It is also gratifying to know that the continuance of the series must—publishers being what they are, businessmen rather than sugar-daddies—result from a fairly substantial public response.

The four items before me are of unequal value. Much the best of them, in my opinion, is Malcolm Ross's anthology of the poems of Roberts, Carman, Lampman, and Scott. Its merit lies not so much in the selections, which are sound rather than exciting, but in the introduction. I have never read a better piece of writing by Malcolm Ross; it has all his usual energy and enthusiasm without the turgidity into which he sometimes lapses. If all the introductions were of this calibre, they alone would be worth the purchaser's dollar.

Ralph Curry's introduction to Leacock's *Arcadian Adventures* is most disappointing in comparison. For all Professor Curry's years of devoted research he seems not to have a single new idea or fact to show. It is Leacock that saves the item: for this is Leacock almost at his best, without the winey tang of *Sunshine Sketches*, perhaps, but also without the tiresome horseplay of *Nonsense Novels*, *Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy* etc. This particular item in

the Leacock canon deserves to be much more widely known, and let us hope that this edition will turn the trick.

Raddall's short stories, I am afraid, and Professor Bevan's introduction to them, leave me quite cold. I can see that Raddall knows his Maritime history and that he writes leanly and cleanly—but I can't read him. Why, I keep asking myself, would anyone turn his back on the contemporary life of Nova Scotia to write of these fancy-dress personages? My interest spouted when one of the stories seemed to be going to be about an army veteran in the nineteen-thirties—but flickered out when this proved to be merely an introduction to another historical excursus. Mere prejudice against historical fiction? Precisely!

Arthur Phelps's chatty, engaging folksy introduction to Drummond's *Habitant Poems* makes me feel both a snob and a cad for not liking them—but I must honestly say that I don't. Perhaps they are as honest and genuine and heartfelt as Phelps says they are—but to me they have all the false *bonhomie*, the fake sentiment, and treacly pathos of the American local colour school to which, surely, they belong. It's James Whitcomb Riley with a French instead of a Hoosier accent.

DESMOND PACEY

UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

Canadian Fiction

LA BAGARRE. By Gérard Bessette, Montreal: *Le Cercle du Livre de France*. 1958. Pp. 231. \$2.50.

LE LIBRAIRE. By Gérard Bessette. Paris: René Julliard. 1960. New York, Montreal: *Le Cercle du Livre de France*. Pp. 179. \$2.65.

Until recently French Canadian literature had been rather conservative. The principal themes in prose as in poetry were patriotic, religious or they exalted the beauty of family life and nature. Little by little a social criticism filtered in, accompanied by self-assertion and antitraditionalism. A man like Gérard Bessette makes a distinct effort towards liberation but faces two high and

difficult obstacles: style and sexual problems, both far from resolved in his books. On the one hand he aims at the freedom displayed by the authors in France, on the other one feels a certain reticence in his audacities, thus the problems presented are only sketched, not explored. What sets him aside, as a curious literary specimen, is his cynical point of view and his acute sense of criticism.

La Bagarre is a work concentrated on the aspirations and struggles of a small group of young University French Canadians desiring to improve the literary standard of their nation, set against a background of sordid practices, drinking, clumsy family relationship, youthful brawls, and highly eclectic conversations. Into this theme the author has embroidered another social pattern, the everyday struggle of grumbling but relatively happy streetcar cleaners. To top it all, Bessette brings in a foreign onlooker, a young American student desirous of writing a sociological thesis on the French Canadians. All three classes fail: the students waste their breath in futile discussions, loaf in night clubs, miss their lectures. In the other social strata one of the workers is snubbed by his fellows when he steps up and the lower class, striving for the next generation's right to higher education, away from the grip of the church, also misses its objective. Even the young American, frustrated in his searching, decides to go home. The novel's explanatory criticism of the milieu of Montreal is difficult to reconcile with the function of a work of fiction. Bessette's observations of French Canadian problems would be more effective were they not marred by the inartistic use of crude and vulgar language and Canadianisms. The issues are often confused, the too-numerous problems only slightly outlined. Bessette has tried to give a psychological interpretation of the milieux, to search for arguments as to the significance of a Canadian culture. He points out difficulties, handicaps and sordid realities that leave us without a significant solution. There is a great deal of raw material not yet sorted out and the result is a painful one.

Le Libraire is a short, pointed satire attacking bigotry, conformity, intolerance in the small town of Saint-Joachim. The events

are related by the protagonist in his diary. The hero is a dull, lazy, and drifting character. He becomes a clerk in a bookstore where he does as little work as possible and spends his evenings drinking in the local beer parlour. His life is a discouraging routine except for a brief love affair with his landlady and the revelation to him by his employer of a certain hidden reserve of forbidden books to be sold to a few trusted persons at high price. The hero, putting a book of Voltaire in the hands of a young student, arouses the wrath of the Church. Here the author reaches a solution, even if a dishonest one. The books will be sold in Montreal but the hero disappears without scruples with the money.

A certain tone of dullness prevails in the book which lacks sympathy and conviction. The protagonist is too unpleasant to carry weight and thus the qualities of Bessette as a critic do him a disservice as a novelist once more. The two elements are not harmoniously blended. For a Frenchman the way things are said counts almost as much as what is said and the author here fails to fulfill this expectation.

LAURE RIESE

VICTORIA COLLEGE,
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

SHORT OF THE GLORY. By E. M. Granger Bennett. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1960. Pp. 333. \$4.95.

GENERATION PASSETH . . . GENERATION COMETH. By Bere Joseph Ginsburg. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1960. Pp. 215. \$4.50.

Mrs. Bennett's third Canadian historical novel is set in New France in the years of King William's War. Abigail Davis, the daughter of a New Hampshire minister, is abducted with her younger sister by a band of Indians on its way to the trade fair at Montreal, and spends the war as a prisoner in New France. Her English, Puritan prejudices against the French are gradually modified as the years pass; she is attracted by a baron from old France, then falls in love with and marries Julien Damours, the

son of a Canadian seigneur. He is killed on the Illinois a year later, and at the end of the war Abigail returns with their child to New England, her father, and his religion, which she had renounced in order to marry Julien.

There are some chapters in this book in which, though the historical outline is reliable, we have no vivid sense of the characters or of their situation. However, this comment does not apply to the whole of the novel. We feel, for example, the desolation of the Montreal merchant Le Ber, deprived by religion and war of those he loves. The cost of war to New France is illustrated by Mrs. Bennett in a way that it could not be by an historian, and so also are some other aspects of history, such as the restlessness of the *coureurs de bois*.

Mr. Ginsburg's novel is the story, beginning in 1875 and ending about 1910, of three generations of a Jewish family, wealthy merchants and leading citizens of Brinsk, a Russian town. It has the interest of a genre-piece, though it has a wider appeal as well, and it is better written than that term might imply. One knows Brinsk from this novel, or at least the Grossman's home and store and the Jewish community there.

The novel begins as Reb Boruch Grossman realizes that he will have to submit to his own illness and to the desire of his son, Chaim, to remodel the family store. Some thirty years later Chaim will submit with similar reluctance to a similar request from his son, Motl. In the interval the familiar life of the provincial Jewish bourgeois has gone on, though it has been threatened for the Grossmans by an unsuccessful rebellion against it by Motl, and for the community by socialism, the Russo-Japanese war, and the subsequent pogroms. Mercifully, the novel ends before the second decade of the century. Motl's satisfaction, after a flirtation with socialism, with the benevolent capitalism which he practices as manager of the store, concludes the book, and is the least convincing thing in it.

J. K. JOHNSTONE

UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

Penfield's Hippocrates

THE TORCH. By Wilder Penfield. Toronto: Little, Brown & Company (Canada) Limited. 1960. Pp. 370. \$5.00.

I handed this book, a story of Hippocrates, to a high school teacher of English, and said, "Can a surgeon write an historical novel?" He read for an hour, then said, "It is a good story, he writes well." I came upon the mother-of-four-all-under-five washing dishes in her kitchen, with the book propped open on the sink. She apologized. "I hope that Dr. Penfield will not mind, I have splashed some of the pages, but it is very interesting, and I have so little time to read."

Penfield used to tell us of asking why Lord Hankey was so successful as Chairman of the Scientific and Advisory Committee of the British Government, despite his burden of other duties; the answer was "He did his homework". Penfield does his homework. For parts of six years, he read in libraries, travelled with his wife in Greece and Turkey, and consulted original documents which he borrowed from scholars, before he was prepared to complete his book. The result is an intimate story of the early life of the Greek scholar and physician in whose writings are found the "first clear statement of the scientific method", as well as the material which "served the world for more than two thousand years as a text-book of medicine". Geographic, domestic, political and professional details are given accurately; there is a vivid picture of life in the Isles of Greece in the fifth century before Christ. And throughout the book there is evidence of the reverence the author has for the mind and personality of the hero of *The Torch*.

Hippocrates is introduced as a young physician, home from Macedonia to take up the practice of his father, and to teach the younger asclepiads. His known contemporaries are recorded, along with their disputes and their gradual recognition of his superiority. His experience with patients is recited. In words attributed to him by the author, an observant surgeon, he clearly and succinctly diagnoses hysteria, epilepsy, cancer of the vertebrae, extruded intervertebral disc, fracture of the thigh, pneumonia, and child-bed fever.

While Penfield had documentary evidence of the ancestry and professional experiences of Hippocrates, he had to invent a sweetheart, friends and incidents to make a story. The Oath of Hippocrates is well-known; less well remembered is the false charge that he burned the library of a colleague. The principal aim of *The Torch* — apart from the tribute to the great physician — is to tell how the oath came to be written, and how the library was burned by an enemy; an act which, by coincidence, led to Hippocrates' happy marriage. The product is an exciting tale.

A short time ago, I asked the mother-of-four-all-under-five if she had finished *The Torch*. "Yes," she said, "I enjoyed it, but Hippocrates was a wishy-washy person." Has Penfield failed to convince the average reader that Hippocrates had the quality of greatness? Has he merely praised a saint? Has he succeeded as a scholar and failed as a novelist? The skilled novelist so describes his characters that the reader becomes acquainted with them, knows them as persons, admires or detests them. Penfield is learning to be a novelist.

The scientist communicates in his own language to persons attuned to his science. No paragraph in *The Torch* stirs me as much as does one from Penfield's *Speech and Brain Mechanism*. He has demonstrated that excitement of the temporal area of the cerebral cortex provokes, in the conscious patient, active recollection of past events. ". . . when electrical stimulation recalls the past, the patient has what some of them call a 'flash-back'. He seems to relive some period of time and is aware of those things of which he was conscious in that previous period. It is as though the stream of consciousness were flowing again as it did in the past. Heraclitus said 'We never descend twice into the same stream'. But the patient seems to do it. The stream is partially the same, but he is aware of something more. He has a double consciousness. He enters the stream of the past and it is the same as it was in the past but when he looks at the banks of the stream he is aware of the present as well."

The great physician speaks through his skill, his example, and his personality. The impact of *The Torch* on its readers can never equal that of Penfield on a graduating class at Queen's, when he commenced,

"An hour ago, the talk and laughter of students in the spring sunshine sounded across the lawns and echoed back triumphantly upon the walls of this University, your Alma Mater, and mine . . .".

No written words can equal an act of compassion. I stood by the bed of an adolescent girl, in a group of physicians discussing neurological disease and methods of diagnosis. The long words and gestures disturbed the patient. Suddenly, Penfield interrupted the discussion, knelt by the frightened child, took her hand and said, "Mary, we are not talking about you."

Penfield has lived as did Hippocrates — athlete, philosopher, scientist, surgeon, teacher; his scientific writings have illuminated contemporary medical science. One is not surprised that he should prepare with such care the story of his hero; those who know and admire him see a reflection of Hippocrates in his own life.

G. H. ETTINGER

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Types of Canadian Journalism

ADVENTURES OF A COLUMNIST. By Pierre Berton. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, Ltd. 1960. Pp. 211. \$5.00.

MICE IN THE BEER. By Norman Ward. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Company, 1960. Pp. xii + 206. \$4.50.

A VOICE FROM THE ATTIC. By Robertson Davies. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, Ltd. 1960. Pp. 360. \$5.00.

The only excuse for considering these three books together is the fact that each is the work of a practising Canadian journalist. They deal with a variety of subjects, from advertising frauds in Toronto and alcohol in Canadian politics to more profound problems such as the philosophical differences between the comic and tragic modes of literature. They are books of very different tones and purposes; taken together, however, they give a pretty fair picture of contemporary Canadian journalism.

Pierre Berton's *Adventures of a Columnist* is the most ephemeral of the three; but only because anyone who reprints his daily newspaper columns automatically leaves himself open to such a charge. By their very nature, many of his selections are of purely temporary interest. In a few years, no one will care much about dancing school frauds, Vancouver's feud with Toronto, or Berton's view of Russian telephones. There may be some justification for reprinting such items, however, since they make Berton's day-to-day observations available to a much wider audience than his newspaper publication provides. And when Berton becomes really aroused, the result can be quite surprising. His piece on socialized medicine, for example, achieves a devastating satirical effect. At his best, Berton can be a real satirist.

There is nothing as profound as satire in Norman Ward's *Mice in the Beer*. But in fairness one should add that the author never aims at anything more than mild fun, and that he is quite often amusing. There are severe limits to his areas of amusement — limits which become far too evident when several dozen of his sketches are assembled in book form. Much of his humour derives from the plight of the university professor in a non-intellectual society. At its worst, this produces the obvious situation of the professor trying to justify his eight-hour week to a union labourer. At its best, it finds true fun when the professor's children have a real problem in finding suitable educational illustrations in the *Atlantic Monthly* and scholarly periodicals. The professorial hand is heaviest, however, in the pedantic search for fun in Canadian history (which is not always rewarding), and in the self-conscious and self-deprecating tone of the whole book. Ward is at his best when he deals with childhood (as in "The Donkless Hero"). But this kind of fun is better in smaller doses.

Of the three books, Robertson Davies' *A Voice From the Attic* is by far the most impressive. For this is Davies at his discursive best. His subject is reading; and he is talking here to a presumably large audience — the intellectual and perceptive minority of the reading public who read for pleasure but not to kill time. For them he ranges over a multitude of books, distilling his vast

but discriminating experiences in such widely varied fields as seventeenth century joke-books, obscure Victorian novels and contemporary sex-manuals. His approach is that of the highly literate, if aggressively unacademic, intellectual. His style is, as ever, in keeping with his purpose and suited to his audience. Only the highly articulate and most precise scholar could call Davies to task. In general, he succeeds in this address to the above-average reader. Such success is probably a first in Canadian letters.

S. ROSS BEHARRELL

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

MACLEAN'S CANADA. Edited by L. F. Hannon. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, Ltd. 1960. Pp. 248. \$8.50.

Now you can throw away those piles of old Maclean's magazines, or give them to Frontier College. This book contains a generous selection of articles and pictures from Canada's best magazine. Beautiful photographs from the last century, not such beautiful photographs from this century and a nice selection of Canadian paintings fill the six picture sections of the book. Forty-eight of Maclean's long articles make up the rest of the book.

What a lot of things have happened in Canada and how many different kinds of people there are! There are famous Canadians in this book like Dr. Locke who invented arch-support shoes and conducted a "miracle" clinic, lawyer Millar who invented the stork derby and Billy Bishop the Canadian First World War air ace. Canadian writers are represented by Stephen Leacock, Morley Callaghan, Gabrielle Roy and Roger Lemelin. There are excellent historical articles; Pierre Berton tells about the Klondike Gold Rush; The Firing Squad is a most significant, well-written article about Canadians in war-time Italy. There is social history also — the terribly brutal persecution of the Newfoundland Indians, the unsuccessful attempt to build a Canadian designed car and the story of Canada's wholly honourable founder of socialism.

Magazines delight in persecuting newspapers. The story of the torture of Marilyn Bell is clearly told; no adult swimmer could have been bullied as she was. Cynical newspaper exploitation of her great swim is described, and Hindmarsh of the Star receives acid treatment in another article. There are one or two essays on science and some good social commentary. Nineteenth century Niagara Falls was in the hands of thugs for a while. Robert Thomas Allen's work is represented by one of his wonderful total-recall articles about his childhood. There are sports and adventure stories too: Percy Williams, the Olympic runner, a mountain climbing disaster in British Columbia and the story of four people who walked across Canada.

Obviously all the good articles from Maclean's cannot be included in one book. The above list may indicate whether your favourites have been included. There are, of course, no articles dealing adequately with academic or business life in Canada. But if it does not represent all of Canada it is still a wonderful book for any Canadian to own. It should be very helpful also to recent immigrants who want to understand Canada and have no old piles of Maclean's magazine.

D. Q. INNIS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

A Canadian Collector

COLLECTORS' LUCK. By F. St. George Spendlove. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1960. Pp. 208. \$15.00.

Collectors' Luck is a book that is both handsome in appearance and well illustrated, which is to be expected considering its cost. This study by a highly respected authority is meant to be read in terms of the author's exciting life of collecting. This tends to make it somewhat uneven, reflecting as it does Mr. Spendlove's own interests, tastes and knowledge. It could almost be considered a series of essays, ranging in scope from Chinese I — Hsing ceramic wares and their impact on Staffordshire pottery, through a fine appraisal of Josiah

Wedgewood and a discourse on the history of glass making, to the Chinese style in European furniture of the 1700's. Readers will probably view these findings from the discerning mind of an expert as an essential background for an appreciation of what he has to tell us about Canadian objects of art.

In speaking of the arts of Canada, Mr. Spendlove has confined himself almost entirely to the furniture, ceramics, glass, silver and prints of Ontario and Quebec. This is not because none of the other provinces has comparable Canadiana, but rather because the author has possibly had little occasion to work with such material. What he does say about the craftsmanship and design of those Canadian arts that come under his scholarly examination will unquestionably give many collectors a new interest in this somewhat neglected field. In his highly favourable sketch of Canadian furniture of the Regency period, Mr. Spendlove feels with good reason that some of the finest examples should be reproduced commercially.

The reader would do well to give careful study to the Chapter "Hints for Collectors". This is one of the freshest and most readable sections of the whole book. Here we are given invaluable advice based on the knowledge acquired by a leading collector through his vast experience and study. What is more, the rewards of collecting are clearly stated. Not the least of these is that "collecting sharpens the faculty of observation", and is one of the best ways to acquire and retain knowledge of a particular subject. Actually, the book will be of particular value to the amateur, to the person who is considering starting a collection. Mr. Spendlove's own enthusiasm is catching and a would-be collector could hardly help being inspired to action.

Collectors' Luck is a book to be welcomed, one that can easily be enjoyed, particularly by the collectors of Canadiana. It is to be regretted that the author shares few of his personal experiences with us. Few things can be as exciting or as satisfying as the chance find, or following the trail, locating and finally possessing a long sought after piece. The limited scope of the Canadian arts mentioned is also to be regretted. This points up once more the need for regional studies to be completed and made available

so that someone of Mr. Spendlove's competence can give us a truly representative book on the objects of art of the whole of Canada.

GEORGE MACBEATH

THE NEW BRUNSWICK MUSEUM
ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

Art and Sacrament

EPOCH AND ARTIST. By David Jones. London. Faber & Faber. Toronto. British Book Service. 1959. Pp. 320. \$5.25.

We in this country still need to have the work of Mr. David Jones described, even advertised, before it can be adequately criticised or reviewed. It is rich, varied, unified, and largely unknown. There are only one or two of his water-colour drawings in Canada, and his one-man show at the Tate Gallery a few years ago did not leave the island of Britain; books with his wood cut and dry-point illustrations are seldom to be seen; only the little book in the Penguin series of Modern Painters is generally familiar to those whose interest in contemporary art goes beyond the fashionable names.

Nothing ordinarily is more ephemeral than radio, and yet I have often started a chain-lightning of recognition when I have referred to Mr. Jones as the author of *In Parenthesis*, a radio adaptation of which by the B.B.C. was broadcast here on two successive Memorial Days in the middle 50's. Many listeners (Dr. Barker Fairley for one, Rawhide for another) consider it one of the best things ever done on radio, and I keep scanning the record catalogues to see when it will take its place with *Under Milk Wood* and *Anna Livia Plurabelle*.

In Parenthesis (1937) has been — deeply, narrowly, not widely — acclaimed as one of the very few great books to come out of modern war; *The Anathemata* (1951) is an epic poem, with all that that implies in grandeur of conception and execution. There are a dozen readers of, or swearers by, Pound's *Cantos* for every one of *The Anathemata*, yet the mind at work in the

latter poem is as wide-ranging and curious as Pound's and more firmly centred on an unwobbling pivot. The author's prefaces to these two works, which (if supplemented by an admirable article by Mr. René Hague in a recent issue of *The Twentieth Century*) afford the best introduction to a reading, are included in the volume *Epoch and Artist* that I have for review.

Let me work from the outside in. The dust jacket, designed by the artist, is already an index of his mind and art. Just as the French genius moves between the poles expressed in Pascal's phrases *l'esprit de géométrie* and *l'esprit de finesse*, so David Jones, even in his lettering, is sometimes the firm Roman, sometimes the tentative Celt — or I should say always both. The frontispiece, an inscription partly in Latin, partly in English, partly in Welsh, confirms our impression that we are confronted by a rare combination of the "abstract" and the "literary" in visual art. Simply as an exercise in the lapidary the inscription has strength not disjoined from sweetness; but when deciphered, what it states is wisdom.

The book itself is in four sections. The last (we are moving from limbs to heart) consists of notes and observations on writers and artists — Bernard Berenson, Christopher Smart, Eric Gill, James Joyce. In another context they might be mistaken for ordinary honest competent reviews (rare enough being so). Balancing this relatively impersonal closing section is the opening one which establishes the author's Welshness both by autobiographical pieces and by more general considerations of the Welsh "thing" and the value of its survival. He recalls a statement of Mr. T. S. Eliot that the passing of the speech-form and "otherness" of Wales would mean a deprivation not only for Wales but for England and Europe too. I wonder if Mr. Jones's own work originally did something to occasion that thought in his publisher. And, parenthetically, I also wonder if the extraordinary blankness toward David Jones in North American circles, even Catholic ones, springs from the fact that his Celtic Christianity is Cambro-British and quite un-Irish.

In the third section a mind that has pondered on Spengler and Christopher Dawson, medieval chronicle and romance

and modern historiography, considers Early Britain and Arthurian story. The same imagination is at work here as in *The Anathemata* — one that brings all ages to the present and makes something of them. In an essay on David Jones in *Modern English Painters* Sir John Rothenstein comments on the physical presence of the artist, how fatigue or animation cause him to move back and forth in appearance from age to youth. Just as he has not ceased to be a boy or "a young soldier with his bag of salt", so he has not ceased to be a primitive or a man of the Middle Ages: of what has been given him in experience or imagination he has lost nothing.

The heart of the book is the section containing the essay on "Art and Sacrament". This the author describes as "an enquiry concerning the arts of man and the Christian commitment to Sacrament in relation to contemporary technocracy". An essay of permanent moment, it cannot be summarized, only quoted and discussed sentence by sentence. With this necessary act of evasion I close my advertisement, hoping that *Epoch and Artist* will find its way into every public and academic library and into the personal collections of many who share David Jones's concern with art, poetry, religion, and history as they come together; with that small thing, Wales, and "that which the whole orbis cannot hold".

WILLIAM BLISSETT

HURON COLLEGE,
UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

Biographical Studies

JOHNSON BEFORE BOSWELL: A STUDY OF SIR JOHN HAWKINS' LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. By Bertram H. Davis. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1960. Pp. xi + 222. \$4.50.

Sir John Hawkins was Johnson's first important biographer, beating Boswell by four years, and he was a formidable rival to Boswell because he had met Johnson two decades earlier and had spent the greater part of his life in London within reach of the Great Cham. Boswell, who was always

inclined to be jealous of people who either knew or appeared to know Johnson better than he did, opened a mud-slinging campaign against Hawkins as soon as the latter's intention to write a biography became known, and did everything he could to undermine his authority, especially in his references to him in his own *Life of Johnson*. As a result Hawkins's life went through only two editions, and has been a little hard to get one's hands on ever since the eighteenth century, most people having been willing to accept Boswell's verdict on it without reading it. In recent years, however, there has been a movement to rehabilitate Hawkins, at least on the grounds of his fidelity to fact, wherein he has sometimes been found more reliable than Boswell. Mr. Davis is by far the most thorough and most successful of his advocates, the present volume being a detailed study of all the charges made against him, most of which are dismissed with costs. Nevertheless, in spite of this belated act of justice, Hawkins's book is not likely to become popular. Rightly described by Johnson as an "unclubable" man, he lacked the personal qualities which constituted Boswell's major asset as a biographer, and his book lacks the liveliness and imaginative power that have made Boswell's a classic. Boswell may have defeated Hawkins in the first instance by unscrupulous means, but in the long run he has won by sheer literary power.

CLARENCE TRACY

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

ROBERT SOUTHEY AND HIS AGE: The Development of a Conservative Mind. By Geoffrey Carnall. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1960. Pp. viii + 233. \$4.50.

ROBERT SOUTHEY: JOURNALS OF A RESIDENCE IN PORTUGAL 1800-1801 AND A VISIT TO FRANCE 1838. Supplemented by Extracts from his Correspondence. Edited by Adolfo Cabral. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1960. Pp. ix + 285. \$6.75.

Mr. Carnall's book does much to fill the gaps in Professor Jack Simmons' biography of Southey, published in 1945. Concentrat-

ing on the poet's lively interest in the cross-currents of political and economic thought from which the great reforms of the nineteenth century emerged, it shows Southey to have been a radical in theory and a conservative in practice. Too afraid of *Bellum servile* to put his early Jacobinism to the test; too suspicious of popular uprisings to admit his admiration for Methodism, trade unionism and the new Co-operative Movement; too hidebound by convention to set up the ideal society which he had planned with Coleridge, pantisocracy, he went through life a visionary with blinkers.

In such a mind as this there can be no real development, and for this reason one questions the aptness of Mr. Carnall's subtitle, which appears self-contradictory. In Southey's character the conflict between the high-flying idealist and the earthbound reactionary produced, almost from the start, a peculiarly static quality of mind which is reflected in practically everything he wrote, did, or failed to do.

Of all the Romantics, in fact, Southey was the least rebellious, the most abstemious and the most "normal". No opium, no strong drink, no bigamy, no philandering, no incest, no dying young. Even champagne he found disagreeable to his taste, and he drank other wine at his doctor's prescription. Work was his only anodyne, and in any case the Romantic agony was, for him, no more than a nagging toothache, which he bore with stoical resolution. Even in religion he is only a hairsbreadth away from orthodoxy. His sins were all venial, confined to petty feuding with hostile reviewers, indulging a mild misanthropy, and withdrawing himself from awkward situations.

Nothing that Mr. Carnall says will alter this picture of Southey or make him a whit more exciting. His book, which is patient, erudite and enormously factual, bears witness to Southey's profound awareness of the changing world about him, his steadfast sense of purpose and dedication, his serious-minded grasp of every opportunity, including the Laureateship, and his essential probity and goodness. But it lacks perspective. Quite inexplicably, it relegates Southey's religious views to an appendix, says very little about his poetry or his

written at the same periods. *The Portuguese Journal* is described by the editor as "the most comprehensive and clear-sighted piece of prose that Southey ever wrote on his beloved Portugal". It also recounts the poet's irritations with the fleas, the filth, the indifferent food, the boorishness of the gawking natives and the discomfort of the open-roofed estalagens which he experienced during his trip. But the happy moments are recorded with a poet's rapture: "Rode to the Foya — the highest point of Monchique — whence a glass may discover Cintra . . . High as we were the great distance was the most striking thing. Towns were dwindled almost into invisibility, the rivers wound like lines in a map, the mountains over which we had toiled yesterday lay in heavy shapes of littleness — like a freckled sky — or like the furrows of sea sand at low water."

If Southey's journals lack the endearing whimsicality of a Sterne or the self-important air of intrigue of a Boswell, they are full of the historian's love for curious details: a researcher's travologue rather than an biographical writing, and hardly a word about his education. (Surely Balliol in 1793 merits more than a passing mention). It sedulously avoids any aspects of the poet's life and work that have been investigated by previous biographers, and perhaps for this reason fails to establish a strong foundation of interest.

One much-neglected aspect of Southey's life and work is his lifelong interest in Portugal, about which his biographers, including Mr. Carnall, have been virtually silent. Dr. Adolfo Cabral's book handsomely repairs this omission by pointing out that Southey is "far and away the most important figure in the history of the literary relations between England, Portugal and Brazil. For about forty years a large part of his vast literary activity was wholly or partly dedicated to Portugal or Portuguese subjects." Dr. Cabral reminds us, too, that the poet was at work on a *History of Portugal*, the manuscript of which has not been found, at the end of his career.

The main purpose of this book is to present, for the first time in print, Southey's journals of his travels in Portugal, 1800-1801, and of a tour in France, 1838, supplemented by letters, 22 hitherto unpublished,

intimate, human diary. Much of the material of the supplementary letters merely repeats the wording of the journals, and the editor frequently disrupts our enjoyment with finicky annotations and corrections of Southey's Portuguese. He is particularly fond of inserting *sic*, evidently fearing that the reader will under-estimate his editorial intelligence. This sometimes has the opposite effect, as in the case of a *sic* following Southey's word "compleat" — a perfectly legitimate spelling at that time.

Neither the biography nor the journals will do much to enlarge the dwindling band of Southey devotees, but they will serve to enrich the scholar's knowledge of the man and give solid grounds for a reassessment of his place as a keen observer of his times.

JAMES GRAY

BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

Novels and Novelists

LITERARY REMINISCENCES AND AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENTS, IVAN TURGENEV, tr. David Magarshack, Prefatory essay by Edmund Wilson, New York: Grove Press, Inc.; Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Ltd., 1959. Pp. 309. \$1.95.

TURGENEV, THE MAN, HIS ART AND HIS AGE. By Avraham Yarmolinsky. New York: The Orion Press; Toronto: Ambassador Books Ltd. 1959. Pp. 406. \$7.50.

TURGENEV: THE NOVELIST'S NOVELIST, A STUDY. By Richard Freeborn. London, Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1960. Pp. 201. \$3.25.

Reading the new edition of Mr. Yarmolinsky's *Turgenev* is like returning to an old friend. For over thirty years, virtually everyone interested in Russian literature has enjoyed and profited from this standard biography, and the new edition will very likely provide information and pleasure for another generation, since it is better written and more accurate than its venerable predecessor.

As Mr. Yarmolinsky explains in the preface, the book is not merely corrected and brought up to date; "a large proportion of the text has been rewritten". Thus, for

example, not only has the colour of Turgenev's first brochure, *Parasha*, changed from blue (p. 72, 1926 edition) to pink (p. 70, 1959), whole sections are deleted or reworked, and new ones added. The new edition no longer ends with a pretentious, half-relevant epitaph, but with a description of Turgenev's funeral and an apt and stirring summation of the great novelist's influence upon and contribution to Russian cultural development.

Mr. Yarmolinsky's task in writing this biography was no easier in 1959 than it was in 1926. He portrays a true Laodicean whose life, for the great part, was too placid to provide drama. What one remembers are the accounts of Turgenev's productive years when he was in the swim of things, and his name was joined with those of the century's celebrities, from Harriet Stowe to Flaubert. Then there are the brief but incredible scenes (usually stormy) between Turgenev and Dostoevsky or Leo Tolstoy. Equally impressive are the discussions of Turgenev's works, which Mr. Yarmolinsky fixes, as every biographer of a novelist should, squarely in a living context, so that the reader feels he can understand both what Turgenev intended at any given time and what he, perhaps unconsciously, was actually accomplishing.

Two features of the book are outstanding. Mr. Yarmolinsky remains both tactful and circumspect in his handling of the liaison between Pauline Viardot and Turgenev. The veil thrown over this affair by the reticence and ambiguous remarks of the principals has yet to be torn aside, even after years of research by French and Russian scholars, and Mr. Yarmolinsky commendably declines to hypothesize irresponsibly about what happened. Indeed, he brings his erudition to bear upon a recent biographer of Turgenev, Mr. Magarshack, and very justly convicts him of bandying unfounded hypotheses to heighten the melodrama (Pp. 87, 150-151).

The second outstanding feature of the book is its evocation of the sense of change and flux, which we must assume is deliberate because it is more conspicuous in the new edition. Born into the Russian aristocracy and intelligentsia, then fatefully pushed or led by his tyrannical mother and his "dark lady", Turgenev tears himself from his

native culture to become a Western European. Mr. Yarmolinsky recreates both of Turgenev's worlds beautifully and traces the labyrinthine ties between them with infinite care. He succeeds in casting the pitiful spectacle of a weak vacillating man in heroic proportions by presenting Turgenev as a sensitive spirit in which some of the great ideologies and social forces of the modern world collide.

Turgenev's *Literary Reminiscences* come from the period of decline. That they remained untranslated into English testifies not so much to a lack of interest in Turgenev as to the assumption by translators that the essays were unimportant or uninteresting in themselves. Applied to many of the reminiscences, this assumption seems justified. Today anyone interested in such trivia as Turgenev's favourite dog or his reactions to minor contemporaries or to the events of 1848 in Paris would probably have learned to read Russian long since.

One suspects that the publisher anticipated this objection and compensated by inflating the scanty 200 page book into a full-fledged 300 page volume with the addition of a husky preface and introduction. Mr. Wilson's essay is one of his typical condensations of the life and works of a great writer. Mr. Magarshack's Introduction is a helpful but over-lengthy literary baedeker calculated to guide one safely through the jungle of allusions and names in the book.

There are, of course, valuable things in the *Reminiscences*. For example, Turgenev provides unforgettable pictures of Gogol lecturing at St. Petersburg University and reading his *Inspector General*. He explains what he was attempting in *Fathers and Sons*. He commemorates the "father of Russian criticism", Vissarion Belinsky, who deserves to be much better known in the West. For these things alone the book is worthy of Mr. Magarshack's excellent translation.

The reminiscences make most absorbing reading in conjunction with Yarmolinsky's biography, for they reveal more clearly than the novels and stories the demure independence, the diffident benevolence that characterize so much of Turgenev's life.

Mr. Freeborn's monograph makes an ideal companion for the two preceding volumes. What he has provided for the first time in

English is a thorough explication of Turgenev's works. Taking his cue from Henry James, Mr. Freeborn sees Turgenev as "the novelist's novelist" and examines him chiefly as a craftsman who "raised the art of the novel to an eminence surpassing all other genres" in nineteenth century Russia (P. 126).

The book divides neatly, perhaps too neatly, into three sections: early experiments, the four great works, the decline. Appropriately, half of the book is devoted to the middle period, and it is here that the strength and weakness of Mr. Freeborn's approach is amply displayed. His general description of Turgenev's mature technique (Pp. 52-56) is at once incisive and just. I would summarize it (risking over-simplification) thus: the great Turgenevan novel is a socio-ideological meditation dramatized in the form of a simple love story and staged before a backdrop of nature, classically conceived as impersonal yet mysteriously harmonious.

For this reviewer, the weakness of the book is inherent in its approach. I find the analyses of the novels accurate and complete but, like virtually all expositions of "close-reading", interminably dull.

The crucial point, however, is that Mr. Freeborn's work fills a real need. Turgenev's work has long deserved meticulous examination so that it may again come to occupy a central place in our thought about "classical" Russian literature. If we object to Mr. Freeborn's excessive detail, or if we wish to argue that by making great and, on the whole, fair claims for Turgenev's contribution to the art of the novel in Russia, he perhaps underestimates the more important contributions of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy; if, in short, we have any quarrel at all, it will seem trifling in contrast to our gratitude for Mr. Freeborn's painstaking research in the Russian sources and our admiration for his faculty of inspiring scholarship with keen critical insight.

D. H. STEWART

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE ETERNAL SOLITARY: A STUDY OF JOSEPH CONRAD. By Adam Gillon. New York: Bookman Associates, Inc. 1960. Pp. 191. \$4.00.

Professor Gillon describes his book as "a study of isolation as a dominant motif in the life and works of Joseph Conrad". He tells us about the loneliness of Conrad the boy in exile; the conflict of the youth with relatives unable to make sense of his desire to get out of Poland; the loneliness of the Polish sailor in the British Merchant Marine; the anxieties and difficulties of the writer in the early part of his career, and the pain he suffered from the attacks of Polish critics and writers who charged him with betraying his heritage. And he tells us that these life concerns become the stuff of Conrad's fiction and the source of its main themes and figures, in the treatment of which one can discern the pervasive influence of nineteenth-century Polish romanticism, and discern also Conrad's relation to such writers as Dostoevsky, Lawrence, Woolf, Greene, Kafka, Mauriac, Faulkner, existentialists in general, and Sartre in particular.

In little of this is there anything that has not already been said of Conrad. We have been told frequently, especially in the past fifteen years, that isolation is a key theme in Conrad's work; the observation has become also a cliché. There is no reason, of course, why we should not have elaboration on existing commentary. But we might reasonably expect that such elaboration offer us distinguished writing or penetrating analysis. In my view, Dr. Gillon's book falls short on both counts.

Although I disagree with a number of points of interpretation in the book, I would say that generally the interpretation of Conrad is sound enough. But it is not very interesting. And it is sometimes perfunctory. The treatment of *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"*, *Typhoon*, "The Secret Sharer", and *The Shadow Line* is a case in point. So too is the last chapter, in which Conrad's fiction is related to twentieth-century fiction in general. Or, where this chapter is not perfunctory it might seem rather arbitrary, as in the singling out of the existentialists for comparison with Conrad. (Nor is this an original coupling. Twenty-five years ago Johanna Burkhardt published a full-length

study of Conrad in terms of Jaspers' thought). Altogether, I should think that most readers will be more interested in Professor Gillon's summary of recent Polish criticism of Conrad than in his study of isolation; more interested, too, in the analogies he points out between Conrad's work and that of the Polish writers Mickiewicz, Slowacki and Krasinski.

Unfortunately, most of the Polish material is not properly subordinated to the main development of the book. The attacks of Skarszewski and Mme. Orzeszkowa on Conrad, for instance, fit quite logically into professor Gillon's consideration of the theme of betrayal. But we are moved on from these attacks into a survey of Polish criticism of Conrad since the 'twenties: a fifteen-page review that stands as an independent essay. Though this is the most obvious and substantial instance of it, the same compositional weakness shows up in at least four other passages. And such deficiencies are in no way made up for by a mechanically sound text. There are more than a dozen gross mechanical errors in the book, the most serious being a verbatim repetition on page ninety-three of a paragraph and a quotation used on page sixty-one.

A. E. SAWYER

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Elizabethans

THE GREAT LUCIFER. By Margaret Irwin. London: Chatto & Windus. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin & Co. Ltd. 1960. Pp. 320. \$5.50.

THE QUEEN AND THE POET. By Walter Oakeshott. London: Faber and Faber; Toronto: British Book Service Ltd. 1960. Pp. 232. \$5.75.

"And like a Star you must Fall, when the firmament is shaked", Raleigh's judges told him at the infamous trial in 1603: outmanoeuvred in the power struggle which ushered in the reign of James VI, "the last Elizabethan" disappeared from public life into the Tower, the long prelude to the scaffold. Few had touched the life of Eliza-

bethan England at so many points or so brilliantly, and though much that he set his hand to was marked by a curious impermanence, Raleigh achieved enough to fill half a dozen lives.

Miss Irwin attempts a portrait for the general reader rather than a full, documented biography, and she succeeds splendidly. The sudden rise to favour at Court, the vicissitudes of his relations with "Cynthia", the Queen, the celebrated military and privateering exploits, imperial adventures in America and the Caribbean, political intrigues, disgraces and imprisonments are all handled with a deft and experienced pen which misses none of the drama and colour of its slightly incredible subject. Obviously captivated, Miss Irwin presents a sympathetic portrait which is only occasionally overdrawn. Particularly perceptive is her handling of the paradox of the man who was execrated for his 'bloody pride', yet whose personal relationships were characterized by extraordinary warmth and devotion. The failures in the book come more from the genuine difficulty of many aspects of Raleigh's life than from rashness of judgment or over-imaginative handling of evidence (though both are occasionally evident in her treatment of the early life and the poetry). The 'serious' Raleigh of later years comes through more impressively than one has any reason to expect in a popular sketch. The monopolist, court favourite and man of action, hated in his days of power, became in prison the grave historian and shrewd political scientist, a powerful influence on the future leaders of the Great Rebellion, and, as a living reminder of the splendours of the golden age just past, a popular hero.

The Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford (playing truant from his medieval studies) sets himself the more limited, but also more difficult, task of exploring Raleigh's life between 1580 and 1597 with a view to elucidating the gnomic poems in which the relationship with Elizabeth is celebrated. Part One examines closely Raleigh's career during these years through letters and other documents, the friendship with Spenser, and the vexed affair of 'The School of Night', the coterie Shakespeare is supposed to have had in mind in *Love's Labour's Lost*; Part Two takes the form of a modernized

edition of the Cynthia poems, with a commentary. (Here appear new fragments, one of them from a commonplace book Raleigh compiled for work on *The History of the World*, a remarkable discovery with which Dr. Oakeshott whets, but scarcely satisfies, our appetite).

At first sight the book seems discursive and awkwardly arranged, the kind of thing common in the nineteenth century, a miscellany of biography, criticism and texts, weighed down with appendices and replete with odd bits of information (including evidence that the story of the cloak is true). But Dr. Oakeshott knows what he is about. The Cynthia poems are, like the relationship they record, so inextricable a mixture of courtier's ambition, literary convention, and deep personal feeling that their 'solution' requires the delicate interpretation of all the evidence so fully marshalled in this painstaking study. Where the problems are complicated, and the argument close, it is possible only to record the opinion that Dr. Oakeshott has written an important, if uneven, monograph which illuminates a difficult period in Raleigh's career, the *milieu* of Court poetry, and the striking personality which still exerts its fascination for scholar and general reader alike.

G. M. STORY

MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY OF NEWFOUNDLAND

ELIZABETHAN PROSE TRANSLATION.
Edited by James Winny. Cambridge: University Press; Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, 1960. Pp. xxi + 151.
\$2.15.

On receiving advance notice of the publication of James Winny's anthology your reviewer gave three rousing cheers and ordered a copy for the university library forthwith. It was high time someone paid to the phenomenon of Elizabethan translation the attention it deserves.

Yet the book fails to fulfill the high anticipations aroused by its heralding. For one thing, it is difficult to see just what sort of reader the editor had in mind. Elizabethan translation is a rather specialized

interest, and it seems unlikely that the book could have been expected to command a wide sale as a text, in spite of its inexpensive format and very reasonable price. Yet the introduction and the explanatory footnotes appear to be directed to the undergraduate student rather than to the specialist in the period. Nor is the editorial point of view a consistent one. The inclusion of materials not readily accessible makes this a collection to which the student can profitably be referred; yet more than a quarter of its pages are devoted to the standard selections to be found in any good anthology of sixteenth century prose. Thus, Thomas Underdowne's translation of Heliodorus' *Ethiopian History* and George Pettie's Englishing of Guazzo's *Civil Conversation* stand cheek by jowl with a fragment from North's *Plutarch*. The indefatigable Philemon Holland is represented by extracts from his translations of Pliny and Livy, but there is nothing from his *Suetonius*. Yet the latter's account of the death of Julius Caesar makes an interesting comparison with North's familiar version.

In the opening pages of an introduction abounding in glib and sometimes self-contradictory generalizations, Mr. Winny aligns himself firmly with those who believe that the Renaissance never happened and that before Newton all was dark. He does mention the word once ("the renascence of learning") but only to refer to it as a "period of intellectual conservatism". The humanists, English or Italian, translated or untranslated, don't rate even that much of a mention. In fact, after reading the editor's remarks about the utter insignificance of sixteenth century thought, one wonders why he thought the task of compilation worth undertaking. "The books disseminated by the new printing presses, many of them works of translation," he insists, "encouraged only a reaffirmation of faith in doctrines formulated by the medieval philosophers." And again, "As a shaping force in the development of English thought, the translators have no importance . . ." Yet a few pages later he speaks of the translators as, at least potentially, "a powerful cultural force in reducing the parochial outlook of English minds" which had the "final consequence of enlarging man's awareness of himself". "It is

impossible to estimate," he goes on, "how much the development of sixteenth century prose was encouraged by the business of translation, which, besides introducing new ideas (italics mine) and words, itself helped to mould the prose style of the widely read translators."

The materials are selected to support this neo-medievalist point of view, and where they do not, the fact is carefully overlooked. "Montaigne alone of the writers included in this anthology," Mr. Winny admits, "expresses skepticism towards the traditional beliefs of his age." It is significant that Mr. Winny devoted several paragraphs to the paralyzing effects of scholasticism but never mentions Plato, not even in introducing an extract from Bembo's famous discussion of Platonic love in Book IV of Castiglione's *The Courier* as translated by Sir Thomas Hoby. One need not be a disciple of Burkhardt to believe that there is still room for an impartial evaluation of the importance of Elizabethan translation and for a more extensive and more representative anthology of the work of Elizabethan translators in both verse and prose.

MARION B. SMITH

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Life and Letters

EDWARD THOMAS—THE LAST FOUR YEARS. Book One of *The Memoirs of Eleanor Farjeon*. London and Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1958. Pp. xv + 271. \$5.00.

Edward Thomas has a fairly secure, if minor, place in most anthologies of modern English verse because, better than most of his fellow-Georgians, he caught something of the essence of English landscape, and gave it quiet, rather conventional, but nonetheless often moving form.

The first volume of Eleanor Farjeon's memoirs is primarily a collection of the letters Thomas wrote to her during the four

years of their friendship, beginning in 1913 and ending with his death in battle in 1917. He was already married when she met him, and had three children. There developed one of those curiously English affairs ("Strong as it was, and for me so very deep, our friendship had remained undemonstrative from beginning to end."), which people on the continent of Europe have always found it difficult to comprehend. It cannot, they used to say, really be so. It must be English hypocrisy! For here is Thomas, writing to her several times a month, and here they are alone, taking long walks together, and sitting together, and talking together. And here is Eleanor, talking to Edward Thomas's wife Helen, and saying: "You know what I feel for him, don't you; you know I love him?" "Yes, Eleanor, I do." "If it hurts you or him, if it ever could, I can go out of your lives now, rather than cause any pain." "Oh my darling! you mustn't ever go." She put her arms around me and said, "If having you could make him any happier, I'd give him to you gladly." (p. 52). One doesn't of course doubt the truth of this conversation, but it is pretty wondrous nevertheless.

What did Thomas feel about Eleanor Farjeon? Obviously he must have liked her, but one would never know it from the letters he wrote to her. These are curiously flat and reticent. He talks about their friends; about the trivia of daily life, and later about his experiences in various army camps. He tells her about the reviews he is writing, and about the books and anthologies he is working on. Then, after 1914, he talks about the poetry he has just started to write, but doesn't on the whole say anything of real interest about the problems of that "craft or sullen art/Exercised in the still night/When only the moon rages," to quote a later Thomas.

The portrait that ultimately emerges is that of a quiet, rather conventionally sensitive man, but of a man curiously without passion. Eleanor Farjeon herself seems finally to become aware of this fact, for after printing over 200 pages of Thomas' letters, she speaks about "the strict guard he kept on himself in his letters". And she cries out, somewhat theatrically, "As for the man in the centre of the maze, how can he be conveyed?" It is impossible, she says, to tell something of Thomas' "qualities of

mind, his extreme sensitivity, his love of natural things . . . to those who had not 'the blessing and illumination of knowing him'."

But what, the reader is tempted to ask, is the point of writing a book about a man who has been dead over forty years unless the man in the centre of the maze can somehow be illuminated? In the absence of real powers of penetration and analysis, perfectly obvious in the rather trite and commonplace observations Miss Farjeon makes about Robert Frost and D. H. Lawrence, her book is little more than an elaborate footnote on a not too significant period of English literature.

HENRY KREISEL

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

ARNOLD BENNETT & H. G. WELLS: *The Record of a Personal and Literary Friendship. Edited with an Introduction by Harris Wilson.* Urbana, Illinois: University of Illinois Press. 1960. Pp. 290. \$3.50.

This collection has been most competently and comprehensively edited. It is, if anything, overly complete. Because of the editor's assurance that "a few undated notes [were] excluded on the grounds of brevity and lack of significance or interest", the reader can but wonder about the inclusion of such a note as the following, which I quote in full with the exception of the superscription: "Dear Arnold, Can you lunch with me here on Friday 3rd? Please. At 1.15. Yours ever H.G." This is not the only example in the volume of a dull triviality which can have "significance" or "interest" only by the aid of faulty diction.

There is, of course, a major problem facing the editor of a collection of letters. Should he be selective, in order to make the volume more interesting, though at the same time run the risk of distorting or overlooking something of importance, or should he go to the bitter extreme of all-inclusiveness? Professor Wilson has chosen the second alternative, perhaps the only course to pursue, for I fear it would be an impossible task to make any selection

of the Wells-Bennett correspondence which would be really interesting or, for that matter, significant.

This is a second problem facing an editor. How frequently literary men are pedestrian, or worse, in their correspondence. The letter demands a skill, and a particular attitude of mind, that sometimes even great writers have lacked. Certainly neither Bennett nor Wells gives any indications of that kind of skill. Nor do I find much of what Professor Wilson seems to think makes "the series of letters during this period [1900 to 1910] indispensable for an understanding of their literary method and achievement". Their critical remarks never really amount to much more than the vaguely impressionistic—" . . . your last *Strand* story was really admirable. A little faint towards the end I thought, but fundamentally *damn good*." — or the bumptiously smug — "Bennett—Wells—who else is there?" (this in 1909, when Conrad, James and Forster were all on the scene).

It must be an awareness that ultimately these two men are trivial which forces Professor Wilson into such an extreme position as this: "Even if one feels that this engagement [with their world] was at the sacrifice of their literary achievement — as the great weight of present critical opinion suggests — it still remains refreshing in the face of the negativism or passivity of most English and American novelists since their time." The sweeping assurance of that "most" is scarcely the way to rehabilitate Wells and Bennett in the serious literary world. But then, this volume was probably not intended to do that.

RONALD BATES

UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

JOHN MILL'S BOYHOOD VISIT TO FRANCE. By Anna Jean Mill. London: Oxford University Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1960. Pp. xxxi, 133. \$5.00.

While the first twenty-five years of John Stuart Mill's life, like the last twenty-five of Jeremy Bentham's, have received dis-

proportionate attention, the wonderful childhood of the Utilitarian Messiah will never lose its fascination for those who love prodigies, or who hate Scottish fathers. Miss Mill (no relation) has put all these in her debt by giving the detail of Mill's visit (*aet. 14-15*) to the South of France in 1820-21. Her introduction securely places the visit in its proximate context (the best estimate of its effect is in Iris Mueller's *John Stuart Mill and French Thought*), explains the provenance and condition of the sources, and gently but properly raps Michael Packe's knuckles for his occasional "romantic conjecture and over-interpretation" (nowhere better shown than in a comparison of Miss Mill's text with Packe's commentary). The text derives from two "cotemporary" (Mill's word) sources: a "Journal" consisting of letters written by Mill to his father, and a "Notebook" providing usually a rough record of events and impressions to be reported more fully in the letters (neither, unfortunately, covers the whole visit). Some collateral material given in appendices plumps out the picture (and the book). Hence my only cavil: having a meticulous and intelligent editor, why not give the full text of both Journal and Notebook? Admittedly the omissions are minor, and do not vitiate the work for the general reader, but the full text will have to be published before long, and the book could certainly have been sturdier without running to fat.

Mill kept the Journal by his father's express command as well as his own desire, to preserve a record of his education, and, as all commentators have remarked, this record is nearly incredible. For two periods of his French visit, first in Toulouse (25 June—9 Aug., 1820), and then in Montpellier (16 Oct., 1820—?, 1821), he studied (when conditions were favourable) from early morning to late evening, dashing from subject to subject, from lesson to lecture, from Calculus and Logic to *solféges* and *escrime*. But conditions were not always favourable: he swam, walked, gathered plants and insects; worried about his conduct and letters from home; talked with his hosts and mentors (the Samuel Bentham's), and with servants, peasants, and friends of his own choosing.

And from 15 May, when he left home, to 25 June, and again from 9 August to 16 October, he did little reading and less studying. All this would not be surprising, if so much had not been made of his fantastic accomplishments — the credible has been lost in the incredible. Finally, here in his own record, we are given food for our thought, not for his.

J. ROBSON

VICTORIA COLLEGE,
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Literary-Theological Criticism

LITERATURE AND RELIGION: A STUDY IN CONFLICT. By Charles I. Glicksberg. Dallas: Southern Methodist University Press. 1960. Pp. 265. \$4.50.

On page 225 of this book the author states that it purports to be "an exploration in the realm of aesthetics, an essay in literary criticism". The works listed in the Bibliography (pp. 249-265) seem to bear this out; they cover myth, poetic process, tragedy and the paradox of the fortunate fall, the spirit of tragedy, and archetypal patterns in poetry. But the list also includes works on the philosophy of decadentism, existentialism and the modern predicament, and science, religion and reality. This range suggests both the strength and the weakness of the book.

Because of his wide reading the author is able to bring together ideas from many sources for mutual illumination. He can conclude, for example, that in recent literature "Hamletism lives again, but endowed this time with a new, neurotic twist. It is not merely the inability to resort to decisive action that plagues the young intellectuals and is at the root of their 'neurosis'; essentially it is the realization that all action, whatever its motive, is equally tainted and equally useless." From this modern despair he builds a conception of religious writing which he carefully, and wisely, separates from orthodoxy. His thesis is that literature cannot be religious in the usual, narrow sense, but that a kind of literature has emerged which, in spite of apparently

agnostic colouring, is essentially religious and vital. His position, I believe, is sound, although such a judgment will depend upon the seriousness with which the critic accepts Christianity. Glicksberg, while recording the passing of the gods, succeeds in avoiding writing an apologia.

Chapters I to VI are a generally historical and sociological survey of the age of passing belief. Chapters VII to XVIII attempt to examine how any resolution of the conflict between literature and religion can be effected. But the focus is not consistently upon one set of materials; the method shifts from historical description to aesthetic exploration, and then at times (especially for the works of Jeffers and Eliot) to literary analysis. This is a great deal of ground, and the relation between the fields is not always clear. The usual objections to a book of this sort apply: because the author cannot explain every attitude, some will be questioned; because he is limited by space he cannot always fully document an argument; and various critics will take exception to his understanding of certain works mentioned (I, for example, would argue his interpretation of *Death of a Salesman*). But generally it stands as a stimulating and clearly written (though not carefully footnoted) essay in the recent field of literary-theological criticism.

H. GRANT SAMPSION

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Chaucer Surveyed

IN SEARCH OF CHAUCER. By Bertrand H. Bronson. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1960. Pp. 117. \$3.50.

All that one can reasonably expect of a book that disarmingly claims to be only "a roving survey" of Chaucer's work is some civilized talk, with perhaps the odd moment of enlightenment. Professor Bronson fulfills such expectation in these four chapters which were the Alexander Lectures at the University of Toronto for 1958-59. The first chapter is a lively review of Chaucerian scholarship, the second is on the dream poems, the third on the relation of the tales to the tellers in the *Canterbury Tales*, and the fourth on the artistic problems which Chaucer faced in adapting his "authorities" to his poetic purposes.

The most noteworthy of the four chapters is that on the dream poems, and within it, the discussion of *The Parliament of Fowls* is outstanding, noting acutely, as it does, Chaucer's brilliant mingling of the serious and the gay. There are also fine things in the other chapters: sensible comment on the "I" of the poems, a superb treatment of the development of the Monk as the pilgrimage progresses, and a highly sensitive interpretation of the Pardoners' exemplum of the three rioters. In addition, there is Professor Bronson's welcome warning against over-ingenuity in explaining the tales in terms of their tellers, or vice-versa.

Yet Professor Bronson seems occasionally to disregard his own warning when he discovers a hitherto unsuspected antagonism between the Clerk and the Merchant, or when he explains the curious ending of the Pardoners' Tale by finding the sin of avarice pre-eminent in Harry Bailey, or when he interprets the mocking interruptions of the Pardoners and the Friar in the Wife of Bath's prologue as evidence that they and the Summoner are in fierce rivalry for the Wife's purse.

In the introductory chapter, Professor Bronson suggests that he hopes to provide us with "a vantage point that would command (Chaucer's) work as a whole". In spite of the good things in the book, however, the doubtful hypotheses which are also present fail to make such a general vantage point clear.

MARGARET STOBIE
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

Textual Studies

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S POEMS AND LETTERS FROM MANUSCRIPT. By Herbert Berry. University of Western Ontario Studies in the Humanities, Number 1, 1960. (Published by the Humanities Departments of the University of Western Ontario, London, Ontario). Pp. 124. \$3.00.

The Suckling canon is still unsettled and Professor Berry's work from the MSS is an important prolegomenon to a much needed editorial enterprise. Together with his own previous labours and other work in progress

which he describes in his Introduction, Professor Berry's edition should go a long way toward putting studies in Suckling on a sound biographical and textual basis.

Of the book's two sections it seems — to one inexpert in Suckling — that the one on the letters is handled in the more informative and interesting manner. The letters are well annotated and set carefully within their political and social context. The result is that they do more than fill in our notions of Suckling's character and affairs; they become cultural documents — yet one more series of little windows from which we can look out on another age.

Professor Berry deals with six poems, the best known of which has hitherto been headed simply *A Ballad. Upon a Wedding*. From the discussion of the MS evidence there seems no doubt that this poem was written for the wedding not of Lord Broghill (Jan. 27, 1641) but of Lord Lovelace (July 11, 1638). At times I found myself confused by the descriptive and textual apparatus, especially in regard to the order of the stanzas in the poem in question. For purposes of collation Professor Berry uses four editions of the *Fragmenta Aurea*. The latest of these is the 1672 edition described by W. W. Greg as "a fraudulent reprint of Suckling's 1648 *Fragmenta* and 1659 *Remains*, reproducing the original dates, but accidentally giving away its real year of printing by '1672' on the special title to the alternative last act of *Aglaura*" With this edition included in his collection Professor Berry indicates that the four stanzas beginning (1) "Her feete beneath her petticoate", (2) "If wishing might bee any sinne", (3) "The businesse of the Kitchin great"—or, more properly, "Passion o mee, how I runne on?", and (4) "By this time all were stolne aside", are respectively the 11th, 8th, 13th, and 18th stanzas in all editions. But in the University of Alberta Library's copy of the 1672 edition these stanzas are respectively the 8th, 13th, 16th and 19th. I notice that the latter order obtains in A. H. Thompson's edition of Suckling, which is based on the editions of 1646 and 1658.

IAN SOWTON

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

The Art of Living

THE GREATEST PROBLEM AND OTHER ESSAYS. By F. L. Lucas. London: Cassell & Co. Ltd. Toronto: British Book Service Ltd. 1960. Pp. xi + 335. \$7.00.

In this collection of essays Lucas has brought to a variety of topics that peculiar blend of scholarship and urbanity which his admirers, of whom the reviewer is one, have come to expect in all his writing. At first sight it would seem that the essays have little in common. They include a perceptive study of the personality and poetry of Housman, an analysis of Tolstoy's attitude to life, some wise words on the art of translation, and charming, if discursive, pieces on books, happiness and the literature of Greek travel. Along with these we have a brief sketch of the Berlin airlift of 1948, "Testtuberculosis" (a plea for an alliance between humanist and scientist to combat the vulgarity and barbarism that menace us) and a somewhat gloomy examination of the population problem. Yet it would not be too much to say that throughout his career the author has been pre-occupied with the art of living. It is this theme, in its positive or negative aspects, which gives unity to the present collection.

As usual, Lucas ranges far afield in his search for the opposite example to illustrate his argument. Yet despite his breadth of scholarship, his references never obtrude. They are slipped in quietly, almost shyly. His transitions from point to point are effortless, almost casual. Like one of his favourite poets, Horace, he never raises his voice but charms the reader into willing assent. Consequently, even when he has little new to say, Lucas is always worth reading. His observations on the population crisis, for example, are not original, but the essay would be worthwhile for a layman like the reviewer, at least, when he reads this quotation from a letter by Jane Austen of all people! "Feb. 2nd., 1817. 'Good Mrs. Deedes! — I hope she will get the better of this Marianne, & then I wd. recommend to her & Mr. Deedes the simple regimen of separate rooms.'" From Jane Austen we proceed to Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*, and then to the Census Report of the Indian Registrar-General. A catholic selection of authorities indeed! One may perhaps be

forgiven the remark that were some of the sociological reports on the same issue written with the same individuality, more people might be aware of the problem confronting civilization.

This is a book which will contain something of interest to everyone who is interested in life and letters. It would make an admirable gift. But be sure to read it yourself before you give it away.

S. E. SMETHURST

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Tragedy and Epic

THE PROBLEM OF TRAGEDY. By S. Morris Engel. Fredericton: Brunswick Press. 1960. Pp. 81. \$3.50.

THE SINGER OF TALES. By Albert B. Lord. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. 1960. Pp. xv + 309. \$8.75.

Mr. Engel's purpose is to "analyze the tragic art from within and on its own terms" (18). The first half of the book contains summaries of theories by Aristotle, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Hume and Jaspers. Aristotle is dismissed in one page: his limitations are shrewdly noted, but at the cost of leaving a sadly distorted impression. The others are more carefully handled. On the whole, their inadequate theories are described as "variations on . . . philosophic theories or, more often, attempts to tackle the problem from the point of view of psychology" (37). Mr. Engel's own idea is that tragedy "confronts us with the mystery of human suffering and tries to explain it. We respond to the mystery and are elevated by the explanation" (40). But is it an error to go outside tragedy to seek its real purpose? Tragedy may fail "because tragic heroes tend to question the cause of their suffering — the inordinate penalty for small faults and slight failures — and not the effect, their inordinate response" (50). There are stimulating ideas in this book; but the biography of Shlome Rappaport and an outline of his famous Yiddish drama, *The*

Dibbek, are surely out of proportion. Some of that space might have been given to bibliography and index. But there is much eloquence, especially in the conclusion.

Professor Lord's book will be of deep interest to all students of early literatures. For the perennial problem of the transmission of long poems, before the age of writing, another solution is offered. Following the important researches of the late Milman Parry, Lord sets down conclusions based on the practices of contemporary Serbo-Croatian singers. They neither memorize nor invent. They fashion long metrical narratives largely out of formulae. These formulae stand for recurrent thought-and-action-patterns. They are rhythmically serviceable stereotypes. In the application of the formulae-theory to the Homeric poems a great light is shed on the celebrated 'Homeric Question', in spite of some enthusiastic tendency to use the term 'formula' of expressions which, to the unskilled ear, do not sound formulaic. There are notes on *Beowulf*, and *Chanson de Roland* and an 8th-century Greek epicist, Digenis Akritas; and two appendices in which a comparison of some alternative texts sheds much light on the use and significance of formulae. This book is strongly recommended.

H. L. TRACY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Classical Times

A HISTORY OF GREECE TO 322 B.C. By N. G. L. Hammond. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1959. Pp. xiv + 689. \$7.00.

Mr. Hammond has written what may be best described as a reference history of Greece to the death of Alexander, though such a book was probably not his intention. It is up-to-date, including the results of recent discoveries and research; it gives detailed accounts of the political and military history of the various centres of Greek activity; it provides compact summaries of some phases of Greek literary, philosophical and artistic achievements; it provides quite full references to ancient

literary and documentary sources. The book is packed with facts. But this reviewer found it a most difficult volume to read. For the author's commendable effort to include every detail gave this reader the feeling one might get from long perusal of an encyclopaedia.

The military detail, in particular, seems excessive. As much space is devoted to an account of a sea-battle in the Peloponnesian War as to the sculpture and architecture of the fifth century. Even minor skirmishes are recorded, often with the names of their otherwise unimportant participants.

This effort of the author to get everything in has inevitably an effect on the style of the book. At times so many names occur that the text reads like a summary of the plot of a seventeenth-century tragedy. (For example: "Meanwhile Theron of Acragas extended his influence northwards to Himera, whence he expelled the tyrant Terillus who fled to his son-in-law Anaxilas, tyrant of Rhegium. Terillus, however, was on friendly terms with Carthage . . .").

Valuable as the apparatus of references to ancient sources is, many readers will note the almost total absence of reference to modern works of research (except for the short bibliography of archeological works for the early period).

The book includes several appendices, concerned chiefly with problems of chronology, some rather unexciting plates, a number of clear maps and many plans of ancient military engagements.

D. M. SHEPHERD

McMASTER UNIVERSITY

The American Imagination

THE AMERICAN IMAGINATION: A CRITICAL SURVEY OF THE ARTS. Foreword by Alan Pryce-Jones. London: Cassell; Toronto: British Book Service. 1960. Pp. 210. \$5.75.

QUEST FOR FAILURE: A STUDY OF WILLIAM FAULKNER. By Walter J. Slatoff. Ithaca: Cornell University Press; Toronto: Thomas Allen, Ltd. 1960. Pp. 275. \$4.25.

The 28 anonymous essays in *The American Imagination*, reprinted from a

special issue of the *Times Literary Supplement*, knock some more holes in the wall that has obscured the American cultural scene from many English eyes. A few of them are only small holes; some are embrasures through which arrows are shot; but most of them are windows, some wide open.

Collectively what these writers see first in the American scene is its vitality. They also are impressed by American creativity, fluidity, and individualism. Most assume that in spite of its jungle of commercialism and conformity, this is a pluralistic culture in which imagination grows richly, and will continue to grow.

The collection begins with a useful overview, then argues that there is enough and more than enough that is good in American literature to make it worth-while looking into. Agreed. Essays follow on the short story, novel, poetry, Jewish writers, publishing, and historians. These are informed, sympathetic, and discriminating. Other essays on universities, Hollywood, musicals, painting, TV, women, and advertising are thinner or smarter. Others on ballet, music, religion, "publish or perish" scholarship (by an academic Saint Sebastian?), art collecting, scholarly libraries and collections are of varying quality. Taken as a whole, the venture was a credit to the TLS.

Much of what is said will be familiar to North American readers. But windows can be looked into as well as out of, and so these essays can be read to throw some light on British imaginations at work.

In the first chapters of his study of Faulkner, Professor Slatoff, of the Cornell Department of English, focusses on the recurrence of patterns of perception and rhetoric (especially the oxymoron) in Faulkner's prose. He concludes that Faulkner's world is "persistently defined in terms of quiescence and turbulence" and notably in the tensions between these. This leads to an investigation of what he terms Faulkner's "polar imagination". Faulkner's works "are unusual in the number, variety, and intensity of the major conceptual [and character] antitheses". The poles, such as black-white, past-present, natural-mechanical, and others, are linked in perpetual, unresolvable conflict. The structures of

Faulkner's major books also reveal this polar imagination. Their endings, as well as their bodies, seem designed to prevent resolutions. Above all, they leave unresolved the question of meaning.

He concludes that these "insoluble suspensions" project a "quest for failure" fundamental in Faulkner himself. "Failure", of course, has a peculiar meaning here. He quotes Faulkner: "To do something you can't do, because it's too much (to hope for) but still to try it and fail and try it again. That to me is success."

The strength of this study lies, I believe, in the skillful rhetorical analysis, as detailed as in a doctoral dissertation. Professor Slatoff is less persuasive when he quests behind the prose into Mr. Faulkner's disposition. All of the light one can turn on in this final task is never enough, and to this method of rhetorical analysis we need to add all the other methods of illumination.

GORDON ROPER

TRINITY COLLEGE,
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

A PRIMER OF EZRA POUND. By M. L. Rosenthal. New York: The Macmillan Company, Galt: Brett-Macmillan Ltd. 1960. Pp. 56. \$2.50.

Ezra Pound's *Personae* and *Cantos*, which might for this age have been written in Etruscan or Hittite so far as the general poetry reader was concerned (they were, in fact, partly in Persian, Chinese, Greek, Latin, and Old Slang American), have recently been simplified and explained to such an extent that college students can read him with pleasure and understanding. We know at last that Pound, like Browning, appears to be, but never is, very very difficult; grasp the main tenor of his meaning (and grasp the Edwards and Vasse *Annotated Index to the Cantos*), and the rest is simple — in fact visceral and persuasive. He is a poet of great directness of statement and concreteness of presenta-

tion. Such poets are more likely to be judged "superficial" in the long run than profound or obscure.

Mr. Rosenthal's handy little book will now stand beside Harold Watts' *Ezra Pound and the Cantos* as the ideal type of introductory guide to put in the hands of a prospective student or young poet. Decades of Hugh Kenner, F. R. Leavis, and R. P. Blackmur have gone to prepare the path for this clarity and simplicity, this untroubled appreciation of good poetry, this understanding without prejudice of Pound's total message. The main feature of Mr. Rosenthal's book is a quiet regard for the poetry, the centre of attention to which everything else contributes. He does not argue with anyone, and I do not think that anyone, at this date, could argue much with him.

Only on one central point, to invite further interpretation, one might add a comment. "The *Cantos* are a vast proliferation from the same conceptions which underline *Mauberley*," says Mr. Rosenthal — a true, illuminating, and characteristic simplification. But then we go back to *Mauberley*. What is the relation between *Mauberley* and Ezra Pound the poet? Espy in his book on *Mauberley* sees this *persona* as "a mask of what Pound feared to become as an artist by remaining in England". Mr. Rosenthal sees "the strong and weak *Mauberley*" (the latter is really Pound) as "after all one and the same: a single *persona* seen in opposing yet interactive lights". The fact is that *Mauberley* is a requiem for an aspect of Pound that the poet wished just then to consider dead — the aesthetic purist, the symbolist. Unfortunately, this side of Pound continues to be alive in the *Cantos* and comes into perpetual collision with brute unpoetic reality, with Usura, with all manner of anti-poetry. This is the key to Pound's unresolved conflict; and the *Cantos* therefore are not a synthesis, but a kind of crucifixion of the artist upon poetry and reality.

LOUIS DUDEK

MCGILL UNIVERSITY

MARK TWAIN — HOWELLS LETTERS.
Edited by Henry Nash Smith and William Gibson with the assistance of Frederick Anderson. Cambridge, Mass.: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd. 1960. Pp. 948. Two volumes, \$24.00.

A good many of the letters that appear in this two-volume set have been published before — notably in A. B. Paine's *Mark Twain's Letters* (1917) and Mildred Howells's *Life in Letters of William Dean Howells* (1928). The new work, however, is different from these in a number of ways.

The first and most obvious difference is that it offers not one side but both sides of a correspondence. Secondly, its editors, unlike the editors of the volumes named above, have placed completeness above selectivity. No stray fragment, no post-card, no telegram is too insignificant to be included among the 681 documents here presented. Moreover, no passage has seemed to the editors too uninteresting, too puzzling, too personal, too obscene, or too profane to be included — though obscenity and profanity are less characteristic of this correspondence than admirers of *1601* may wish. And thirdly, the task of identifying the scores of persons, places, novels, poems, plays, etc. mentioned — casually or otherwise — by the writers of these letters has been accomplished with a thoroughness to which neither A. B. Paine nor Mildred Howells aspired.

Obviously, certain risks are inherent in the kind of editing to which Henry Nash Smith and William Gibson have committed themselves. The great dangers are these: that the non-specialist will bog down in what seems trivial in the correspondence itself, and that even the specialist who wishes to be denied no scrap of the extant correspondence will become entangled in the editorial machinery. The editors, with the assistance of the publishers, have insured against the first risk by their generous spacing and clear numbering of each document, so that selection is facilitated for the reader. They have insured against the second risk by placing the notes after each letter — not at the bottom of the page or at the end of Volume II — and by combining, in the most concise prose, a maximum of documentation with a minimum of speculation.

The centre of interest in this work is, of course, the apparently indestructible friendship between Mark Twain and Howells, but the reader is hardly less interested in the admirable detachment with which the editors have gone about their task. Mark Twain scholarship in particular has been marred by sneering and back-biting. The editors of these letters have nowhere belittled the good work done by Dixon Wecter in his brief term as editor of the Mark Twain Papers; they have not paused to wrangle with Brooks or DeVoto, though they have had repeated opportunities to do so; they have not called attention to their own skill each time they have succeeded in correcting one of A. B. Paine's mistakes. Publication of this correspondence makes available to students of Mark Twain and Howells a great deal of information not previously published. But an equally real value of the work lies in its tacit insistence that students of Mark Twain should concern themselves with Mark Twain, not with one another.

L. G. CROSSMAN
 REGINA COLLEGE,
 UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

American History

ANDREW JOHNSON AND RECONSTRUCTION. By Eric L. McKittrick. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1960. Pp. ix + 534. \$8.50.

Some thirty years ago several United States historians promulgated what became a widely influential revision of earlier assessments of the character and policies of President Andrew Johnson. This former Tennessee Democrat, catapulted into the Presidency by Lincoln's assassination, had so antagonized Congress by 1868 that he escaped impeachment by only one vote. Inevitably, the unpopularity which ended his political career was reflected in much subsequent historical writing. The revisionists of the 1930's rehabilitated Johnson at the expense of his most articulate antagonists, the Radical Republicans, whom they pictured as vindictive, short-sighted, and hypocritical.

The quarrel between Johnson and his critics concerned peace policy. Was it enough that the Union had triumphed over secession, and that slavery had been abolished? Johnson was content with this settlement, if coupled with Southern repudiation of the Confederate debt. The Radicals, however, sought to enforce acceptance of civil and political rights for negroes as a pre-condition for the return of Southerners to Congress and the recognition of their state governments. The greatest and most enduring success of the Radicals was the Fourteenth Amendment, which in our own day has permitted the Supreme Court to outlaw segregation in public schools; their greatest failure was the program of military reconstruction which permitted "carpet-bag" rule, a self-defeating project that ended by producing the "Solid South" in United States politics.

Professor McKittrick's work is an elaborate and at times intricate analysis and argument, designed to correct what he regards as the excesses of the revisionists. While conceding that Johnson was honourable, and the possessor of unusual administrative capacities, he convincingly demonstrates his lack of political sense. Johnson's dogmatic and legalistic approach to the problems of reconstruction alienated his most influential friends and created opportunities for the Radicals by outraging public opinion in the North. McKittrick establishes a strong case for his view that Johnson "assisted materially, in spite of himself, in blocking the reconciliation of North and South".

LEWIS H. THOMAS

REGINA COLLEGE,
UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

LAW AND AUTHORITY IN EARLY MASSACHUSETTS. By George Lee Haskins. New York: The Macmillan Company. Galt: Brett-Macmillan Ltd. 1960. Pp. xvi + 298. \$5.00.

BOSTON: A TOPOGRAPHICAL HISTORY. By Walter Muir Whitehill. Cambridge, Mass.: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd. 1959. Pp. xiv + 244. \$6.50.

In the first of these two excellent volumes Professor Haskins has opened up a relatively

new area of study. As the title indicates the book deals with the development of the Massachusetts legal system during its first years — from the settlement of Boston in 1630 until the rise of the commonwealth in England. His approach is a broad one, and he has fitted his subject nicely into the general 17th century background. To achieve this he reviews at some length the history of early Massachusetts and its relation to major developments in the mother country. He goes on from here to deal with the English social and legal heritage and with the impact of the *Bible* upon the new colony, and he shows very clearly how the two influences tended to become syncretized in Massachusetts' new legal framework. Most interesting of all, perhaps, is the manner in which these forces, the English law and the Biblical codes, became modified, simplified, and rendered more humane in the new setting. Professor F. J. Turner would have said amen to this. Professor Haskins deals extensively with the "Body of Liberties" and with the code of 1648. Much light is thrown upon the efforts of Puritan leaders to establish their Biblical commonwealth. All in all the book is an excellent beginning in a pioneer field. If Professor Haskins continues along this line he may well make contributions in Massachusetts legal history equal to those of Perry Miller in the fields of philosophy and theology. Beyond this other students might be encouraged to undertake similar studies in other former colonial areas.

Boston: A Topographical History, by the Director and Librarian of the Boston Athenaeum, is "must" reading for all lovers of the famous "hub". Its title is somewhat descriptive. Mr. Whitehill traces the topographical and architectural history of his city from the settlement of 1630 to the present. His approach is chronological, and he sets forth a continuing description of the face of Boston as it changed over the years. There is always danger that such a book may become tedious, but Mr. Whitehill overcomes this by including many spicy bits about Bostonians more or less proper. The illustrations, drawn from a wealth of Bostonia, are excellent, and there are 116 of them. The book is well documented, and an appendix contains a chronological list of many of the more important surviving

historical sites and monuments mentioned in the text. What a grand thing it would be if other historic old cities had Athenaeums with directors like Mr. Whitehill.

HAROLD A. DAVIS

BRADFORD JUNIOR COLLEGE
BRADFORD, MASS.

Philosophical Disputes

PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEMS: A Categorical Analysis. By Everett W. Hall. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Toronto: The University of Toronto Press. 1960. Pp. x + 171. \$4.00.

In this short but intellectually substantial book, the late Professor Hall examines the central question of the most self-conscious of all disciplines — What is the nature of philosophical disputes? Each philosophical system, he points out, has its own distinctive set of concepts, or categories, which enables it to dismiss rival systems as absurd because their categories cannot be translated into those it uses. We are thus in what he calls the "categorio-centric predicament", fighting those philosophical battles which are "full of sound and fury", but in which "nobody seems to get hurt, or, if anyone does, he refuses to admit it". Hall argues two apparently contradictory theses with regard to this predicament: (i) that philosophers really are in it and should not pretend otherwise; and (ii) that in spite of it, the clash of systems is genuine and does present us with a choice between "disagreeing characterisations of the world" which can be decided by reference to "something externally given to all categorial systems". He argues for (i) by criticizing certain other philosophers who have claimed either that there can be philosophical systems without categorial commitment (Husserl, Carnap, Wittgenstein), or that a philosophical system can be self-contained (James, Lazerowitz, Sartre), or that there are some neutral categories common to all systems (Moore, the phenomenologists, the rational-

ists). He argues for (ii) by suggesting that since philosophers always in fact try to produce doctrines consonant with common-sense (even adopting its own standards, such as self-consistency, when they try to reform it), they should come out into the open and treat the "patterns of ordinary speech" as standards for judgment between rival systems.

While I think this book is the most serious contribution for some time to this problem, it leaves me very puzzled. It may be that (i) and (ii) are compatible, as Hall says, but this is clearly only so if one of them is toned down, and I am not clear which one of them Hall wishes to modify. The ambiguity comes out most in his discussion of what he calls the "informalist" school of linguistic analysis. If its members are wrong in thinking that they escape traditional philosophical commitments, because they assume a common world in which people communicate by language, how can Hall be right in representing the patterns of ordinary speech as in any way independent of the disputes he wants to use it to settle? If ordinary speech is not neutral for their purposes, how can it be neutral enough for his? What is needed here is some detailed application of Hall's proposal to some big traditional questions; I do not know how far the book's promise of this may have been realized. But the ground-plan that is here is something all philosophers who want to find out how traditional they really are should study carefully.

TERENCE PENELHUM

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

THE HOLLOW UNIVERSE. By Charles De Koninck. London and Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1960. Pp. xii + 127. \$2.50.

This essay in the philosophy of nature was originally delivered as the Whidden Lectures at McMaster University in January 1959. In it Dr. De Koninck engages in an urbane and witty polemic against those who

draw from certain aspects of contemporary science the conclusion that the universe is a thoroughly mechanistic one. Certainly since the time of Democritus a substantial and influential minority of thinkers have held this view and no doubt at the present time many who work in certain fields of scientific investigation feel impelled to adopt this metaphysical thesis concerning the nature of the world. However, Dr. De Koninck casts his net rather too widely when he implies (as I think he does) that the contemporary analytic movement in philosophy and its progenitors (e.g. Hume, Russell and Wittgenstein) essentially share this outlook.

In fact his argument for the non-formal nature of thought, his treatment of definition and his appeal to ordinary experience and ordinary language as against the misleading character of obscure and complex theories, are all admirable examples of the contemporary analytic mode of thought.

He really parts company with the analytic philosophers when he makes the Aristotelian counterclaim that the universe is organic. De Koninck appears to hold that either we must take the view that the world is a mechanism or we must take the alternative view that it is an organism. But we may agree with most of his arguments against accepting the mechanistic interpretation without being converted to the contrary view that the world is amenable to a thoroughly teleological explanation. Indeed we may reject the organic interpretation for the same general reason that we reject the mechanistic interpretation, namely, that both require us to argue that what is characteristic of a part of the world is therefore characteristic of the world as a whole. Different aspects of the world are therefore either organic or mechanistic, but the world as a whole cannot properly be characterized as either the one or the other.

ANTHONY M. MARDIROS

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

United Nations

HOW UNITED NATIONS DECISIONS ARE MADE. By John G. Hadwen and Johan Kaufmann. Leyden: A. W. Sythoff. 1960. Pp. 144. 13.50 fl.

BLOC POLITICS IN THE UNITED NATIONS. By Thomas Hovet, Jr. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1960. Pp. 191. \$6.50.

The United Nations in its brief period of existence has experienced the impact of revolutionary forces — scientific, technological, nationalistic, ideological, diplomatic, to mention some of the more obvious. It no longer suffices merely to examine the U.N. Charter as a legal instrument, or to analyze national interest apart from the U.N., or to assume that the diplomatic processes have not undergone remarkable transformations, or to think that the U.N. can be adequately understood by considering only the relation of its sovereign members to the organization itself. Just as the academic disciplines—politics, economics, sociology, anthropology, and the physical sciences—are thrown together in a bewildering mixture, so the instrumentalities and methods used in national and international bodies are in a state of constant change.

The two books under review give an excellent analysis of some aspects of these movements. Hadwen and Kaufmann (two diplomats, one from Canada and one from the Netherlands) give an intimate picture of everyday negotiations at U.N. Headquarters. They show the complexity of the decision-making process arising from many factors, ranging from the difficulties within national delegations to the problems of programming, committee discussion, national sensitivities, timing of resolutions, and a host of other considerations. They describe in some detail the overwhelming importance of informal methods ("The U.N. visitor . . . hears, except in cases of major conflict, the public explanation of what has been agreed privately") and indicate how the social gatherings, the committee rooms, and other facilities assist in promoting this highly important function. They take the story of SUNFED and the Special Fund as a case study.

Thomas Hovet's valuable book provides a wealth of material, expressed in a wide range of statistical analysis and ninety charts, of bloc voting in the U.N. He uses the term "caucusing group" in the text to distinguish the loosely-organized bodies from the more rigidly-organized bloc which the Communist states most clearly embody.

Two major conclusions emerge from the painstaking analysis. First, bloc politics in the General Assembly "can no longer be viewed as a temporary phenomenon. Blocs and groups now constitute a regularized, though informal, aspect of the organization of the United Nations", and are likely to play an increasing rôle. Lincoln P. Bloomfield in his Foreword pertinently observes: "To be sure, each state is considered a single juridical entity in the eyes of international law. But the reality is rather in the alliances, the regional associations, the common markets, and the emerging federation."

The second conclusion which Hovet draws parallels that of Hadwen and Kaufmann, namely the importance of informal negotiations. Diplomatic techniques in the U.N. setting require not primarily exchanges on the ambassadorial level, but rather "more quiet and frank conversations based on personalities and information acquired through all levels of personal contact". Unfortunately, in the opinion of the author, the United States has failed in this crucially emerging area. Indeed, "one finds that members of other delegations frequently remark that their only contacts with the United States are on a formal rather than informal basis, and that they can meet on a negotiating basis only with the Chief of the United States delegation", and that there is a "virtual lack of personal relations encouraged by the United States delegation on any level other than the ambassadorial level, where it is felt that the public policy position predominates".

With the change in the United States administration it is to be hoped that the new President will take steps to remedy what would appear to have been a serious situation.

LINDEN A. MANDER

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

DEMOCRATIC YEARBOOK. 1959.
United Nations, Department of Economic & Social Affairs, Statistical Office. New York: Publishing Service of the United Nations. Ottawa: The Queen's Printer. 1960. Pp. ix + 719. \$10.00. (clothbound), \$8.00 (paperbound).

This is the eleventh issue in the series of *Demographic Yearbooks*, published since

1948 by the United Nations, from national official statistics. As usual, it contains basic information on population distribution by age and sex, density, rate of growth, births, deaths, marriages, divorces and migrations. According to the availability of data, this information covers up to 270 areas.

For the first time, an attempt has been made to differentiate the data according to degree of accuracy: roman type is used for reliable data and italics for that of questionable reliability. The basis of this dichotomous classification is described extensively in the chapter on technical notes (pp. 21-26). A great amount of systematic effort has been devoted to the evaluation of the quality of the data and one can only wish that this example will be followed by all official suppliers of statistics.

The world-wide coverage of this work makes possible a rough evaluation of the population and its rate of increase for the world as a whole and for 14 main geographic regions. The world population is estimated at 2,854 millions for the middle of 1958 and its annual rate of increase, for the period 1950-58, at 1.7 per cent. This rate corresponds to 48 million persons a year and is the result of an estimated birth rate of 35 per thousand, which adds about 100 million births a year, and a death rate of 18 per thousand, which subtracts around 51 million persons. Among the 14 regions, the rate of increase is highest for Middle America: 2.7 per cent, which, if maintained, will produce a doubling of the population in 18 years.

Each issue of the *Demographic Yearbook* features a particular topic. In the 1959 issue, the special topic is, for the third time, birth statistics. Twelve tables out of thirty-seven relate to births or size of family. Data shown for the first time include: illegitimate birth rates; legitimate birth rates specific for duration of marriage; legitimate foetal deaths by age of mother. Another innovation is to be noted: the chapter devoted to the special topic consists of a graphic presentation of trends in fertility during the last ten years. A brief text, pointing out the salient features, accompanies the charts. One interesting fact to be noted is that countries which, ten years ago, had a low birth rate, have tended to have lower rates; while countries which had

high rates tended to have higher rates. This last phenomenon may be due to improvement in births registration; but these results give no hope that population pressure, in high fertility regions, will decrease before long.

JACQUES HENRIPIN

UNIVERSITY OF MONTREAL

Investment

START WITH \$100. By J. J. Brown. Toronto: Longman's Green & Co., 1960. Pp. xi + 226. \$2.75.

This is a very engaging book. Its subject, how to attain financial security, is certainly of broad interest and the author has been willing to expose his credentials.

"My own financial history to date is this: Sixteen years ago, when I finished my graduate work at Yale, I was flat broke and deeply in debt. I got a job as a college teacher at \$2,000 a year and immediately began saving and taking risks to acquire capital.

"My first venture failed because, having acquired a wife and child, I couldn't bring myself to assume enough risk. After another session as an employee, I tried my second speculation. This too failed, but almost by accident, it left me with a small investment in real estate. Working again for a large corporation, I gradually built up capital for another try. Number three, one more attempt at a beginning industry, failed utterly. Then back to the old drawing board for the slow amassing of capital, and in time another speculation. By luck or good management I bought a considerable amount of a stock that went from three to nearly thirty dollars a share. In the meantime, through no fault of mine, the real estate investment had doubled in value.

"At the moment I own a controlling interest in five companies, an eleven-room house, a portfolio of stocks and bonds, a piece of three apartment houses, and two late-model cars. I have never inherited any money or property, or received any money gifts. I am a prestige author."

Most beginners in the field of investment would profit by a reading of this work. There are points in which the writer is too interested in the broad outlines to bother with some of the important details. He is, also, a little too sure that if one keeps trying the long odds, one will finally win the sweepstakes. Perhaps that happened in his case; but there are a lot of gamblers who can offer pretty convincing demonstrations that one need not end up with the grand prize. But when all is said and done the beginner who wants to try, and keep trying, is better to learn from this author who has a certain gusto than from a tired textbook writer who can find many reasons for not trying, and who certainly can't point to a similar record of success.

JOHN L. McDougall

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Military Matters

THE SOLDIER IN OUR TIME. By G. M. C. Sprung. Philadelphia: Dorrance and Company. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. 167. \$2.50.

Colonel Sprung's book is essentially a plea for understanding. He feels that the professional soldier is a worthy fellow, who, because he does not "produce", is dismissed by civilians as a drone. He devotes the first half of his book to a description and defence of the military "society" of camp and barracks; in the second half, he seeks to establish the influence of that society on the civilization within which it functions.

The author has set down his views in the form of an essay (a literary device not often used these days in North America), and writes in a kind of neo-Gothic style, which becomes ponderous when he lapses into this sort of thing: "The army system of interlocking communities each with a sphere of autochthonous authority is designed to resist the more baleful influence of anonymous regulations." Some of the baleful influence seems to have seeped through on to Colonel Sprung.

Few will disagree with his first theme; the soldier is often a misunderstood and under-estimated member of the community and is likely to remain so. The author's final proposition may meet more resistance. He asserts that the apparent paradox of military life — justice and respect for the individual in an authoritarian organization — is just what our ailing western civilization needs if it is to survive. I could find it in my heart to wish that someone other than a soldier had advanced this particular solution; it, too, is likely to be misunderstood.

HERBERT F. WOOD

OTTAWA

THE ANATOMY OF MILITARY MERIT.
By Joseph Maxwell Cameron. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Company. 1960. Pp. 369. \$5.00.

The insanitary feeling that many people get on contact with military writers is not very intelligent even when it is comforting. It assumes that military writers are all alike; this imprecise public attitude causes men like the Army doctor, Joseph Maxwell Cameron, to rush into print and unload their frustrations and homely philosophical reflections on reviewers and other unwary persons.

Colonel Cameron is no Clausewitz. His thesis seems to rest on the idea that power politics are still with us and that success in the game depends on the capability of the national arm that wields the sharp sword. This is not a very new idea. He goes on, however, to show that the whole pattern of society has a bearing on military efficiency. Then in a number of chapters he shows how the situation may be improved by adopting the Cameron remedies. Don't use history as a guide. Change the law of the land into something more sensible. Never rely on allies. Armies are more important than navies or air forces, and so on. In his inimitable turgid prose he writes, on pages 227-228, "There is an understandable but hardly pardonable tendency of too many good people deeply versed in fields demanding sound interpretation of intricate inter-relationships in specific fields of natural phenomena to regard themselves as qualified merely to dogmatize on any kind of complex

of important relationships. The physician is generally a better illustration of this tendency than he is an exception to it." This self-descriptive quotation is a fine example of unconscious humour.

The medical chapter is good, but not good enough to force one to recommend this book.

DONALD M. SCHURMAN

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA

Aspects of Africa

DAWN IN NYASALAND. By Guy Clutton-Brock. London & Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. 1959. Pp. 192. 75c. (paper back).

When Clutton-Brock finished this book in July 1959, the Monckton Commission had not presented its report on the proposed Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. As I write, the Congo is split up in its newly acquired independence and Dr. Hastings Banda of Nyasaland has refused to discuss the Federation of his country with the Rhodesians.

If the Bantue African will not accept the leadership of Europeans until he acquires more education, will British Central Africa repeat the sad story of the Belgian Congo and, with this example so close to them, why are the Black Africans opposed to Federation? At the moment the London talks have been postponed until constitutions have been drawn up for Northern and Southern Rhodesia.

What guarantees of rights would be necessary for the African to consider Federation in a multi-racial state?

Clutton-Brock examines some of the practices and laws in Rhodesia that the people in Nyasaland will not accept. In 1941 the Land Apportionment Act was passed in Southern Rhodesia and, in 1951, the Native Land Husbandry Act. The latter was designed to bring about "an immediate revolution in agriculture to force the change from communal land-holding to a complete system of individual tenure . . . to a peasant farming structure operating in a market economy".

As the Act is implemented, the African fears that he will lose his land; Mr. Joshua Nkomo, President of the Southern Rhodesia African National Congress described the Act as "a vicious device whose primary aims and objects are to uproot, impoverish and disperse the African people".

Nyasaland is dependent upon an agricultural economy. It is still basically a land of peasant farmers (although the fishing industry is increasing and a few other industries are developing). There is a long established community life — matriarchal and matrilineal — a pattern of life based on the family and the village. More than anything else the people of Nyasaland fear the racial apportionment of land and a breakdown in their traditional way of living. They believe that democratic self-government is their only protection against the white man's hunger for land.

They fear too the principle of segregation in urban living in Southern Rhodesia. All urban and industrial cities are in the European area. Under the Land Apportionment Acts, Africans are free to go to the towns only as labourers. Many of the labour force in Southern Rhodesia are from Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland and most families know at first hand what living conditions are like under segregation. An African is liable to arrest without warrant and a sentence of three months if he does not carry an identification document. His wages are fixed by the Native Labour Board for the urban areas of Southern Rhodesia, the minimum being what is considered necessary for a single man — "an approved wife" is merely an unnecessary attachment.

"To the average colonist in Southern Rhodesia," says Clutton-Brock, "an African remains the native. Sometimes he is tolerantly 'the old native'; sometimes generously 'the good old native'; sometimes 'the mutt' or something worse".

The dignity of the human personality suffers continuous degradation. This the people of Nyasaland know. The demand for independence is not something stirred up by a few agitators, but a deep feeling of all the population, people who may be illiterate but who are wise in their folk way.

The advocates of Federation foresee great economic development for Nyasaland, but the Africans know poverty and have lived

with it. They probably hope, too, that an independent Nyasaland would be eligible for help from sources outside the Commonwealth and might gain economically.

The Chinyanja word "Kwacha" which Clutton-Brock translates as "Dawn" has the force of a slogan in Nyasaland: "The dawn has come; the time for sleep is over; take up your burdens and start on your way."

Clutton-Brock's book gives a valuable background for anyone who wants to understand the way of Nyasaland in 1961.

MARY WINSPEAR

WESTON SCHOOL,
WESTMOUNT P.Q.

TRIBES OF THE SAHARA. By Lloyd Cabot Briggs. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd. 1960. Pp. xx + 295. \$7.95.

In this book Dr. Briggs gives us the result of twelve years' intensive study of the customs, characteristics, social and political systems of the tribes of the great Sahara Desert. He has been at particular pains to correct what he describes as the "pure balderdash" of which so much has been written about these tribes, romantic and fascinating as it may be. Although he was able personally to cover only about one quarter of the huge area covered by his study, he has used — and generously acknowledges — all the available Saharan literature and the observations of other researchers in the field. The result is a book whose appeal will not be limited to anthropologists, for Dr. Briggs's style is as pleasing as his material is interesting, though he is at times perhaps a little too openly scornful of the work of other students. The volume is well illustrated but the two maps are hardly adequate.

C. D. QUILLIAM

KINGSTON, ONTARIO

India's Prime Minister

NEHRU: A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY. By Michael Brecher. London & Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1959. Pp. xvi + 682. \$8.95.

The chief weakness of this book is its length. Recognizing that the life of Nehru is "the binding thread in an account of recent Indian history and politics", Dr. Brecher has set out to achieve two objectives. He has sought to employ "the technique of biography to shed light on political events, ideas, and movements". Simultaneously, he has endeavoured to use "the Indian Revolution as the background for a study of Nehru the man and statesman". With slight modification, each objective might be used as the theme of a separate and probably excellent book. As the work exists, the reader can easily become confused by the welter of detail and the galaxy of personalities whose names are often unfamiliar and frequently hard to pronounce.

Despite the latter objections, this is a valuable book. Unlike many biographers, Dr. Brecher has had the advantages as well as the disadvantages of personal contact with the man whom he seeks to portray. As a result, "Nehru: A Political Biography" is an unusually honest title. Without becoming a latter day Moneypenny or Buckle, Dr. Brecher has succeeded in being "objectively biased" in favour of India's Prime Minister. Like so many before him, he has fallen under the spell of "the uncrowned king of the Indian Republic".

Perhaps the most significant theme which recurs again and again throughout this biography is the essentially regal nature of Jawaharlal Nehru. An aristocrat by descent and education, he appears equally at home among royalty and peasants. To others he may seem aloof and introspective, sympathetic to some of the aims of Marxism yet "the supreme individualist" among contemporary statesmen. As one reads the book, it becomes very apparent that India is being borne toward democracy upon the aristocratic shoulders of one man. The extent to which India depends upon Nehru's leadership is exemplified by the remark of parliamentarian on the occasion of his threatened retirement in 1958, "Panditji, you are leaving us orphans."

Biography is a difficult art, particularly during the lifetime of the person whose character and actions are being assessed. As far as it is humanly possible to draw a living picture of a contemporary statesman, Brecher has succeeded. Historians may be able to point to certain errors of historical fact, but none of these are of sufficient consequence to undermine the value of the work. Indeed, in his preface Brecher says that he leaves "the final verdict on Nehru to the historians". Some time, however, must elapse before that verdict can be given. Many unpublished documents and unwritten memoirs will be required to check those tantalizing footnotes wherein Brecher quotes persons who wish to remain unidentified.

F. J. L. YOUNG

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

History of Socialist Movements

A HISTORY OF SOCIALIST THOUGHT: VOLUME V. SOCIALISM AND FASCISM 1931-1939. By G. D. H. Cole. London: Macmillan and Co. Ltd. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Ltd. 1960. Pp. xvi + 351. \$6.00.

This is the final volume of Professor Cole's monumental history of socialism, and was left not quite finished at his death. As with earlier volumes, this is more than a history of thought; it is also a history of socialist movements for the period covered, over almost the entire world. A work canvassing so many countries is bound to be weaker on some than on others — for instance, strong on Britain and Europe, but weak on Asia — but it is nonetheless an extremely useful book for the general student if not for the specialist.

One chapter only deals with the United States, Canada and Latin America, and is desperately brief — some 22 pages — of which Canada gets a trifle over two, severely factual, on the rise and fortunes of the C.C.F. Clearly, one can say little that is worth much in so narrow a compass.

The present volume strikes a nostalgic note for all those who remember the 1930's and its high level of political consciousness and involvement. It is all there: the coming of the Nazis to power, the eclipse of Austrian Socialism, the devastation among British and French Socialists, the Civil War in Spain. These great events mark the decline of European Socialism, beset both by Fascism and — though less obviously — by Communism as the latter followed the disastrous diagnosis and policies of the Comintern. These chapters are the best in the book, done with a deft, sure hand. In the final chapter the author takes a look forward and backward, gives a critical but fair appraisal of Soviet Communism and the Cold War, and asserts once more his faith in an essentially humane, idealistic, international and non-centralizing form of Socialism. So ends the last book of perhaps the most influential teacher-socialist of his times. So ends a series of volumes that taken together are a tremendous achievement, not likely to be attempted soon by anyone else, and well deserving our gratitude and praise.

H. B. MAYO

UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

Early New Zealand

NEW ZEALAND, 1749-1840: EARLY YEARS OF WESTERN CONTACT. By Harrison M. Wright. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd. 1959. Pp. x + 225. \$6.25.

The old complaint that historians have neglected the early years of western contact with New Zealand has lost much of its validity with the publication of E. J. Tapp's *Early New Zealand: A Dependency of New South Wales, 1788-1841* (Melbourne, 1958) and now of the subject of this review. The different approach adopted by the two authors is noteworthy. The Australian, Professor Tapp, remains faithful to the con-

ventional, European-centred school of colonial history, focusing his attention on the administrators, missionaries, whalers and problems and activities of the white traders. The American, Dr. Wright, on the other hand, reflects the interests of a growing group of historians who are primarily interested in the impact on the native population of the coming of the European.

Basing his work on the correspondence of missionaries and administrators and on a wide range of contemporary visitors' reports, Wright constructs a fuller account than has previously been available of the transformation of Maori society from the arrival of intrusive European civilization, as represented by the exploring expedition of Captain James Cook, to the proclamation of British sovereignty over New Zealand in 1840. On some points his research confirms existing interpretations, but on others, notably the popular view that a sizable community of whalers and traders were in residence around the Bay of Islands before the coming of the missionaries in 1814, demoralizing the Maoris with their dispensing of rum and their demands for women, it indicates the need for revision. Wright can find no contemporary record of such a community (pp. 20-21) and he later observes (p. 69) that only after the Maoris were in prolonged contact with a settled, drinking, European population did the natives develop a taste for alcohol. He questions the widely held theory that liquor and prostitution were significant factors in reducing the Maori population during the years under review. The population decreased, but he considers the more important causes to be European diseases and the effect of a European trade which introduced Maoris to iron tools, muskets, and blankets all of which directly or indirectly affected the Maori's health or life-span. His chapter on "New Means of War" and his analysis of the complex factors involved in conversion to Christianity deserve careful study by all who are interested in culture contacts between an advanced and a more primitive society.

His footnote citations lend credence to his claim that the manuscript collection of the Hocken Library in Dunedin is the most valuable single repository for sources of New Zealand domestic history before 1840

but also reveal the impressive breadth of the author's reading in contemporary published material. It is a commendable study.

K. A. MACKIRDY

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

Russian Orthodoxy

NICHOLAS I AND OFFICIAL NATIONALITY IN RUSSIA 1825-1855. By Nicholas V. Riasanovsky. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press. 1959. Pp. vii + 296. \$5.00.

Beneath this rather formidable title lies an important and skilfully developed book. In attempting to understand the course of modern Russian history scholars have concentrated on the growth of radicalism, but very little attention has been paid to the emergence of the ideas and institutions of the tsarist régime in its mature modern form. The subject of Professor Riasanovsky's book is of major importance because it was mainly in the reign of Nicholas I, 1825-1855, that the pattern of nineteenth and twentieth century Russian autocracy took form, and, in the author's words, "it was largely the old order of Nicholas I . . . that went down in the conflagration of 1917".

"Official nationality", the conservative doctrine of Nicholas's régime, is one of those ideologies that deserves investigation, not

because of any inherent intellectual qualities, but because of the force of conviction (and the regiments) that it once commanded. Because the ideas of "official nationality" are the most unsubtle conceptions at root, even Riasanovsky, who has devoted immense care to their study, has trouble saying very much about them as intellectual history. Russian Orthodoxy, the doctrine holds, is *the truth*, which obliges all subjects to accept the authority of the legitimate tsar. Only an all-powerful, paternal autocrat can avert anarchy and bring good order to the errant mass of Russian subjects. Obedience to God and the tsar unite the Russian people into a distinctive and indissoluble nation.

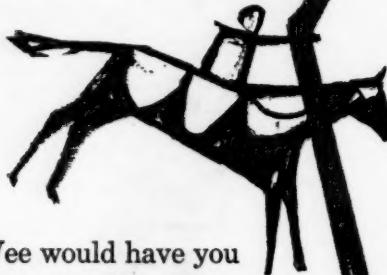
In addition to describing these doctrines as they were expounded in Nicholas's time, Riasanovsky discusses the men who propagated them and their relevance to the domestic and foreign policies of the régime. This is valuable not only for the light it casts on the reign of Nicholas I but also for its emphasis on the honest devotion of the mature Russian autocracy to its details. In the ideological struggle that developed in Russia one of the chief weaknesses of the régime appears to have been its moral integrity. Riasanovsky's study illuminates the emergence of this problem in the first half of the nineteenth century, and we may hope that equally competent historians will follow out this theme to its culmination in 1917.

ROBERT H. MCNEAL

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

"choice goods as can be bought for money"

THE
unchanged
STANDARD



"Wee would have you
keepe, to the Standard, that
Mr. Radisson agreed to,
but withall to give the Indians
all manner of Content
and Satisfaction . . ."

*Letter to Governor Geyer
Port Nelson
From the Governor and Committee
London, June 2, 1688*

Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 22 MAY 1670.

